

March COSMOPOLITAN

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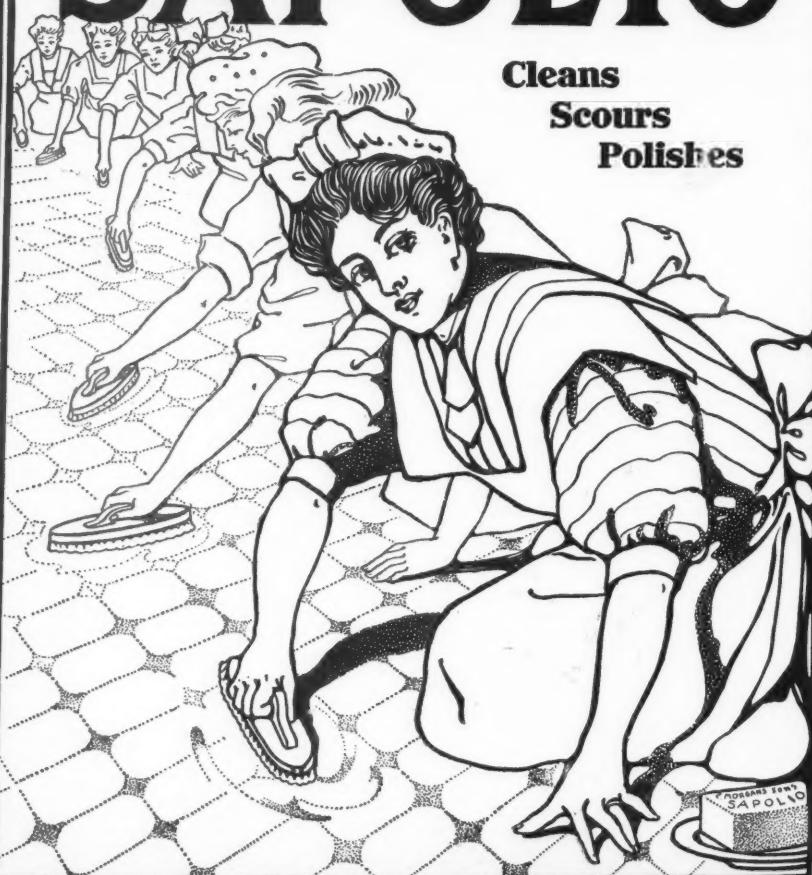
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It Multiplies Power

When a woman uses Sapolio she multiplies her power and control over dirt. She works little but accomplishes much, for it cleans better than anything else. She saves effort and material because it *works without waste*

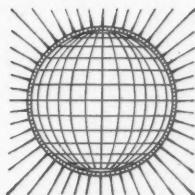
SAPOLIO

**Cleans
Scours
Polishes**



Cosmopolitan Magazine

Vol.LII March, 1912 No.4.



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You have the best writers and the best artists in Cosmo-
politan every issue—just glance again at the contents-page
in this issue. Then read the articles—the stories—look at the
pictures. You will know for yourself why Cosmopolitan is*

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L O V E , L I F E ,
By Elbert
Drawing by



That which God has joined together no man can put asunder

and LAUGHTER

Hubbard ■ ■ ■

Charles A. Winter

EVERY man who has accomplished much in the world of art, literature, or business has been aided by a good woman.

A man alone is only half a man.

Men and women inspire each other. They put each other on their good behavior.

A group of men alone are rogues.

Women alone are silly.

There is nothing more divine than the comradeship of a man and a woman mentally mated.

They double their joys and halve their sorrows by sharing them. Moving at a like pace, they go forward hand in hand.

Under these conditions everything is beautiful to them. Even hardships take on a new view, and become opportunities for heroic endurance, sublime endeavor.

Only lovers laugh. Others grin and bear it, and some there be who bear it, but are unable to grin.

Joyous and jaunty labor is beautiful, but labor sullen and sour eats out the heart, slants the brow, and puts lime in the bones. More than that, melancholia is contagious. I have seen fear pollute a factory and put a business to the bad.

A little love and laughter would have saved it.

When you relax and laugh you eliminate dead tissue. When you clutch and hold you harbor toxins.

Men need women, and women need men.

To mate and be loyal to your mate is divine—also, it is natural.

For that which is natural is divine.

The divine manifests itself through nature.

That which God has joined together no man can put asunder.



A general view of the first tract of the Decumanus, or central street of Ostia,
entrance to



Statue of the Empress Sabina
as Ceres

New Splendors of

By Professor Dante

Instructor in Archeology at the

Editor's Note.—Professor Vagliari, author of this article, is one of the world's work in uncovering the once brilliant seaport city of Ostia is the wonder patronage of King Victor Emmanuel and the Italian government, Pro notable service to modern education. Here, for the first time in any nating story of the recovery from the misty past of Rome's once powerful pean capital is being invested to connect Rome by rail with this resurrected

OLDER than Pompeii, older than Herculaneum, the first-born of ancient Rome itself is the wonderful five-mile area of historic Ostia, which, under the auspices of the Italian government, and after four years of careful and incessant toil, I am gradually uncovering to the gaze of the world. There are very few things



as seen from the top of the
the Thermae

Old Rome

Vagliari

University of Rome

foremost archeologists. His great of the scientific world. Under fessor Vagliari is rendering a publication, is told the fasci port of entry. Already Euro city at the Tiber's mouth.

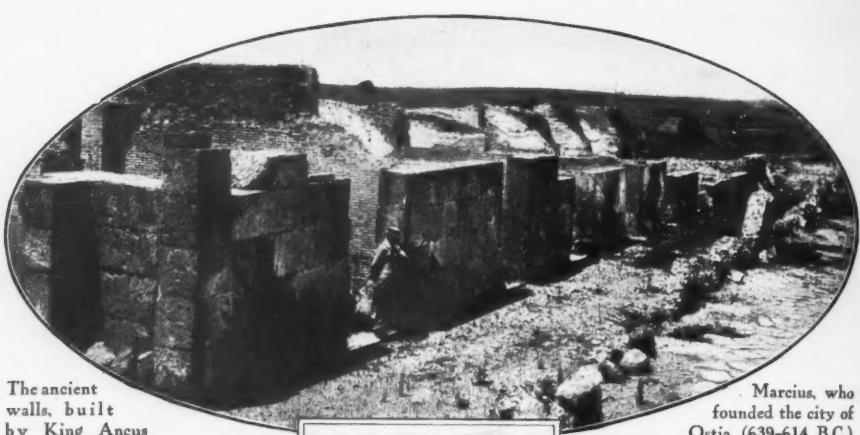
that appeal more irresistibly to the imagination than the spectacle of a mighty city,

once the busy center of commerce and life in its multifarious manifestations, arising, as it were, from the grave in which it has been laid for many centuries, slowly divesting itself of its earthly shroud and revealing the ruins of its long-lost beauty, the skeleton of its former greatness and power.

When I visited Ostia for the first time, some five and twenty years ago, I was still a student. Professor Rodolfo Lanciani, already famous as an archeologist, was just completing the excavations of that part of the area which he had explored, and I still remember the thrill of emotion, almost of reverence, with which I walked through the newly discovered ruins of the great city whose history and whose life had been so intimately connected with those of Rome till the decline and fall

A beautiful bronze Venus, discovered at Ostia; one of the most perfect ancient bronze figures in existence

of the metropolis, the piratical raids of the Saracens, and the insidious but more deadly attacks of the malaria had caused her proud edifices to crumble away and her population to fly as from a place accursed, and left her a prey to utter abandonment and desolation. With youthful enthusiasm, I studied the ruins that had come to light and extended my researches to the surrounding country, trying to guess what treasures lay still hidden underneath those deserted fields, and conjuring up in my



The ancient walls, built by King Ancus

Marcius, who founded the city of Ostia (639-614 B.C.)

imagination a vivid picture of the magnificence and teeming life of what was once the busy port of Imperial Rome, but now lay a heap of ruins, girt with desolation, at my feet, its name, but not its glories, perpetuated in a village, about half a mile up the river, whose inhabitants still carry on the manufacture of salt, which industry gave its first importance to the long-buried city above which I stood. So I imagined its cargoes going out, in those days when Rome was mistress of the world, and fleets loaded with corn coming in from Africa and the other corn-growing provinces, bound for the mother city up the Tiber. And as the trade-ships moved out and in, with their convoys, and the legions tramped down from the seven-hilled city, to embark here for Rome's battle-fields through-



Remains of the theater stage at Ostia



Fragments of sculptures which decorated the facade of the house of a wealthy Ostian

out the world, the city thrrove and grew until it became the most important station of the Roman navy—and I stood on the mud that had settled in its harbor until it no longer havened ships, and walked over fields that gave no hint that they held beneath them the first Roman colony.

At that time this slightly undulating, melancholy tract of the Campagna could well be termed a desert: the *bonifica* or agricultural drainage, which has since worked such wonders, was in its initial stages, and pestilential vapors arose from the marshy soil every spring, driving away the scanty inhabitants of the wretched hovels scattered here and there.

Subsequently my visits to Ostia became more and more frequent, as the place seemed to attract me irresistibly, and I could not



Bird's-eye view of the Decumanus, or principal

help regretting that so promising a mine of archeological treasures, situated a few miles from Rome, should be neglected and left in complete abandonment, while, if properly exploited, it might throw more light on certain obscure aspects of Roman life than the ruins of ancient Rome itself.

I induced the minister of public instruction, the Honorable Rava, to accompany me on a visit to Ostia, about four years ago, and had no difficulty in persuading him to place at my disposal the funds necessary to proceed with the excavations.

I had finally succeeded in realizing what had hitherto appeared to be an unattainable dream, and I at once started to carry out a carefully studied plan of campaign, digging methodically, on strictly scientific lines. At first I received but little encouragement; indeed, one of our most famous archeologists tried hard to persuade me that I was wasting my time, and that I could devote

thoroughfare of ancient Ostia, as seen from a side wall of the theater

my activity and my studies far more profitably to some other field of research and investigation. This was the opinion of the great majority of my colleagues.

Perhaps the only person to be convinced of the contrary, since the very first, was His Majesty King Victor Emmanuel, who has constantly encouraged me in my work, and has often given me the benefit of his advice and of truly valuable suggestions.

It is well known that the King of Italy, besides being one of the greatest living authorities on numismatics, is deeply versed in archeology, so that my words are a statement of fact and not an empty compliment, which I would disdain to pay, even to a king.

Although the object of this paper is merely to illustrate the results of the excavations carried out under my direction during the last four



Fragments from the sculptured tomb of a wealthy Ostian merchant



years, a few preliminary remarks, showing the antiquity of the town and its first-rate importance as a seaport, may not be out of place here. If we allowed ourselves to be persuaded by those two most fascinating story-tellers, tradition and poetry, we would agree with Vergil, Dionysius, and Livy that Ostia is far more ancient than Rome itself, having been founded by Æneas, who called it "New Troy." But it is safest not to wander from strictly historic ground, and to admit that the Roman King Ancus Marcius (639-614 B.C.) built the town of Ostia after his victorious campaign against Ficana, Tellene, and other Latin cities, in order to establish a monopoly over the navigation of the river and to give a seaport to Rome. It may be said that the greatness and prosperity of Rome date from the foundation of Ostia.

During the Punic Wars, Ostia was an important naval base, from which Scipio Africanus sailed with thirty galleys for his expedition to Spain. It was here that the Cilician pirates made a sudden onslaught on the Roman fleet and burned every vessel, "a shameful insult to the Republic," as Cicero indignantly

termed it, which Pompey wiped out by his victorious campaign against the pirates and his conquest of Cilicia. The Emperor Claudius sailed on his expedition to Britain from Ostia, which was also one of Nero's favorite summer residences.

From Rome, where the disciples of the Nazarene had gathered about them numerous followers,

A well-preserved sculptured head of "The Bearded God," and a bas-relief of the Triumph of Bacchus

townships Ostia was the first to become an episcopal see.

Plutarch says that Julius Caesar had decided to undertake important dredging operations at the mouth of the Tiber, in order to render Ostia a first-rate military and mercantile port, but his tragic end prevented him from carrying out his design. It is no exaggeration to say that Ostia was

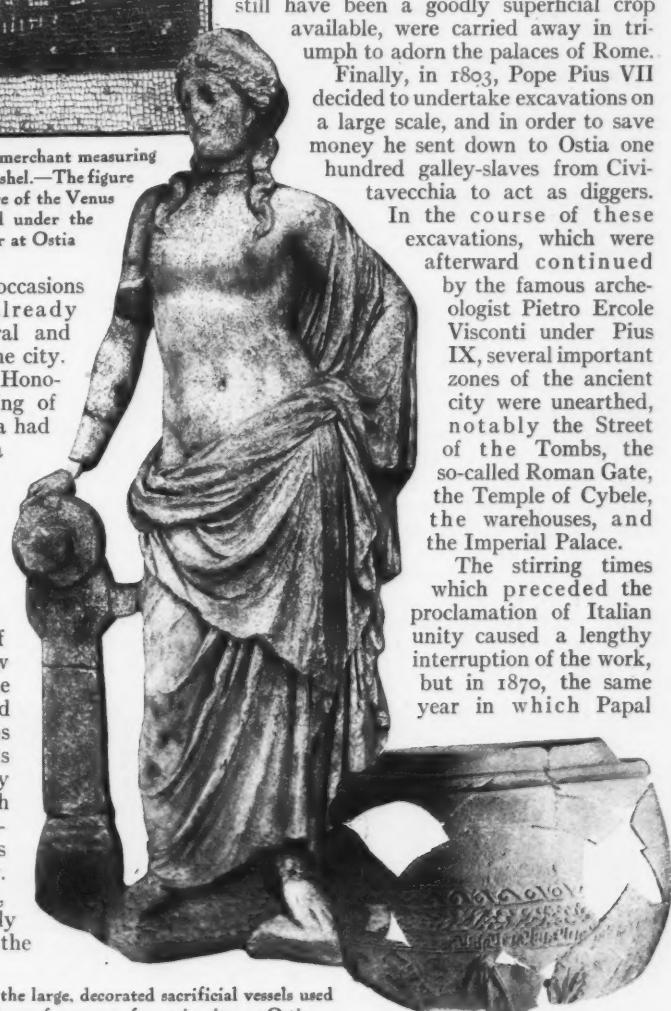
the *enfant gâté*—the spoiled child—of the long line of Roman emperors. Every year, in the month of May, they proceeded with great pomp and solemnity to the seaport town, followed by thousands of citizens, in order to sacrifice at the shrine of the presiding divinities, Castor and Pollux, and to celebrate the *Majumæ* festivities in their honor.



A mosaic, showing a corn-merchant measuring grain with a modin, or bushel.—The figure at the right is a sculpture of the Venus of the Sea, discovered under the stage of the theater at Ostia

On each of these occasions they added to the already existing architectural and artistic treasures of the city.

Under the Emperor Honorius, at the beginning of the fifth century, Ostia had already ceased to be a harbor in the real sense of the word. "It is rendered inaccessible," sadly exclaims the poet Rutilius in his "Itinerary," "and nothing but the glorious name of its founder Æneas now remains." During the Gothic wars it suffered severely, and Procopius says that in 540 its walls were completely dismantled, although magnificent monuments still bore witness to its ancient glory. Even these, however, were destined shortly to disappear, for in the ninth century the Saracens began their



One of the large, decorated sacrificial vessels used in the performance of certain rites at Ostia

piratical incursions, burning and pillaging and systematically destroying what they could not carry away.

When the pagan spirit of the Renaissance swept over Italy like a great, refreshing, purifying ocean wave, scholars and princes and popes began to dig for antiquities with a feverish anxiety born of their newly awakened love and admiration for all that was beautiful. But we have no record of systematic excavations having been carried out during that period, although tombs were looted and works of art, whereof there must still have been a goodly superficial crop available, were carried away in triumph to adorn the palaces of Rome.

Finally, in 1803, Pope Pius VII decided to undertake excavations on a large scale, and in order to save money he sent down to Ostia one hundred galley-slaves from Civitavecchia to act as diggers.

In the course of these excavations, which were afterward continued by the famous archeologist Pietro Ercole Visconti under Pius IX, several important zones of the ancient city were unearthed, notably the Street of the Tombs, the so-called Roman Gate, the Temple of Cybele, the warehouses, and the Imperial Palace.

The stirring times which preceded the proclamation of Italian unity caused a lengthy interruption of the work, but in 1870, the same year in which Papal



Rome became the capital of United Italy, the excavations were resumed with redoubled energy under the able direction of Professor Rodolfo Lanciani. During the period extending from 1870 to 1888 there came to light five small structures—the Mithreum or temple of the Eastern god Mithras, the Forum of Ceres, the Theater, the great barracks of the Vigiles or fire-men, and the beautiful Thermae or public baths.

Again a period of nearly twenty years' inactivity followed, until, in 1908, the Ministry of Public Instruction did me the honor

to appoint me director of the excavations at Ostia. It would be impossible, within the narrow limits of a magazine article, to give an account of my work and its results during the last four years, which have been the busiest, the most interesting, and perhaps the happiest of my life.

My first important discovery was that of the Decumanus or principal street leading from east to west, which was intersected at right angles, as in all ancient cities, by the Cardo or street going from north to south. It was the busiest thoroughfare of the



At the top is shown the beautiful doorway of a shop in the principal street of Ostia. Through the arches is seen the river Tiber.—The portrait is that of Professor Vagliari, the excavator of Ostia and author of this article.—The piece of pottery is one of the vases used by Ostian widows to catch their tears.—

The sculpture at the bottom is the side of a sarcophagus and represents the death of Meleager

town, through which all the traffic from Rome to the sea had to pass, and was flanked by handsome porticos. I have explored it as far as the theater, and shall continue to trace its course toward the ancient harbor.

I argued that the principal entrance to the city



tiensis, belonging for the most part to the republican era, and containing lamps, quaintly carved bone ornaments, and some *tabulae defixionis*, tablets of lead on which were inscribed the names to be consigned to the infernal deities. To the left of the street are some perfectly preserved



At the top, a sculptured capital from one of the theater as viewed from the sculpture unearthed at

the columns near the theater.—The stage chief entrance.—A fragment of Greek theater entrance

must necessarily have been on the same line, and after removing several tons of earth and rubbish, succeeded in finding the exact spot where the Via Ostiensis, leading from Rome, met with the Decumanus of Ostia. Further researches brought to light the remains of the "Roman Gate" and of the city walls, huge blocks of rough-hewn tufa, which were covered with marble slabs when the republic gave place to the more luxurious imperial régime. Numerous tombs were explored along the Via Os-



blocks of tufa, belonging to the republican era, which were evidently allowed to remain in their place, even in succeeding centuries, out of respect for the memories attaching to them.

Proceeding westward along the street, we find numerous other edifices, with traces of porticoes and *pergulae* corresponding to the Oriental verandas, rendered necessary by the climate, which must have been very warm and sultry when the cooling west wind was not blowing. Numerous minor streets branched off from the Decumanus,



notably the "Street of the Fountain," in which the site of a well-known tavern, kept by mine host Fortunatus, may still be traced by a mosaic representing a huge cap with the following inscription, "*Fortunatus ex cratera quod sitis bibe*" ("Fortunatus bids ye to drink out of this cup so long as ye are thirsty").

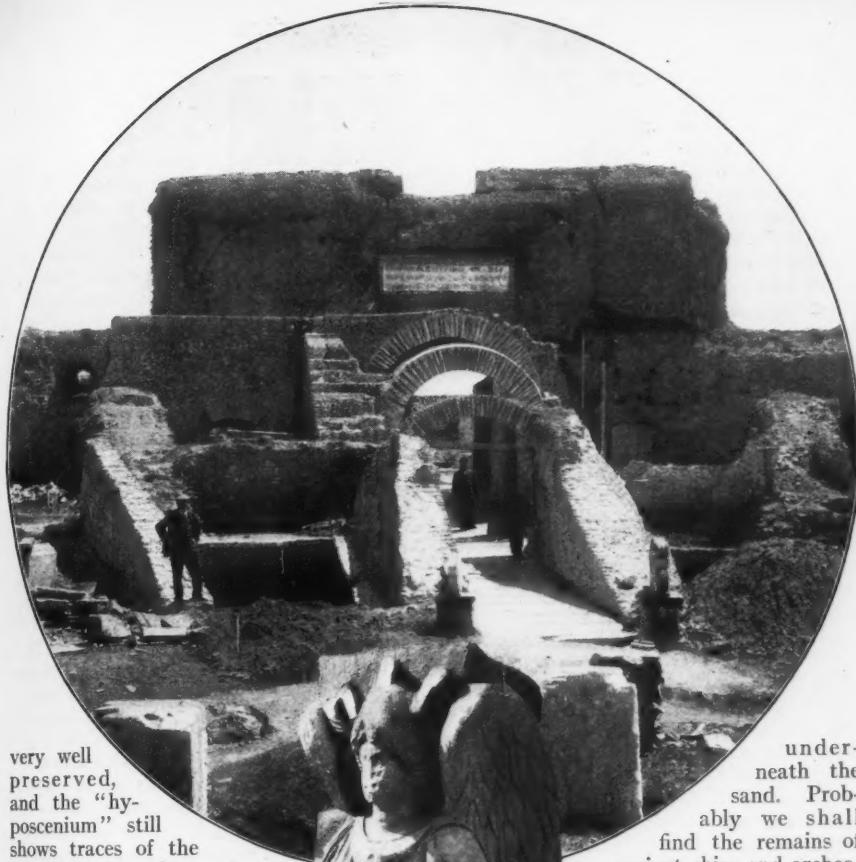
From the "Street of the Fountain," very appropriately, we come to the Thermae or public baths, two halls of which are adorned with magnificent mosaic pavements. One represents Neptune or "Poseidon" surrounded by Tritons, sea-monsters, dolphins, and Cupids, while the other has for its *leitmotif* the goddess Amphitrite, riding on a sea-horse, with Hy-men hovering round her and groups of

Tritons joining in the procession. These

mosaics are admirably executed and in an excellent state of preservation. It would be difficult to find better specimens at Pompeii or anywhere else.

Like all inhabitants of seaport towns, the Ostienses were a pleasure-loving people, and they prided themselves on their fine theater. It was built by Agrippa, amplified by Hadrian, further improved by Septimus Severus and Caracalla, and restored toward the end of the fourth century. The outer portico, with the ruins of its numerous shops, is

Ruins of the Imperial Palace and the baths of Antoninus Pius on the banks of the Tiber, and a fragment of a statue of Victory found near the principal gate



very well preserved, and the "hyposcenium" still shows traces of the complicated machinery for lifting the curtain and other stage requirements. It was here that I discovered the fine statue of Venus, now placed in the Museum of Ostia. Excavations are actively going on at this most interesting spot, and I am confident that other important works of art will shortly come to light.

My efforts are now chiefly directed toward the complete exploration of the Decumanus, following its direction toward the sea, and I do not despair of discovering the wharves and the harbor now buried

View of the cavea or pit of the Ostian theater, and a statue of Victory, or winged Athena, discovered by Professor Vagliari



underneath the sand. Probably we shall find the remains of ancient ships and archeological material which will throw much light on the life of the busy port of Rome.

The Castle of Ostia, which was built in the fifteenth century by the Florentine architect Baccio Pontelli, as a defense against the predatory inroads of the Saracens, has now been turned into a museum where the treasure-trove of the excavations is preserved.

My work at Ostia does not consist merely in excavating on hitherto unexplored ground. I believe that it is quite as important to preserve the conquests of my predecessors, which had been sadly neglected,

New Splendors of Old Rome

and I am systematically strengthening walls and tottering edifices, ridding them of plants and creepers which, though they enhance the artistic beauty of the ruins, threaten them with a premature decay, and restoring fresco paintings and mosaics.

A few plain facts and figures concerning the actual working of the excavations from a business point of view may not be wholly out of place here. The cost for the last four years has amounted to about 200,000 lire, a very moderate sum, as we began cautiously and tentatively with only a few men. In view of the encouraging results of the excavations, the Ministry of Public Instruction decided to grant a much larger yearly amount, and I believe that Ostia cannot be totally unearthed at an expenditure of less than 200,000 lire a year for an indefinite period. There are now seventy men at work, and the removal of earth and rubbish is facilitated by Decauville trucks running on rails, which are easily shifted to the scene of operations. A bill for the appropriation of half a million lire will shortly be submitted to Parliament, in order to expropriate land and to build an embankment against the inroads of the Tiber, which threatens to invade the excavations during the winter. It is impossible to calculate the total cost of the undertaking before the whole of the ancient city is uncovered, as it occupies an area of about 250 acres, and we still have to fight our way about a mile to the sea.

The sea! Ancient Ostia owed her life and greatness to the blue



One of the great Thermæ, representing the goddess Amphitrite.—A graceful column in the

mosaic floors in the setting the sea-trite.—A graceful foyer of theater



Mediterranean, and there is no reason why a new Ostia should not arise and once more bestow wealth and prosperity on the metropolis. Modern Rome is a non-industrial, non-producing city chiefly because it is not in direct communication with the sea. The Italian capital is only a few miles from the coast, infinitely more favored than London in that respect, and yet it is as effectually cut off from maritime traffic as if it were placed in the mountains of Piedmont. Strange as it may sound, Ostia appears to have been of far easier access from Rome in the time of the Cæsars than in these days

of railways and motor-cars.

A concession has this year been granted to a group of French capitalists, who propose to build a fast railway to the coast, which would be reached from Rome in twenty minutes, and by 1920 it is hoped that Ostia will once more become the seaport of the Eternal City.

The excavations now being carried out at Ostia are not only of first-rate interest from an archeological point of view, but they throw a flood of light upon economic and political questions which are as much of actuality now as they were two thousand years ago. As the years fly by, the importance of Ostia, a lesson in stone, an admonishment in marble, will steadily increase, and before my mission is at an end I hope to make it visible to modern eyes as it was before Christ trod the earth and history began.

Why I Left Home

The stories by Mrs. Van de Water printed in *Cosmopolitan*—they are really piercing studies of the big problem of home and marriage mix-ups in this country to-day—have not only interested tens of thousands of readers, but have made them think—*wake up*. Are you married? Are there children in the family? Are they happy? Did you ever think of the possibility of their leaving home—or of their *wanting* to leave home—not for work, not for marriage at the proper time, but to get away—at any cost—from an atmosphere of bickering, nagging, neglect—any one of a dozen conditions for which *you* are responsible? The present story of Mrs. Van de Water's may not fit your case—or come anywhere near it. We hope it does not. But it will certainly give you something that is worth while thinking about.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Author of "Why I Left My Husband," "Why I Left My Wife," "Why We Are Living Together," etc.

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

I WAS an only child. This in itself would seem to be a sufficient reason for a daughter to live at home. In my case it was not.

My mother was a sweet-faced, soft-voiced woman. One of my earliest recollections is of watching her making my dainty clothes, for she was deft with her fingers. Even as a child I noticed that she cared little for plain sewing, and that if she ever hired a seamstress it was to fashion the unornamental garments, while she herself would stitch for hours on an elaborately embroidered frock or coat. It was well that she had the ability to do the fine needle-work of which she was fond, for my father's income would not permit her to buy such. He was in moderate circumstances, and all my life I was accustomed to a home in which but one maid was kept.

I fancy I had a happy childhood, as childhoods go. There is a popular fiction that the happiest time of one's life is when one is so young that one is absolutely under the control of one's "governors, teachers, pastors, and masters." Perhaps it is, but as a small girl I longed often to have my own way. I told my father this once when I was but ten years of age. He smiled whimsically and patted my head.

"Ah, little girl," he expostulated, "how foolish you are! Here is your dad wishing that he need never decide what is right and what is wrong for himself, but that there was some one in whom he had perfect confidence who would say to him 'you must do this,' or 'you must not do that.'"

My mother shrugged her shoulders and raised her eyebrows. "I don't think," she said in her sweet drawl, "that you would like that at all, Tom. In fact, when I say I think you should do this, or should not do that, I find that you are very glad to do just as you please."

"You forgot one clause in my speech, Mildred," he reminded her, still with his whimsical half-smile. "I said that I wished I could be directed by some one *in whose judgment I had perfect confidence*."

My mother flushed. "I am properly reprimanded," she said quietly, but her quiet was of the kind that I knew meant that she was far from calm inwardly. I had heard that note in her voice often when I had displeased her. I felt a thrill of comprehending sympathy with my father when he made an errand into another room just then. And yet, with a child's nice sense of justice, I knew he had not been quite fair in speaking as he did.

All through my childhood and early girlhood I recognized this condition of affairs between my parents. I was sure that they loved each other, but I also felt that there was often a little undercurrent of wounded feeling or vexation, hidden, I now know, from my keen sight because my father and mother thought that a little child should not hear disputes and altercations, and each had a notion that if nothing open were said I would fancy that the two people whom I loved best were as happy together as they wished me to believe.

Affairs continued like this until I was

Why I Left Home

sent to boarding-school when I was fifteen years old. I was nineteen when I was graduated. During each vacation which I spent at home I could see more plainly that my parents were not the ideally happy married couple that novels made me think they should be.

I was fond of novel-reading, but read only such books as my parents approved. I have wondered often since how it happened that I was in such complete subjection to my father and mother. I know that there were at school girls who read what they pleased, but when I left home my mother had asked me to peruse only such books as she, my father, or the school-principal recommended. I promised and kept the promise. My room-mate was a singularly sweet, pure-minded girl, and I cared for no other intimates, although I was on pleasant terms with many of the other scholars. But I think all of them thought me too prim and particular to be much fun. So when I returned to my home at the end of my school career my fastidious mother and my anxious father found me as childlike and unsophisticated as when they had sent me from them. They had decided that I was not to go to college. I know there had been a little discussion about this matter, but my father had very strong convictions along these lines. He wanted his daughter to be "all womanly," and had a contempt, founded more upon prejudice than upon knowledge, of the typical college woman. While my mother's views did not coincide in every particular with his, she was so anxious to keep me with her that she readily accepted his decision against college. She needed me, she said. She had been "so lonely" since I left and wanted me for her "very own friend and companion now and always."

She told me this the night after I returned to the little home and the pretty room that had been "done over" for me. She came up to "tuck me in," she said laughingly, just after I had extinguished my light. The June moonlight flooded the room, and as I lay in my little white bed I looked about and sighed with joy at the daintiness of it all. I remember that my parents had had the wall papered with the pale-blue tint that I loved, that the white curtains at windows and dressing-table were tied back with ribbons to match the

paper, that the blue-and-white rugs on the white floor-matting harmonized with the general color-scheme. To-morrow I would unpack my trunk and put up the various pictures and photographs that had graced my walls at school. Then I would "settle down" and be happy. This was what I had looked forward to during my four years' absence. I said as much to my mother as she sat on the side of my bed.

"So many of the girls I know are going to 'do things' of some kind," I informed her. "Mother, dear, is there any special line of work you want me to take up? Do you want me to have some way of earning my living?"

"No!" she said impulsively. "What I want is to have you to myself as long as I live; at least," she added, "until you marry. And perhaps you may not do that. Even then I would want you to live near me. I have sacrificed myself, and my own wishes, for the sake of having you educated, and I feel that I have the right to enjoy you now."

"But," I hesitated as I asked the question, "suppose that the time should come when I had to support myself—what could I do then?"

"It won't come, I hope," she insisted. "And if it did—why, you write a beautiful hand. You could be a secretary—or something!"

Several years later I remembered that speech.

The following evening my father and I had a long talk as we sat together on the veranda. Mother had a headache and had gone to her room early, insisting, however, that I help her undress and see her comfortably in bed before joining my father where he sat alone, smoking.

"What have you been doing?" he asked as I came out softly upon the veranda after leaving my mother in a peaceful sleep, soothed thereto by my gentle stroking of her aching head. When I told him he drew me down to a chair beside him.

"Poor little girl," he said banteringly, "you are already getting broken into your work, aren't you?"

"Work!" I exclaimed, almost indignantly. "I don't call it work to make poor, dear mother comfortable when she is ill."

"It may get monotonous after a while," he remarked dryly. And then he sighed. I asked no questions, but again in my heart was the old familiar ache for him and for

my mother and the old puzzling question as to which one I should sympathize with.

Soon our talk drifted to my school-days, and, tentatively, I said to him just what I had said to my mother the evening before about my acquiring some way of earning a living. What did he think of it?

He smoked for several minutes before he answered. Then he spoke slowly, "Well, daughter dear, I hope that I will be able to support you as long as you live, and when I die leave enough insurance to keep the wolf from the door."

"That's what mother thinks," I explained, "but how

can you
know what
may happen? Moth-
er says that all

she wants me to do is to live at home and be company for her, and, while that sounds lovely for me, I do feel that one never knows when one may have to support herself."

"So your mother said that, did she?" he mused. Then, as if to himself: "That would be about all she would want, I suppose. And yet, it sounds a bit selfish."

I hastened to vindicate my mother. "Indeed, Daddy, she is not selfish! She only meant that she loves me so much."

"There are many kinds of love, and some kinds are selfish," he insisted gravely.

To which observation I replied nothing, but waited for him to return to the subject in which I was interested. This he did after a prolonged silence.

"Perhaps you ought to learn to do some one thing," he said. "But you know how much I dislike the idea of a woman's going away from home to work, or of being in an office with rough men. You have a fair education, you write an excellent hand, so perhaps that will be all you need."

"Mother spoke of my handwriting being so good that I might become a secretary,"

I hazarded. "Do you think that would be possible?"

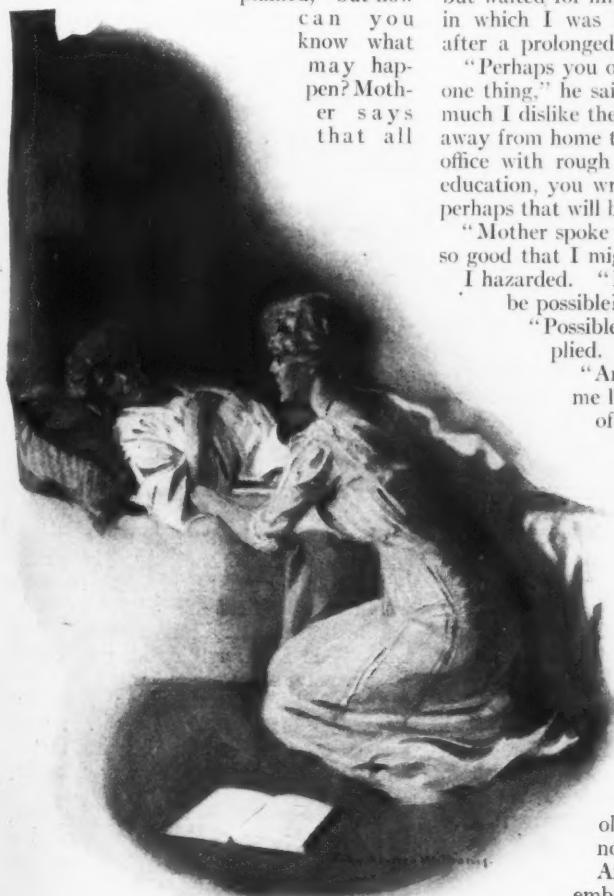
"Possible, if necessary," he replied.

"And you are willing to have me live right on here, unless, of course, something happens?"

"I suppose that 'something' means your getting married," he remarked, somewhat gruffly. "If I have my way that so-called happy event will not occur for many years yet. On this point at least your mother and I agree. I do not believe she will ever want you to marry, even when you are old enough, which you are not yet, thank Heaven!"

An inexplicable impulse emboldened me to ask, "Why doesn't mother want me to marry some time?"

"Because she does not consider marriage a success,"



I knelt by her and put my arms around her. "Can I do anything for you before I go down-stairs?" I asked her gently

Why I Left Home

he declared; then, as an afterthought, he said, "at least most marriages."

"Hers is an exception," I suggested timidly.

My father made no reply, but he pressed suddenly the hand he held, and I had difficulty in repressing an exclamation of pain. Then he changed the subject, and talked of indifferent matters until, as the clock struck ten, my mother's pleading voice called:

"Bessie! Where are you? Won't you get me a drink of water, dear?"

I rose at once, but not so quickly that I did not hear my father's impatient sigh.

"I am sorry you have to go," he said ruefully. "I find it pleasant to sit here and chat with you, Elizabeth."

I kissed him affectionately.

"Thank you for calling me Elizabeth, Daddy!" I said softly. "At school everybody called me that, but I just can't get mother to do it."

"One 'just can't get' your mother to do anything she is not in the habit of doing," replied my father.

I hurried away up-stairs, wishing that he had not spoken that last sentence. Somehow it almost spoiled my memory of our evening together.

My mother had never been very strong, but after my home-coming she succumbed more often than of old to her sick headaches and nervous attacks. Therefore almost all of the housekeeping tasks devolved upon me. My father used to say that it was too bad that this was the case, but that, nevertheless, he believed it was a good thing for a girl to know how to manage a household, and I voiced no complaint. I soon saw, however, that he did not fancy my taking the part of sick-nurse. In fact, he protested vigorously against it within a few months after my return from school. It was a glorious October day, and when he came home from business he found me in my mother's room, reading to her. After asking about her head, and regretting that she was "sick again," he turned to me.

"Have you been out to-day, daughter?" he asked.

"No, sir!"

"Why not?"

"I did not want to leave mother alone when she was suffering," I explained. To me the reason seemed all-sufficient. But his face darkened.

"Alone!" he exclaimed. "Isn't Norah down-stairs?"

My mother interposed. "Yes, Tom, of course she is; but down-stairs isn't up here. And what good is a servant when one is ill?"

"Just as much good as she has been for the five years that she has lived with us," declared my father. "When Elizabeth was away you managed to survive comfortably with Norah's ministrations. Now this child is always doing duty as a sick-nurse. It is not fair."

I interrupted him with: "Daddy! *That* is not fair! I love to be with mother, and would stay even if she insisted on my going out."

"I fancy she would not insist very hard," he remarked. "She doesn't like to be left alone."

"I find I have to be very often," said my mother. She spoke calmly, but I saw by the glitter in her eyes that she was angry. "And from present appearances I should be more lonely now than ever — were it not for Bessie."

"What do you mean?" asked my father.

"I fancy you know what I mean," she said suggestively.

He shrugged his shoulders and glanced at me. "You probably, Mildred, have something that passes for a reason lodged in your perfervid imagination," he muttered, and left the room.

My mother closed her eyes and lay very still for a moment. Then she put her hand to her head and moaned.

"Is the pain so bad?" I queried anxiously.

"Awful!" she whispered. "This kind of thing is killing me. If it wasn't for you I would want to die."

I knelt by her and put my arms around her. "Can I do anything for you before I go down-stairs?" I asked her gently.

"Oh, no! I don't wish to detain you from your father for a moment. I know you want to get down to him and that he will be waiting for you. I am used to being alone."

I hesitated. "Dear," I pleaded, "you know that I will not leave you if you are lonely and suffering. I will wait for my dinner until you feel better."

But she shook her head. "No, child, go down. It will only make it harder for me if you don't. But do not send me up anything to eat until you have finished. Then



My father sprang to his feet. His face was pale and his eyes as hard as steel. "Since you have made that speech," he declared, "where your 'young and innocent daughter' is, you will please explain it to her."

bring it up
to me yourself.
And if your father
goes out to-night will you mind sitting up
here with me? I shall be lonely."

"I will come up whether he goes out or
not," I said.

I had told my mother that I had been
invited to spend the evening with Mary
Lane, a girl friend living near us, but she
had evidently forgotten the fact. I would
not remind her of it.

Nevertheless, being young, I was disappointed. I had anticipated a jolly evening, for half a dozen girls and young men had been asked to Mary's house, and her parents always made her friends welcome. I did not entertain, for my mother was made nervous by the thought of company, and my father, being a mere man, did not appreciate how much girls like good times in their own homes. But he did want me to have simple pleasures and, strangely enough, recollect just as we finished dinner that I had "said something about some affair for to-night." I hastened to state that unless mother was better I would not leave her. I tried to speak as if it made no difference, but he must have fancied a wistful note in my voice, for he said quickly:

"You must go, Elizabeth. I shall be at

home all the evening, and will listen for your mother." He glanced at his watch. "What time are you due at Mrs. Lane's?"

"At half-past eight."

"Well, run away and dress at once," he commanded.

"But mother's dinner—" I began.

"Norah will attend to that," he said.

"She doesn't want Norah to take it up,
Daddy," I expostulated. "I told her I
would do it."

"And I tell you you will not," he said
firmly. "It is time this nonsense stopped."

I looked at him, startled.

"I mean," he explained, "that when a servant and a husband are on hand to fetch and carry there is no need of your sacrificing yourself both day and night. And while I am here you shall not do it. I will carry your mother's dinner to her."

I dared say no more, and I hoped that the invalid would appreciate her husband's desire to propitiate her as I saw him arrange her tray with his own hands, laying on the folded napkin by the plate the largest chrysanthemum from the bouquet in the center of the table. Hoping to smooth matters for him, I stopped at my mother's door on my way to my room and explained the situation to her, reminding her that Mary Lane would be expecting me. I did

Why I Left Home

not tell her that my father had insisted on my going out. I was learning fast what to repress and what to tell.

"You see," I faltered, "Mary has planned for me, and I fear she may not like it if I do not come."

My mother sighed, but tried to smile. "That's all right, dear; I do not want to keep you here in my sickroom. It is natural that young people should find older ones stupid company, especially"—with another sigh—"when the older ones are ill."

"You are never stupid!" I exclaimed vehemently. "You know that I don't think that, Mother!"

She patted my hand. "Run on, dear, and get dressed. Norah will bring me the very little that I want to eat."

"Father is bringing it up himself," I said hurriedly, as I heard his foot on the stair. "He was so much pleased to have the chance to do this for you that he would not let anyone else touch the tray."

"He is extremely kind," my mother said stiffly. "But he should not have troubled himself. I want no dinner."

My father entering at this moment, and hearing these words, I was seized with a panic lest I should see and hear more that would be painful, and I rushed past him into my own room, closing the door quickly behind me.

Although the evening at Mrs. Lane's was pleasant, the memory of what had gone before it lurked in the depths of my consciousness all the while. My father came for me at the time appointed to take me home. When I inquired how my mother was he replied briefly that she was asleep, and I asked no more questions. But as he kissed me good night at the door of my room he drew me to him in a sudden embrace.

"Dear little girl," he said, "but for you I should be very lonely!"

The words were those used by my mother that afternoon. They repeated themselves to me until I fell asleep.

I went out little that year and the next. I found that my mother really needed me; at least, that she was cheerful when I remained with her, but that, when I had been out of the house for a few hours, she was sure to be depressed, and that her depression almost invariably culminated in a sick headache. But I also learned that my father had little patience with this depre-

sion, and, to keep the peace, I pretended to him that society bored me, and that I did not care for teas, receptions, and the like. I loved my mother with a pitying kind of affection. I had always been very dependent upon her, and she had encouraged me in this dependence. Even when I was at boarding-school, not a day had passed without my sending her a few lines to tell her of my welfare. And it did not occur to me for some months after my return that I could throw off this peculiar kind of allegiance—I had almost said servitude. For, looking back now, I know that it was an unreasoning, blind kind of devotion that my mother exacted and received from me for years. I also know that she had expected and demanded the same kind of love from my father. Perhaps for the first years of their married life she received it—perhaps! When her husband ceased to feel it he pretended to have it still, until he could play the part no more, or would play it no more. For, after all, men are men, and none of them can be kept tied long after they suspect that they are tied. If a woman can make her husband believe that he is true to her because he wants to be, and not because she has bound him so fast that he cannot stray, she has learned how to retain his fidelity—if he is a faithful kind of man.

As I have intimated, I have, from babyhood, disliked quarrels or disputes of any kind. It was natural, then, that in order to keep my mother comparatively happy and, because of her good humor, to make my father measurably contented, I decided to decline most invitations and stay at home. Much as I liked pleasure, my hatred of family rows was greater than my liking for young companionship. I can see now that I sacrificed my girlhood. Then I felt that I was but keeping the peace. I was shut into my pasture and had not yet learned to look over the bars, much less to jump them.

My father was always kind to me. I do not remember that he ever spoke crossly or harshly to me, except when he rebelled against some exaction of my mother's, and then his vexation was about her, not toward me. I learned not to mention any invitations I received, or any special pleasure in which I had been asked to take part, for I knew that he would insist that I leave mother for a few hours. I was aware that

he urged it on my account solely, for he, too, liked to have me at home. And I loved him the better for his unselfishness.

Sometimes when my mother would speak slightly of my father I tried to call her attention to his many good characteristics, but I was always met by a frigid silence or the remark: "You are but a girl. How should you know what men are?"

Thus matters stood for eighteen months after my graduation. On my second Christmas as a home-daughter there occurred a scene which made upon my mind and feelings a lasting impression. My father had learned from Mary Lane that she was again planning for an evening of merriment at her home, and he insisted on my attending the festivities. This he did in my mother's presence a few days before Christmas, adding that as he had an engagement himself that night he would stop and bring me home on his return. My mother compressed her lips, but said nothing. I had an intuition that she was awaiting developments, and I felt vaguely uncomfortable. Then the matter passed from my mind, until at supper on Christmas evening she said to my father, as if to test him, "Have you a very important engagement to-night?"

He started slightly. "Only a call I am going to make," he said.

I did not leave her until after the clock had struck twelve and she had sunk into a deep sleep.

Then I stole away to my own room

said my mother. "When she is older she will understand only too well, I fear, what life and men are. Until then, if she can love you I will let her do so."

A wave of angry contempt swept over

"Upon whom?" she asked.

He met her gaze as directly as she met his. "On Mrs. Framingham," he answered.

"I was sure of that," she asserted coldly.

"Then why did you ask?" queried my father, with a sarcastic smile.

"Because I could hardly believe what my woman's instinct warned me was true," replied my mother.

I looked from one to the other, puzzled. I knew Mrs. Framingham, a graceful, attractive widow, at least forty-five years old, who had often called at our house and whose husband, dead now for two years, had been my father's friend. What more natural, I thought, than that my father should run in to see her in her loneliness on this holiday night? Father evidently thought as I did, and said as much.

"No explanations are necessary," affirmed my mother, "at least," she added, with a glance at me, "where your young and innocent daughter is."

My father sprang to his feet. His face was pale and his eyes as hard as steel.

"Since you have made that speech," he declared, "where your 'young and innocent daughter' is, you will please explain it to her."

"I decline to do anything of the kind,"



John Alonzo Williams

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me. I looked from one to the other as if I had never really known either before. Yet, in the turmoil of emotions that possessed me, I found it within me to see the justice of my father's stand. My mother, not he, had started the discussion in my presence. I pushed my chair back from the table with a brief, "Excuse me!" and started to leave the room. My mother stopped me.

"Stay where you are!" she commanded. "You always champion your father just because I have never told you my side of any trouble between us. Now, since your father seems not to object to your knowing the truth, you may see for yourself how things stand."

"I do not care to see or hear either side," I insisted, frightened at my own temerity.

"You are right, Elizabeth," said my father gravely. "As your mother has just said, you will know life soon enough without being dragged into painful scenes in which you have no concern. You may leave the room now if you want to."

But, as I passed my mother's chair she held out her arms to me with a moan: "Oh, Bessie, Bessie! my only comfort, don't go like this! It will kill me if you, too, turn against me!"

I threw my arms about her and began to cry. I forgot everything except that this was my mother, the delicate, fragile woman who needed me, the mother whom I had never disobeyed since babyhood.

"There, darling," I soothed, "don't cry! I am sorry I spoke as I did. You know I could not turn against you, dear."

When I lifted my head from her shoulder my father's chair was empty. He had quietly left the room. I know that he did not make the proposed call that evening, for, an hour later, when I went down-stairs to telephone to Mary Lane that my mother was too far from well for me to go out, I saw under his door a streak of light, and heard him walking up and down for a long time afterward. All that evening I sat by my mother's couch, stroking her aching head, and letting her talk out her griefs. I entered her room a girl, simple hearted and trustful; I came out of it at bedtime a puzzled, distrustful, disappointed woman. And it was my own mother who had wrought this change in me, for she had told me that my father cared more for another woman than for her or for me. She spoke of "love passages" between him and Mrs.

Framingham. At first I was too sick at heart to ask any questions. Then my better self asserted its rights to learn what evidence she had against the man who had been a tender father to me, and I asked:

"How do you know these things? What proofs have you?"

"I am no fool," she retorted, "and I have kept my eyes open, and have watched, as any wife should do if she would keep her husband's love."

In the dark I smiled bitterly. Is this the way women keep love? I wondered.

"But, mother," I pleaded, "suspicions are not proof."

"No, but facts speak for themselves," she asserted. "And when a man goes out several evenings a week without explaining where he is going, it is safe to assume that there is a woman in the case."

"Why?" I asked stupidly.

"Oh, my dear child, how laboriously innocent you are! Have you never heard the French proverb, '*Cherchez la femme?*'"

"Yes, and I also know that there are evil women in the world, but not in our set. And I know, too, that there are unfaithful husbands in the world, but they are not the kind of men that decent women meet."

My mother laughed sarcastically. "It is my fault, I suppose, that you are so unsophisticated. It is because of my mistaken loyalty to your father that I have held my peace and kept you in ignorance. Now it is your right to know the truth."

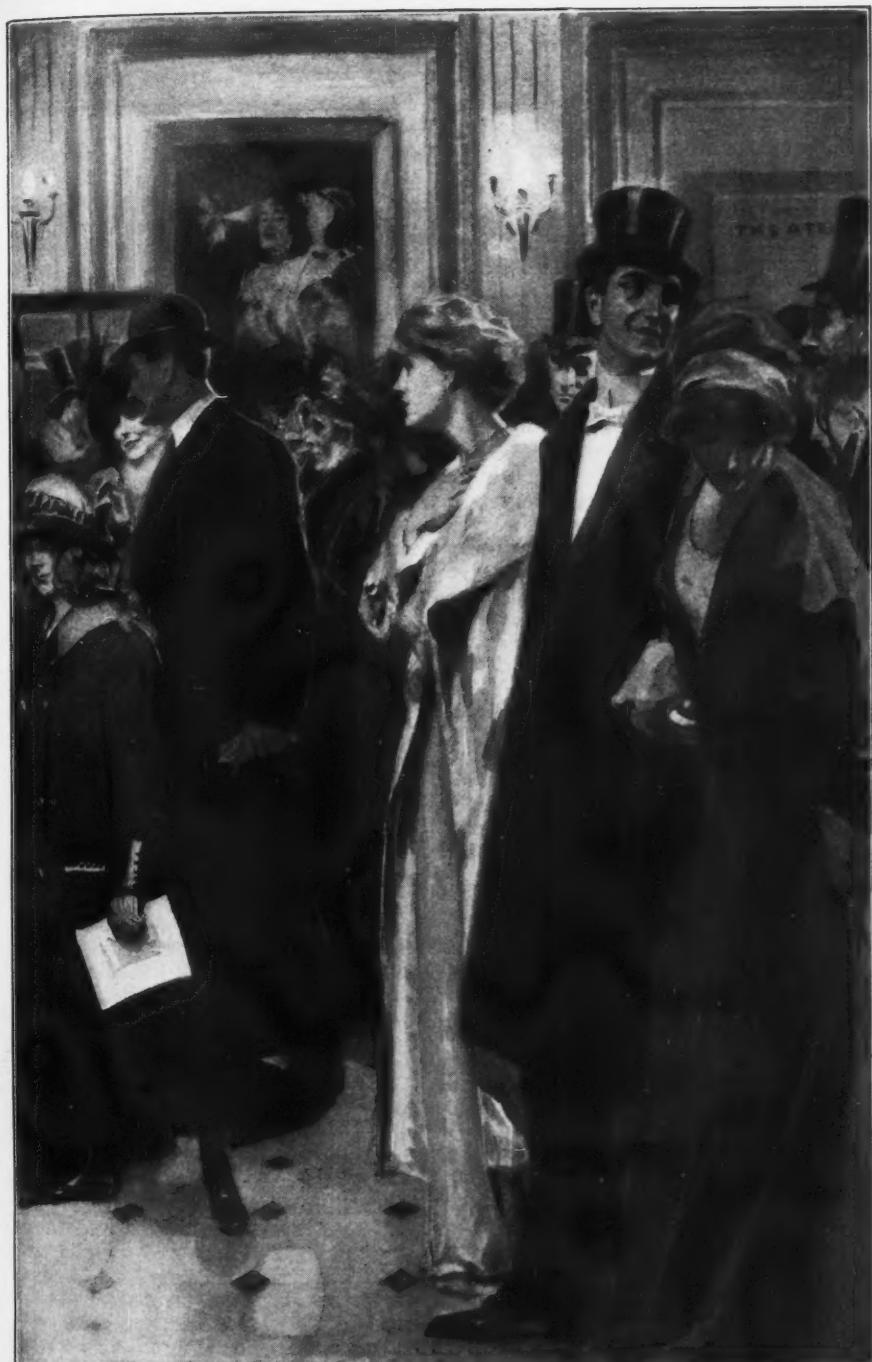
"Why?" I queried again.

"So that you may appreciate just what kind of a man he is," she declared, with such absolute lack of logic that I asked no more. Then she went on to say that since I would not believe what she told me I might watch developments myself, if I could not take the word of my own mother. But she had never thought that her "own child would take sides against her."

As usual, weak fear gripped me at the thought of displeasing her. I told her that I did not mean to wound her, that I "only wanted to be just."

"I should think you might trust me in this matter," she complained. "After all I have borne for you, after all I have done for you and sacrificed for you from babyhood, my word ought to go for something!"

I felt conscience-smitten. Peace lay in accepting her statements, and under the stress of her reproaches and tears I found



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

As we were leaving the theater, and I was laughing at some witty remark of my escort, the laugh suddenly died on my lips. In the crowd surging out of the doors in front of us I saw my father and with him, chatting gaily, was Mrs. Framingham

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myself yielding weakly and assuring her that I was sorry that I had seemed lacking in sympathy, and that I would "do anything to make her happy—anything!"

Little by little I quieted her, but I did not leave her until after the clock had struck twelve and she had sunk into a deep sleep. Then I stole away to my own room and lay awake through the remainder of the night.

The next morning, after breakfast, to which my mother did not descend, my father told me that he wished to see me alone in the library. He said, as he closed the door behind us, that he did not wish to drag me into any discussions between himself and my mother. "The man who tells anybody, even his own daughter, of his quarrels with his wife is a bounder and cad," he stated. "Moreover, I love you too much to wish to make you unhappy by touching upon any question of which you have not already heard enough to make you uncomfortable. But, child, all I ask is that you will trust me until you see reason for distrust."

I could hold my peace no longer. "But, father, mother is so unhappy! Forgive me, but why do you do the things she hates to have you do?"

"Such as what?" he asked gently.

I stammered and flushed. "I hardly know what some of them are," I admitted confusedly. "But I do know that mother does not like you to go to see Mrs. Framingham."

"Why?"

The question staggered me. I did not know just why, and I spoke timidly. "Well, I think she feels that you belong to her, that you are married to her, and that you should give all your time to her."

"She would be bored to death if I did," he rejoined. "Moreover, I did not buy your mother, body and soul, nor did she buy me when we married. I am willing that she should go out if she pleases, and receive or call on any of her friends. It seems but fair that I should do the same. When your mother shuts herself into her room with you evening after evening, why need I shut myself in here alone? Whom do I harm by going out?"

"Oh," I protested, "I don't believe she would care if you went to see a *man*. But she does not like you to call on a woman."

He gave a cynical laugh, then said, still calmly: "I happen to know that when I have gone out with a man-friend she has been very unhappy and would not believe the truth. I acknowledge, Elizabeth, that I do call on Mrs. Framingham. She is lonely; her husband was my dear friend; I like her; she makes things pleasant for me; her house is bright and cheery. She is a good woman, and I run in to see her as I might go to see my sister. And," with a determined set of his jaw, "I mean to continue to do it when home becomes so lonely that I can no longer endure it. But, dear, I am not a bad man. Don't think that!"

I shook my head sadly. I was puzzled and miserable, and went out of the room without further comment.

This condition of affairs at home decided me to accept an alluring invitation received the following day. A girl whom I had known at boarding-school had married a wealthy man and had a handsome home in New York. We lived in a suburban town an hour from the metropolis. Edith Warren wrote asking me to spend several days with her, and although, when at school, she and I had had few tastes in common, I gladly embraced the opportunity of getting away from home and its problems. Had the invitation come a week earlier I would hardly have accepted it, for I would have considered my mother's wishes before my own. Now, however, the fact that she had added to my cares by putting hers upon me seemed in some subtle and incomprehensible way to lessen my sense of responsibility toward her. Perhaps she had disappointed me in my ideal of what a wife should be. When I told her that I was going into town to visit the Warrens, she protested feebly, but, seeing that I did not show the usual signs of yielding to her slightest whim, she folded her lips in the familiar thin line and said no more. I did not invite criticism by mentioning the subject again.

As I have said before, my mother was fond of providing pretty clothes for me, and had always taken a certain pride in my appearance. So, while my wardrobe was not elaborate, it was dainty, and I had no need to be ashamed of my costumes in the midst of the more elegantly gowned company in which I found myself at the Warrens'. I recognized at once the fact that what my hostess called "the crowd" that

frequented her home were what might be termed a rich Bohemian set—not the refined kind of persons whom I had met in the limited circle chosen for me by my parents. Perhaps because I was unhappy I did not object to the unconventional manners of these people. They made me laugh, they gave me a good time—that was all I cared about. I met one man who encouraged me to talk freely to him when we were alone together. Gradually he learned that I was not content at home, although I did not tell him why. I acknowledged to him that of late I had been longing to be independent, to earn my own living, to come and go freely as did many women. He listened with sympathy, then asked me what I could do. I told him that all I was fitted for was to be some sort of a secretary. He suggested that he needed in his office a person who could write well. Perhaps if, later, I wanted this position I would let him know. I was half frightened at the offer, but promised to remember it. The salary he mentioned took away my breath, but I tried not to look astonished. I knew nothing of the remuneration received by secretaries without experience, so I expressed no surprise.

On the last night of my visit to New York we all went to the play. The piece was a rollicking musical comedy, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. But as we were leaving the theater, and I was laughing at some witty remark of my escort, the laugh suddenly died on my lips. In the crowd surging out of the doors in front of us I saw my father and with him, chatting gaily, was Mrs. Framingham. Even as I watched I saw my father hail a passing cab and help Mrs. Framingham into it, then get in himself. I was near enough to hear him name the restaurant to which he wished to be driven; I heard him call out, "Hurry, for we have a train to make at twelve-thirty!"

As I looked after the carriage disappearing up Broadway, and at the whitely lighted setting of the scene, I had a passing vision of my mother's darkened room and of her loneliness without me. A great sob arose in my throat. For one moment I had a wild impulse to tell my hostess that I must go home to-night. Then my common sense reminded me that by this time to-morrow I would be with my mother. The feeling I had for her I recognized as

one composed more of pity than of love, and even with this pity for her was a sort of compassion for the young girl who must so soon be shut in again and listen to countless complaints against her own father.

It was toward the end of the short winter afternoon that I reached my home, my gay visit ended. All the way out on the train I had planned how I would tell my mother of the good time I had had, omitting, I decided, the little things that might shock her sense of propriety. I had already reached the point where I could understand why girls did not tell their parents everything. I knew that some things in which the Warrens saw no harm would scandalize mother. Then why mention them?

My mother was excitedly glad to see me back, but she listened to my account of my visit with what I saw was but half-hearted interest. As I sat in my usual place by her couch—for she had another headache—I wondered if she suspected that my father had taken another woman to the theater and to supper, and had not reached home until the early morning hours, while she lay there suffering with nervousness and, perhaps, wondering where he was. I could not forgive my father this deception. Why did people marry, anyhow?

I had gotten thus far in my musings when my mother's sharp tone startled me from my seeming calmness.

"I have the proof that you asked for the other night," she said suddenly. "I can show you now what your father is."

She drew from the pocket of her wrapper a letter addressed to my father. Pulling it from the envelope that held it, she read it to me so rapidly that she was half-way through it before I attempted to check her. Then my protest was in vain, for, with a sharp "Be quiet!" she continued. The letter was signed "Ida." I knew that was Mrs. Framingham's first name, but I did not know that anyone except the members of her family called her that—least of all my father. It began "Dear Tom," and said that "the suggested plan" suited her perfectly, that she would be ready at the time he named, and added, "You are too good to, Yours gratefully, Ida."

"You see," exclaimed my mother triumphantly, "what kind of a man he is! Now will you defend him?"

"Did he show you that letter?" I asked, perplexed.

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She looked at me with amazement. "Show it to me, child? He, a guilty man, show his wife a letter like that? Never!"

I rose to my feet and stood looking at her. "Then," I asked slowly, "where did you get it?"

Her eyes did not fall before my questioning gaze. Her habit of self-justification kept her from any sensation of shame.

"The postman handed it to me several days ago. Norah was out, and I went into the kitchen and steamed the envelope over the tea-kettle, read the letter, then, while the mucilage was still damp, sealed it again, putting it under a book to press it tight shut. I took it out just before your father came home. I handed it to him, and he did not have the grace to blush. Afterward I looked in the pocket of the coat he wore that day and got it out to show to you."

I still stood looking at her. She held out her hand to me.

"You look sick, darling!" she exclaimed. "No wonder you do, confronted with such proof as that against the father you have loved!"

I wet my dry lips with my tongue before I could speak. My voice sounded harsh and lifeless. I did not take a step toward my mother.

"The proof against my father is not all that hurts me," I said. "To think that you, his wife and my mother, should steal his mail, open it, read it, give it to him in an innocent way, then steal it again to prove to me that he is as bad as you paint him—oh, I cannot stand it!"

With a groan, I buried my face in my hands. At this moment the door opened, and my father entered. He stopped short at sight of me, and his eyes fell upon the letter lying on the floor between my mother and myself. Darting forward, he snatched it up.

"Where did this come from?" he asked quickly. Then, as no one answered, he turned sharply to his wife. "You stole this, did you?" he sneered.

"I took it to show your daughter just what you are," my mother said sullenly. "The time has come for her to choose between us."

My father glanced at the letter, then thrust it into his pocket. He laid his hand on my arm.

"Child," he said, "there is nothing evil in that letter. I asked a woman friend to go out with me. She accepted, and we went. That is all there is to it. I swear it before Heaven!" He caught my hands in his and drew them from my face.

"I saw you with her," I said dully.

"Where?" exclaimed my mother, starting to her feet. "Tell me where you saw him? Where did he take that woman?"

She sprang at me and shook me as she used to do when I was a little child four years old. Her face was transfigured with rage, her eyes blazed. My father laid his hand on her arm, but she jerked away from him.

"I will have the truth!" she shrilled. "You despise me because I read your father's letter, and yet you aid and abet him in all his evil! Oh, God! And this is the child that I loved!"

I tried to calm her. "Mother!" I ex postulated. "Be reasonable! Listen to me! I knew nothing of where father was going, except that I saw him the other day on the street in New York."

I checked myself. Already she was making me lie. What had become of my sense of honor, of my clear ideas of right and wrong? I caught my father's eye and was silent. My mother turned to him,

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself!" she gasped. "But of course you aren't! Not satisfied with ruining my happiness, you hide behind this child's skirts! Now is the chance to tell me the truth, if you ever do tell it. How far has this thing gone?"

"What thing?" he asked, as if to gain time.

"This affair between you and—that woman!" she sneered. "What does that note mean?"

"That she and I are good friends," he said coldly, without any spark of excitement. "That she had a legal matter to attend to in New York, and that I offered to take her to the office of a lawyer who could fix it up for her."

"I wonder if that is true," my mother muttered, looking from my father to me.

"Believe it or not as you please," said he, turning away.

I stood silent until he reached the door. In the moment since he had finished speaking I had made up my mind.

"Father and mother," I said, "I think it is as well to tell you now that I have



I rose to my feet and stood looking at her. "If father did not give you the letter," I asked slowly, "where did you get it?"

accepted a position as secretary in New York. I am twenty-one, you know, and old enough to be caring for myself. And I want to leave home."

My mother died five years ago. She never knew the truth of that first fearful year in New York, nor guessed that the man who engaged me as secretary was as bad as he was attractive. I acquired my knowledge of life and evil from personal experience when I was a woman grown. After

my mother's death my father came to live with me in my tiny apartment, the rent of which I paid from my salary as social secretary to a wealthy society woman who had been kind to me. When those first hideous experiences were dead and buried, and were only a sickening memory, I told my father a part of the pitiful story. He could not understand how such dreadful things could happen to a girl who had been "so carefully brought up."

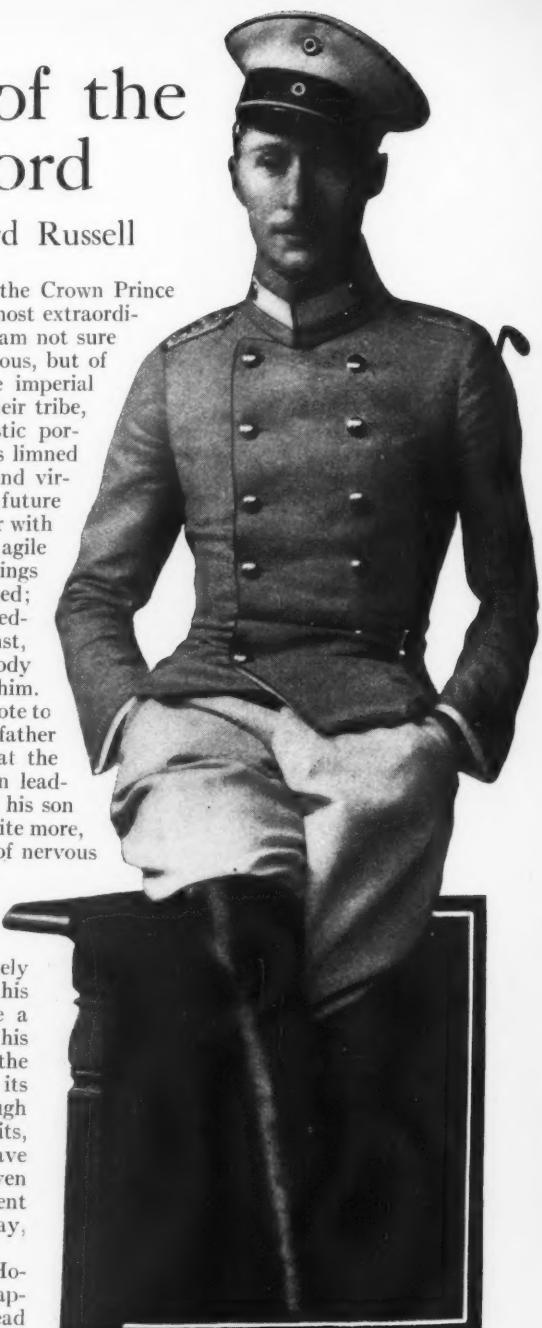
The Heir of the War Lord

By Charles Edward Russell

TAKING him by and large, the Crown Prince of Germany is easily the most extraordinary figure in Europe. I am not sure he is not the most portentous, but of that you shall be the judge. The imperial press-agents, best and ablest of their tribe, send out from time to time eulogistic portraits, wherein this amazing youth is limned as a sweet, wise, gentle, studious, and virtuous prince, deeply sensible of his future responsibilities and extremely popular with the German people. Well know the agile press-agents how to utilize these things for the edification of the open-mouthed; but when it comes to really liking Frederick William Victor August Ernst, Kronprinz and heir apparent, nobody likes him because nobody understands him.

"*Dubist verrucht.* Come home," wrote to him once his puzzled and terrified father when the young man was a student at the University of Bonn. He wrote it in lead-pencil on the back of a letter from his son and seemed to have no strength to write more, being probably in an advanced stage of nervous prostration. Frederick William Victor and the rest had calmly informed his honored parent that he was in love with the daughter of a professor at the university and had definitely and forever resolved to renounce his titles, abjure the succession, become a plain subject, and marry the choice of his heart. The paternal hand, when the young man came obediently within its reach, seems to have regained enough energy to knock that dream into bits, but the Kaiser is deemed never to have recovered from the awful shock and even now to stare with wonder and amazement at his eldest born, as who should say, "Can this be a Hohenzollern?"

He is an odd-looking youth for a Hohenzollern—tall, slender, not of robust appearance, with a strange long face, a head as long as a horse's, powerful, determined underjaw, clear, resolute, and rather wicked-looking blue eyes, and an expression that in some moods is certainly wild



"He is an odd-looking youth for a Hohenzollern—tall, slender, not of robust appearance, with an expression that in some moods is certainly wild and in others is cynical and daring"

and in others is cynical and daring. "*Du bist verrucht*," said his disgusted father, whose favorite is his second son, Prince Eitel, and who looks upon his first-born as weak and unstable. Weak he certainly is not; he has, so far as one may judge, a most unusual capacity—for things strange and startling, no doubt, and for great enterprises as well. Slender as he seems, he loves out-of-door life and athletics, is a good oarsman and yacht sailor, and delights in daring deeds of horsemanship. Courage he has in superabundance, resolution in spite of his wild starts and eccentricities, and of ambition no lack if all tales are true. One of his characteristics, most singular in a German, is a profound admiration for Napoleon. His study is adorned with portraits and relics of Napoleon; his bookshelves contain nearly everything ever written about Napoleon; over Napoleon's achievements he hangs with insatiable delight. You might make a mental note of this peculiarity; it seems to have significance.

A STICKLER FOR THE "DIVINE RIGHT"

There is no democratic nonsense about this young man; he cherishes a notion of the imperial dignity, importance, and prerogatives even beyond that of his father. He is to rule by divine right, and is impatient for his turn to begin. Some very odd letters of his, written to an intimate friend, came out two years ago. They conferred no exhilaration upon the advocates either of democracy or of peace, for they revealed a man of ambition, force, and skill eager to rule and full of the spirit of arbitrary power. When he was at Bonn he used to insist that every detachment of soldiers passing in the street should halt before him and present arms. Failure in this obeisance was a dangerous matter to the officer that happened to be in charge. As the prince was with difficulty distinguished in the crowd of other students, two couriers were employed to run, one on each side of the street, in advance of each detachment. These looked for the prince and gave warning when he was discovered.

He had also a habit of insisting that whenever he entered a room, no matter where, all persons present must rise and remain standing until he had signified his imperial pleasure that they might sit. Sometimes he appeared to find a malicious joy in withholding for ten or fifteen minutes the signal

of release, he meantime seated at his ease and conversing while the others stood and observed the cooling of the soup. Once a foreign-born student, not much impressed with this, got tired of standing and sat down. The prince flew into an unprincely rage, but as the offender was not a subject no punishment could be meted out to him except the enduring hatred of Frederick William Victor and the rest, which he stood to the end of his school days.

THE SPARK OVER THE POWDER-BARREL

Much of the world's press (outside of Europe) elected to be amused by the recent doings of the crown prince at the Reichstag and his punishment therefor; the cartoonists and merry men had much mirth of it; but to a certain class of seasoned observers neither transgression nor penalty seemed funny, but only ominous.

To understand this, which is a thing well worth understanding, we must take a look at Germany as it is and not as represented by the press-agents and press-valets that the German government knows so well how to handle. The average German sees clearly enough that Germany is to be the final world power and German the language of all mankind, but he is quite content to let Providence in its own way and its own good time achieve these inevitable destinies. Looking upon the rapid growth of Germany's power and influence, the rising tide of its wealth, its expanding commerce, its colonial treasures, its visible triumph over Great Britain in the world's commercial fields, the certain promise of still greater triumphs at hand—looking upon all this, I say, the average German feels satisfied that Providence is doing its best and all is well with the national motto.

But exists also a certain element, not very large as yet, but noisy, determined, and influential, that insists upon helping along the good work with any sudden and violent means, preferably with the great German army. Geography happens to give to this element an extremely plausible argument. The most serious handicap to expanding German commerce is the lack of an Atlantic port. On the North Sea are harbors like Cuxhaven and Bremerhaven, but these point to the north pole and are out of the way. If Germany only had a port on the Atlantic! That is, and long has been, the first thought of the German patriot, looking

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upon the map of his country's activities. If Holland were only a part of the empire, Holland with the mouth of the Rhine, the natural highway of German commerce!

Many Germans believe the day is not far distant when little Holland will find its place

Holland will fall in of itself, and the growing interference of Germany in the affairs of Belgium shows which way that little morsel is to go. Meantime, if we have a war with France, we



as a German state, though the Hollanders have a very different view of the matter. Of late years the bellicose in Germany have taken on much more radical views. "Annex Holland?" say these fiery persons. "What's the matter with annexing northern France? Holland has one port; northern France has five, Dunkirk, Boulogne, Havre, Cherbourg, and Brest.



"The man who would be king"—Germany's Crown Prince at the age of three (center), seven (left), nine (on horseback), ten (right), and as a student at Bonn. At all ages he has believed in his divine right to rule, and is now impatient to begin

can annex as spoils what we please, and if we please to take these five

Atlantic ports, how about Germany then?"

At this distance the idea resounds of the wine-cask and nothing else, but to a certain order of youth in Germany it seems not chimerical nor unreasonable, and I have heard even grave German officers not heated with libations discuss it seriously. The prizes won by the war of 1870 whet the ap-

petite for further increment. Of the outcome of another war with France no German soul entertains a doubt.

"This time we shall take everything down to and including Brest," said a German officer to me last winter. "Anybody can have the rest."

So think the hot-heads. And now the crown prince goes to the Reichstag and records in the face of Germany his dissent from the Chancellor's speech that declared a peaceful arrangement with France about Morocco. With one step, therefore, he makes himself the leader of the war-hungry element, and for the first time gives dignity and weight to its utterances.

The Kaiser wants none of that. For all his reputation as the war lord and the wielder of the "mailed fist," few European rulers really desire war less than he. The huge army, yes; the swelling navy, yes; but these things to get advantage for Germany by the mere whiff of their fame. So he locked up his son to stamp with his disapproval all the loose talk of aggressive war.

But suppose the Kaiser should be called from the scene of his earthly labors, what might happen? Given a young man tremendously ambitious, buoyed with belief in his own destiny, dreaming of great conquests and glories, clothed with all but absolute power over a great, proud, and warlike nation, commanding the great German army and navy, and he might in a moment toss into the European powder-house a firebrand such as would rock continents. No

wonder nervous souls in the chancelleries fail to be reassured when the crown prince has been silenced for thirty days.

When he rules, what?

Many a painful reflection goes with this.

On a war footing the matchless German army consists of 4,000,000 men with some reserves still to call upon. The population is 64,000,000. Suppose the Kaiser to live ten years. The population will then be 75,000,000 and the organized army strength 5,000,000 or more. These facts are sufficiently disquieting to the chancelleries without the dream that upon the death of Francis Joseph will come the long-predicted disruption of Austria, and a vast United Germany stretching from the North Sea to the Adriatic will have 100,000,000 population and 10,000,000 troops

perfectly trained and

marvelously equipped. Before that spectre the coolest statesman in Europe falters, for it may be doubted if all the rest of the Continent together could withstand a power so colossal. It could eat up not only France, but anything else

for which it had appetite. You might even see in verity the horrible red nightmare that rides the British jingo. You might

see the German flag flying over St. Paul's!

But as a matter of fact you are extremely unlikely to see any of these things for one good reason if for none



"There is no democratic nonsense about this young man; he cherishes a notion of the imperial dignity, importance, and prerogatives even beyond that of his father."

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other. At the present rate of progress the day is appreciably near when the Socialist party will have a majority in the Reichstag. The Socialists are utterly committed against the whole imperial program, war, militarism, aggran-

a war by the perfidious youth of the cafés. Still less has he an idea that his long-faced, ram-chinned son shall pose as the leader of the fire-brand cult. But unless that fair-haired youth belies his looks the



Cecile, wife of the German Crown Prince, and their three sons. Prince William, the heir apparent, is at the left

perplexed father is not yet done with his troublesome offspring. A dose of Danzig is not much of a febrifuge for one that sees a world-wide Germany beckoning him. I notice that many observers abroad do not believe we have heard the last of this curious incident.

dizement, and the rest. If they gain a majority Frederick William Victor August Ernst will have enough to do at home to engage his attention.

Nevertheless the Kaiser, who knows all this, too, is taking no chances. He has no idea of being swept into



A stubborn subject—Prince Louis Ferdinand with one of the nursery pets.—Royal playfellows—Princes Louis Ferdinand and William Frederick, sons of the Crown Prince

The Turning Point

A STORY OF LOVE AND A WOMAN'S WAY WITH A MAN

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS: It is a summer Sunday morning on Fifth Avenue. James Edgerton, carrying his own grips, has just returned there from Europe via a cattle-steamer. In his pocket is his whole capital—about two dollars. His immediate problem is to earn something to take the place of the two dollars when they are gone. He has never earned a cent, but says he will do it, and rejecting offers of pecuniary and grip-carrying aid, he goes to his inherited apartment to face the future. Inside his own door he is confronted with the feeling that some one else is in the place; cautiously he follows a trail of feminine finery until, in his studio, he comes upon a young girl of great beauty dressed in flowing Japanese robes. To each the other is an intruder, and the situation is tense until he mentions his name. Explanations then are easy. She and her sister are the Western nieces of the late head of Edgerton's firm, and are occupying his apartment through the dereliction to duty of the janitor.

Edgerton soon learns that the girls are almost as impecunious as himself and that they have advertised for employment as week-end entertainers. He insists upon being taken into the partnership when he learns of some of the offers they have had. As neither the girls nor Edgerton can afford to seek another place of abode, they decide, through the license of a very distant relationship, to inhabit the apartment together until their financial situations are improved, and a delightful camaraderie springs up in the few hours before they separate to dress to meet any prospective employers who may call that afternoon. Mr. Rivett, a Westerner with plenty of money but no social training, soon calls, accompanied by a Colonel Curnew. A good offer is made, and the young people vote to accept it, with Diana protesting against Edgerton's playing the rôle of an entertainer. At Adriutha, where they are accepted and treated with the consideration due honored guests, they speedily make a place for themselves in the affections of the Rivett family, which includes a son and a daughter of marriageable age and attractiveness. Flirtations come and go, but all the while there is springing up in Diana's heart something that holds Edgerton worthier than his calling and that points to the shipwreck of that young man's new-born hope some time in the gay summer days they are to spend guiding the social flutterings of the house of Rivett.

Edgerton is offended by the blatant richness of everything that is Rivett's, but still he stays, apparently hopelessly in love with Christine, whom he is only guiding past a crisis in love. Jack Rivett and the colonel skirmish for advantage with Silvette, with Jack winning. Then Diana nerves herself to bring to her the offer of her heart's desire that she may put it from her in a way that will arouse all the manhood which she sees idle in Jim Edgerton. She does it, and the summer is spoilt for these two just as it is made happy for two others by Jim's mediation in Christine's love affair, which results in the arrival of young Inwood at Adriutha.

MILLE MODI VENERIS

A NUMBER of matters had been slightly disturbing Colonel Curnew's intellect and digestion. One thing, he had lost money at cards—a thing he hated as heartily as Judge Wicklow hated it. Another matter—Jack Rivett had fairly driven him out of Silvette's vicinity. True, an easily transferred devotion to her sister already consoled him; the one was as ornamental as the other, but he liked young Rivett no better.

He desired to ingratiate himself with Jack because the boy had never liked him, and he neither understood why nor became reconciled to it; and he was always making advances and assuming, under the jocular familiarity of an older man, that there existed between himself and Jack a delightful and cordial understanding which Jack coolly ignored; and the colonel disliked him the more.

Then, there was another matter which occupied him—had occupied him, now, for several years. He meant to marry Christine Rivett some day. For the present he was satisfied to treat her with the same jovial familiarity with which he treated her brother; and now it seemed to him that Christine, whom he feared might become too much interested in Edgerton, was veering toward this young Inwood fellow who had just arrived.

Colonel Curnew was not actually alarmed; he was merely bored, and now and then a trifle uneasy, because he had to take this and other matters into his calculations in being attentive to Diana Tennant.

No, he was not worried. He had become cheerfully convinced that both these matters could be properly attended to. Let Christine have her fling and grow up. Her fortune kept pace with her, anyway.

But about Diana Tennant he had not yet entirely made up his mind—and yet he had made it up, too, after a fashion.

There were, including Diana's youth and

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beauty, several things about her which were likely to attract the attention of such a man as Follis Curnew. First of all, she was poor. Also, she was self-supporting and alone in the world except for a similarly situated sister, who didn't count, and a very distant relative, who didn't really count, either.

She was beautiful and clever; men appreciate such women. Such women, he also believed, deeply appreciated the kind of things they could not afford. And, furthermore, he did not hesitate to believe that such women were perfectly capable of appreciating middle-aged military gentlemen of discretion, fortune, and liberality in reason.

So he contrived to get as close to Diana as he could on all occasions; and very often, to her surprise, she found him at her heels or seated unnaturally near her, pale eyes slightly protruding, his curling mustache faintly redolent of brilliantine.

Amused, and not yet uneasy, she mentioned his assiduity to her sister, and thought nothing further of it; nor did Silvette, preoccupied with an episode of her own which threatened to become something approaching a problem.

Instinct told her that Jack Rivett preferred her to anybody else at Adriutha; and she liked him well enough to find his attentions agreeable. But little by little it became more marked—to her, if not to others—and she experienced a slight uneasiness concerning this very rich and idle only son, the ambition of whose father had now become plain to her.

So Silvette at first very pleasantly discouraged him, and kept out of tête-à-têtes as much as possible, in which maneuvers she was not very successful. For the girl found in this lazy, witty, good-humored, self-indulgent young fellow a cool and confident adversary—resistless because of his charming manner toward her and his unvarying cheerfulness under rebuffs which were becoming more frequent and more severe—and, alas, more useless.

About a week after Inwood's arrival, while writing a letter in the rose-garden pavilion, a shadow checkered the latticework and fell across her note-paper; and, glancing up, she beheld Jack Rivett, hands in his coat pockets, the breeze ruffling his blond hair.

"I'm writing," she said, annoyed.

"I'll sit down on the sun-dial," he rejoined with a bow and a smile as though accepting a delightful invitation.

"But I'll be writing about two hours," she observed coldly.

"Writing about two hours?" he repeated. "But why write about two hours at all, dear lady? An hour is an arbitrary division of time, interesting only to the unhappy."

"Very witty," she said. "Go and scratch it on the sun-dial."

And she resumed her letter, trying not to be aware of the blond young man seated just outside the summer-house, where the sun gilded his hair and the wind mussed it into a most becoming mop.

Several times she bit the pearl tip of her penholder, frowning; but he always seemed to catch her eye at such moments, and her deepening frown only produced on his face an expression which was so very humble that it became almost mischievous.

"Jack!"

He hurriedly rose, and looked all around him among the roses as though eagerly searching for the person who had called him.

"Jack!" she repeated emphatically.

He pretended to discover her for the first time, and hurried joyously to the lattice door.

"Jack—you perfect idiot! I want to write, and I simply can't, with you sitting around in that martyred manner."

"How far away shall I retire?" he inquired, so sad and crestfallen that, between amusement and annoyance, she did not reply, but merely sat tapping with her pen and inspecting her letter.

As she did not speak again, very cautiously—and holding up one hand as an unwelcome dog holds up one beseeching paw to ward off calamity—he ventured to seat himself on a bench outside the summer-house.

She was perfectly aware of the inimitable pantomime, and a violent desire to laugh seized her, but she only bit her lip and resolutely dipped her pen into the ink once more. She wrote obstinately, knowing all the while that she would have to rewrite it. His excessive stillness began to get on her nerves; and, after a quarter of an hour's preternatural silence, she could endure it no longer.

"Jack!"

"Dear lady?" he replied patiently.

"Why don't you say something?"

"I was forbidden the exquisite consolation of noise."

"It's horribly hot and still out here. Why don't the birds sing?"



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

While writing a letter in the rose-garden pavilion, a shadow checkered the latticework and fell across her note-paper; and Silvette, glancing up, beheld Jack Rivett, hands in his coat pockets, the breeze ruffling his blond hair

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"They're molting, dear lady. All their little pinfeathers have become unfastened, and their bills are probably full of pins while they make themselves tidy again."

"So that is why they don't sing in July?" she said.

"That is why," he explained seriously.

"Well, then, why don't *you* sing? *You* are not untidy."

"Nothing could suit my pensive and melancholy mood better," he said sadly.

A moment later, sitting outside her door, he began with deep emotion to sing one of Kirk's melting melodies:

With head bowed low a dentist stood
Before his office chair;
A handsome lady customer
Into his eyes did stare.
He tried to fake a careless smile
And hide his drooping jaw,
But all in vain, because his guilt
Was plainly to be saw.
His voice was choked with shame and fear,
He said, 'Fergive me, miss!'
But when he begged her pardon there
The lady then did hiss:

Chorus

"Take back them teeth you made me! I
Won't wear them in my face!
Go hang them in your parlor as
A badge of your disgrace.
You swore them crowns were solid gold!
You're false—like teeth and men!
Take back them teeth, you lobster!
Never speak to me again!
Take back—take ba-ack—take ba-a-a—"

"Jack!" she exclaimed, "that is the most—most degraded thing I ever heard you utter!"

"I'm accustoming you, by degrees, to my repertoire. With infinite precautions you will, in time, be able to endure much worse than this," he explained kindly. "Now, what shall we try next, dear lady? I have a song called, 'Only a pint of shoe-strings!'"

"Don't you dare attempt it! Jack, *please* go away. Won't you, when I ask it?"

"She mutters the unthinkable," he said, shaking his head. "My music has unseated her reason. By and by she will begin to moan and revive."

"It's perfectly outrageous," she said, tearing up what she had written, and moving aside a little so that sufficient space remained for—her sister, perhaps. So he entered the summer-house and waited for an invitation, bland, cheerful, irresistible.

"I had no idea I was so pitifully weak minded," she said.

He accepted the avowal as his invitation, and seated himself. "Silvette," he said genially, "what are we going to do to-day?"

"Who?"

"Why, you and I. Who cares what the others do in this mad world, dear lady?"

"I don't know about the world," she said, "but there's one girl in it who *is* mad; and she's going to her room to write letters."

"When?"

"Now!"

"Don't."

"Indeed, I shall!"

"Shall or will?" he inquired guilelessly. "People mix up those two auxiliaries so persistently that there's no telling what anybody really means in these days."

She considered a moment, then turned and looked at him. "Jack," she said sweetly, "don't follow me about!"

"I? Follow *you*! That's more madness, dear lady. Who on earth ever whispered to you that I could ever do such a—"

"Won't you be serious, please?"

Her pretty, dark eyes were serious enough, even appealing. He became solemn at once.

"You have forced me to say this," she ventured. "I didn't wish to; I thought you'd understand, but you don't seem to. So I am compelled to say to you that—it is—better taste for you to—not to—"

She hesitated, glanced up at him, colored brightly.

"You know perfectly well what I mean! And there you sit, letting me try to tell you as nicely as I can—"

"About what, dear lady?"

"About you and me!" she said, incensed. "You know perfectly well that I've been obliged to avoid being alone with you."

"Why?"

"Because," she said, intensely annoyed, "I am employed by your parents, and you are an only son of Mr. Jacob Rivett. Is that unmistakable?"

He said nothing.

She went on: "You know I like you, Jack. You seem to like me. If you do, you'll understand that this—this continually seeking me out, separating me from the others, isn't fair to me. I'm trying not to talk nonsense about it. I know you mean nothing but kindness; but it isn't wise, and it is not agreeable either. So let us enjoy our very delightful friendship as freely among others as we do when alone together—" She stopped abruptly, blushed to her

hair, furious at herself, astonished that her tongue could have blundered so. The next instant she understood that he was too decent to notice her blunder. Indeed, to look at him, she almost persuaded herself that he had not even heard her speak, so coolly remote were his eyes, so preoccupied his air as he sat facing the far hills, blue in the July haze.

Presently he looked up at her. "What was it you were lecturing me about?" he asked cheerfully.

"About our twosing, Jack."

"Did you say you *did* prefer it, or otherwise?"

"Otherwise—you monkey!" she said, laughing, free of the restraint and of the bright color that had made even her neck hot.

"Very well," he said briskly; "keep your distance! Don't start running after me the moment I come in sight across the landscape. Will you promise?"

"I promise," she said solemnly.

"Thank you. I shall have a little leisure now. I'll have so much I won't know what to do with it. Can you advise me?"

"I cannot."

"Then I'll have to think for myself. I'll have to do something, of course. Suppose you and I take a canoe—"

"Canoes hold only two, Jack."

"By Jove! What am I thinking of! Thank you for saving me from incredible suffering. So suppose we don't take a canoe, you and I, but we take the red runabout?"

"Jack!"

"What?"

"The red runabout holds two, only."

"I must be demented!" he said with a shudder. "Silvette, I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll take a walk, you and I. There's room all around us for millions of other people. They can come if they like; if they don't—why, it's up to them!"

"No, Jack."

"Won't it do?"

"No. Why won't you be a little bit serious about a matter that, after all, concerns me very nearly."

"I am serious," he said. "It concerns me, too."

"No, it doesn't."

"Indeed, it does. Two people are not to go twosing any more; I'm one of those people. Therefore, it concerns me, doesn't it?"

She looked at him, confused, half smiling,

half reluctant. "Don't you know," she said, "that your attention to me is worrying your father and mother?"

He thought for a moment, then slowly turned toward her a sober and youthful face, from which all humor had departed; and she looked back at him out of grave young eyes that met his very sweetly, but inexorably.

"Do you mean it, Silvette?"

"About your parents?"

"Yes."

"Yes, I do, Jack."

He said, partly to himself, "I had not noticed it."

"I have. It's a woman's business to notice such things. Otherwise, she'll find herself in trouble. Inclination is a silly guide, Jack."

"For me?"

"For—us both. I will be frank with you all the way through. I do like you. I enjoy our tête-à-têtes. They are perfectly honest and harmless, and without significance—the significance, alas, that others will surely attach to them. It isn't that there's anything wrong with you and me, Jack. It's the world that is wrong. But—it's the world; and you and I must conform to its prejudices as long as we inhabit it—at least I must."

"I suppose you must," he said. Then, leaning a little nearer, he took her hand, held it lightly across his palm, looked at it a moment, then at her. "Will you let me tell father and mother that I am in love with you, and wish to marry you?" he said.

"Jack!" she exclaimed in consternation.

"Will you let me?"

"No, I won't! Jack! Don't be foolish. I had no idea you had arrived as far as that. I had no reason to think so—to suppose for one moment—because it has always been the jolliest and most unsentimental—and—you never even touched me before."

Her color brightened, and her breath came irregularly. She tried to laugh, and failed.

"You know perfectly well that they have other ambitions for you."

"I know. How is it with you, Silvette?"

"With me? What do you mean?"

"Could you care for me?"

"I—I haven't even thought about such a—I haven't really, Jack. You know that, don't you? You must try to look back on our very brief friendship—try to recollect how brief it has been—try to remember—



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Silvette went to the desk and prepared to resume her interrupted correspondence. Presently she looked over her mending. "I'm afraid so, Silvie." "Then you won." "I think so. I have



around, pen poised. "Did the best man win between you and Jim Edgerton?" she asked. Diana bent lower
fought it over every day since—alone." "You poor little thing," said Silvette softly

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remember how happy and amusing and confident that friendship has been—with no suspicion of sentiment to embarrass or vex—”

“I know. Isn’t there any hope for me?”

“Hope? No. Don’t put it that way, Jack. I *don’t* love you. I oughtn’t to, and, thank Heaven, I don’t. And you don’t really love me—you dear, sweet fellow! It’s just part of your niceness—your generous attitude toward a girl—”

“I’m in love with you. But that mustn’t worry you. It had to be. You need feel no self-reproach. You didn’t do anything—you were just yourself—and I”—he laughed a little—“started in to love you as soon as I saw you. I’m glad you know it, anyway. We won’t say anything more about it—”

“Jack we *will*! Do you understand that you have distressed me dreadfully? Do you realize what a girl’s responsibilities are when a nice man loves her? Do you think she can merely shrug her shoulders and go about her daily frivolities without another thought?”

She rose to her feet, looking at him earnestly.

“Oh, Jack! Jack!” she said, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands; “why did you do this? Why *did* you?”

He forced a laugh. “I won’t do it again—ever,” he said. “Promise you never to fall-in-love-again-hope-I-may-die-’n-cross-my-heart.”

But there were no smiles left in her now.

“If you don’t behave,” he threatened, “I’ll lock us both inside and sing songs to you!” But the smile died out on his face. “I was a gink to tell you. Don’t feel unhappy about it.” Again the engaging humor glimmered in his eyes. “Cheer up, Silvette; you may fall in love with me yet!”

She looked up, the smile dawning, distressed, yet sweet. “Don’t let me, Jack. Because I’m all right, so far. And you know what your father wishes for you. I want to deal honorably by him.”

“All right,” he said quietly.

They walked slowly back to the house together, and the girl went directly to her room, where she found her sister mending stockings.

IX

NON SEQUITUR

SILVETTE dropped into an armchair, crossed her knees, and sat swinging her foot and gazing through the open window in

silence until Diana’s head, lifted from time to time in smiling interrogation, could be no longer ignored.

“Jack Rivett has asked me to marry him,” she said in an expressionless voice.

Diana laughed in frank surprise. “That infant!”

“Yes.”

“What an absurdity!”

Her sister said nothing.

“How did it come—out of a clear sky?”

“Yes. I knew he liked me. I had no idea he wanted to marry me.”

“You’re not going to, are you?”

“No.”

“I should think not. It would be sheer cradle-snatching.”

“He’s a year older than I am.”

“In years, yes; but, intellectually, he ought to be playing marbles. Moreover, that sort of a boy *never* grows up.”

“I don’t think he will. God bestows that gift sometimes.”

“What gift?”

“The gift of eternal youth. I haven’t it. But I believe it can be shared.” She gazed thoughtfully at the distant hills. “Years and years slip from me when that boy and I talk nonsense together.”

“Better talk sense with him, and wake up, sweetness, or you’ll relapse into your second childhood.”

“I have just been talking sense to him. I’m awake,” she said dreamily.

“Do you mean to admit that the interview has seriously affected you?”

“Oh, I don’t know yet.”

“Better investigate,” said Diana. “You know what his parents expect of their children. And if we are to remain here, I think, dear, that you had better see a little less of Jack Rivett than you have been seeing. Don’t you?”

“I am sure of it.”

“Otherwise,” continued Diana calmly, “it would be playing the game fairer for you and me to seek another business engagement. These people have been very honorable toward us. We can scarcely permit them to outdo us.”

Silvette looked up calmly, her cheek resting on her hand. “How dishonorable would it be?” she asked.

“What?”

“To—let him fall in love with me?”

“Ask yourself. You know their social ambitions.”

"I know; but, after all, you and I started out to make life a successful business proposition. I thought a desirable marriage was to be part of the program."

"Do you consider Jack Rivett desirable? He could take you nowhere. With all his wealth, where could you take him? And anyway, it's not playing the game, Silvie. It's kidnaping." She laughed. "Take a man of your size—and of the world, little sister; and if he isn't of the world, and is poor, defy him to take you!—give him battle—put up a good fight with foot, horse, and artillery. The best one of you will always win, and the other get what's coming."

Silvette went to the desk, supplied herself with pen and paper, and prepared to resume her interrupted correspondence. Presently she looked around, pen poised. "Did the best man win between you and Jim Edgerton?" she asked.

Diana bent lower over her mending. "I'm afraid so, Silvie."

"Then you won."

"I think so. I have fought it over every day since—alone."

"You poor little thing," said Silvette softly.

Diana looked up with a slight smile. "Perhaps you misunderstood me, dear. I told you I was winning. Which means, I think, that Jim Edgerton isn't going to remain very long at Adriutha."

"Where is he going?"

"I don't know that he is going at all; he doesn't know it, either. But, somehow, I dare believe that he is going."

"Where?"

"Into a man's world to engage in a man's business."

"It isn't in him, Diana. You are taking a great responsibility on your shoulders. Do you realize that?"

"Yes."

"And that a man with no more force of character and real ability than he has may starve? That the world will probably break his heart anyway!"

"Let it, then. Only a real man's heart breaks. I'll know he's one if it does; and so will he. And that's worth all the rest."

"That's a stern creed, little sister, considering the pleasure-loving lips that utter it."

"Out of the mouth of fools, wisdom. It doesn't matter what I am. The thing that is important is what he shall become."

"If he becomes what you desire, he may have little further interest in you."

"He will have none, if he becomes what he could become," said the girl steadily. "Did you suppose my—ambition for him was selfish?"

"Little breaker of images, are you going to shatter your own under his very eyes?"

"He will be the iconoclast some day. Probably I'll be married before that—as soon, anyway, as it's best for him. I've plenty of time." She smiled without a trace of mirth in her eyes. "Mr. Snaith has already indicated his noiseless entry into the lists. He and Colonel Curnew are at lance points. Materially speaking, a girl ought to consider both of them."

"But child, we have many another business engagement before us yet, I trust. You wouldn't think of taking the first—the first—"

"Million offered?" asked Diana, laughing. "No, of course not, silly. I'm merely observing the manners and customs of the creature man."

Silvette laughed, too. "How are you getting on with Billy Inwood?" she asked demurely—"speaking of more agreeable matters."

"Perfectly; after the initial shock at encountering me here, he behaved most reasonably. I have an idea that he came here on Christine's account, and he seemed to be rather nervous as to his obligations to me, but I set that right at the first opportunity. I said: 'Billy, if I don't tell you somebody else will that Silvette and I are here practising our profession, which is—to be amiable to the guests and help entertain them. So I'm going to be just as amiable to you as I know how, but it need not frighten you, because I have no designs on you.'"

They both laughed. Diana, mending her stocking, continued:

"I think he was very much relieved, though he pretended not to be. I wonder if he *did* come here to see Christine? The girl is cool enough with him, and he is inclined to follow her about in an aimless sort of way, as though he had something on his mind."

"He seems to be equally attentive to Christine and Mrs. Wemyss," observed Silvette. "It appears that he and that ample beauty are old friends."

"Who is Mrs. Wemyss, anyway?"

Silvette smiled. "I asked Mrs. Rivett, saying that there was something familiar

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about Mrs. Wemyss, and that I had an idea I had seen her somewhere; but Mrs. Rivett didn't know who she was. She had met her last winter at the Plaza, which is the kind of thing one might have expected—even of Mrs. Rivett, who is as dear a little woman as ever wore sapphires at breakfast. What a horrid, cynical thing I'm turning into! And now I'm going to turn into an imitation of a young girl dressing for luncheon. Heigh-ho! I wish other people were what they ought to be and I were what I'd like to be. The world would wag very well, then."

Luncheon was the usual animated, gossipy, and amusing function that Silvette and Diana and Jack Rivett always made it, and at which Colonel Curmew assiduously assisted according to his notions of jollity.

Edgerton for the last week or so had remained rather silent among the others, amiable and nice always and perfectly receptive when spoken to, but not volunteering very much, and not, according to Colonel Curmew's idea, earning his salary. However, as the colonel didn't like him, that fact may have colored his judgment, when he spoke to Mr. Rivett about it after luncheon in the privacy of that silent man's study.

"He's turned into what I knew he was—a damned snob!" said the colonel, sitting with widened legs, a rich cigar tucked in under his military mustache, and furtively loosening the rear buckle of his white waistcoat. "He doesn't pay for his keep," he went on. "What use to you is a man who sits around looking unapproachable?"

"I have no difficulty in approaching him," observed Mr. Rivett.

"You pay him. To look at him, one would think he paid you."

"He pays me his services."

"Ah, but he doesn't! He's off with that little Diana girl half the time."

"That's their affair."

"By gad! Is it? They're both here on a salary if it comes to that, Jake. Say, did it ever strike you as funny—this cousin business he puts up?"

Mr. Rivett's burnt-brown eyes fixed themselves on the jaunty colonel. "How?"

"Oh, nothing. They're rather distant relatives, that's all. Not but what she seems to be straight—as far as I know."

"What does anybody else know about her?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing," said the colonel, waving his cigar and heavy seal ring. "But it's curious. You can't really say a word against an Edgerton, rich or poor; but, as far as I can see, the girl is only a little adventuress looking for trouble. She'll probably get it some day," he added with a tenor laugh peculiarly ungrateful to the auditory mechanism of Mr. Rivett.

The colonel puffed his cigar in smiling silence for a while; then, expelling another laugh and a large volume of blue smoke, slapped his knee, straightened his tie and waistcoat, and shot his cuffs.

"She'll be all right to take about town, eh, Jake?" he said.

Mr. Rivett said nothing.

"Now, there's old Parke Ellingford," continued the colonel; "he's never had as good looking a girl, and, b'gad! I've seen 'em all—known most of 'em," he added with a leer. "And take any of the men you and I know—Wallowby, Dankland, and that hatchet-faced Van Wyne! They've never had any better-looking girl than that little Diana."

Mr. Rivett said nothing.

"B'gad!" said the colonel, with a laugh that approached the falsetto, "if she doesn't cut a dash in town this winter, I miss my guess."

"Oh—are you to be in town?" inquired Mr. Rivett.

"I? No; Palm Beach," said the colonel hastily, watching the other out of his pale and protruding eyes. "And then—I don't go in for such capers," he explained with a pained expression. "What a man jokes about, he never bothers with."

"I've joked many a man out of half a million," observed Rivett grimly.

"That's different. I'm a settled citizen." He looked cautiously at Rivett, hesitated, then said carelessly, "I mean to marry, some day."

"Do you?"

"I do, certainly. And I flatter myself that the woman I marry will receive her equivalent, sir."

"Her moral equivalent?"

"Certainly. Perhaps not her—ah—financial equivalent." He looked up at Rivett to see how he took it. Rivett neither took it nor rejected it, apparently, and the colonel probed farther.

"I expect to wait a year or two—"

"Aren't you getting on, Follis?"

"No, sir, I am *not* getting on!" said the

colonel shortly. "I am forty-five. No man is fit to marry before he's forty-seven, in my opinion. At that age he's able to treat his wife intelligently. Intelligence is what a young girl most deeply appreciates in a man."

"A—*young* girl?"

"I prefer a youthful wife. Youth is susceptible of being molded. I propose to make a perfect specimen of womanhood out of whatever charming and adolescent material fortune bestows upon me." The colonel slightly lifted his eyes until they protruded toward the ceiling. "I shall consider my wife as a sacred trust, a soul for which I am responsible."

"Very good idea," said Rivett without the slightest trace of expression on his face. "Why not marry the little Diana—and mold her into the ideal?"

"Marry her!" blurted out Curmew. "What! Marry a hired—a paid—employee!" His countenance became crimson and congested, and his eyes popped and popped.

Rivett rose. "My wife worked in her uncle's kitchen when I married her," he said indifferently, and walked out.

On the stairway he joined Diana, also descending.

"Well," he said, looking at her through his round glasses, "you *look* happy enough."

"I am, thank you," said the girl, smiling.

"Don't thank me for it," he said dryly.

"You're to be thanked, too," she laughed—"or ought to be. But you don't like it, I know, so I tell your wife how very pleasant you are making Adriutha for my sister and myself."

"Do you find it pleasant?"

"Yes, I do."

"Like the people?"

They had halted on the stairs.

She looked up at him. "Some of them I like," she said frankly.

"Which?"

"That is bad manners! But I like you and your wife and Christine and Jack."

"All of us?"

"Unreservedly—except in your case."

"What's the matter with me?" he asked grimly.

"Why I don't know very well," she said, "so how can—"

"Come and talk it over," he said.

They resumed the descent of the stairway together, and, side by side, walked

out to a seat on the terrace overlooking the river.

"Sit down, ma'am," he said, dusting the marble bench with his drab-colored soft hat. She seated herself with decorum, inwardly amused. He dusted a place for himself, and sat down.

"Now," he said, "what's the matter with me, Miss Tennant?"

She laughed deliciously. "Nothing that I have ever discovered."

"You're not much of an explorer, are you?"

"A rather good one, Mr. Rivett. But—you know there are still certain peaks in the world that defy approach," she added audaciously.

"I'm a peak, am I?"

He came so near to smiling that the girl watched him with increasing interest.

"You know," she said, "that you are not exactly talkative, Mr. Rivett. How is a girl to form any definite idea of a—a—sphinx?"

"That's two names you've called me already"—he looked at his watch—"in the last four minutes—a peak and a sphinx."

She was laughing so unrestrainedly now that the corners of his eyes began to wrinkle a trifle.

He said, "What do you think of a self-made man who was once a schoolmaster, day-laborer, donkey-engine tender, foreman—all kinds of things, and whose wife was washing out a wood-shed when he first met her?"

"Is that you?"

"It is. What do you think of such a man's chances in New York?"

"Financial?"

"Social."

"I don't know New York."

"You're highly connected there?"

"It is a very distant connection. Mr. Edgerton chooses to acknowledge it."

"He's a snob, isn't he?"

"Not in the slightest," she said pleasantly, but the blood mounted to her cheeks and betrayed her.

"You like him?"

"Naturally."

"Unnaturally, too?"

"Kinship has little to do with my liking him."

"He's rather easy-going, isn't he?"

She flushed up again, and turned her clear eyes on his little brown ones. "Don't you like him?" she asked.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Colonel Curmew looked cautiously at Rivett, hesitated, then said carelessly, "I mean to marry, some day," sir." "Her moral equivalent?" "Certainly. Perhaps not her—ah—financial equivalent."



"Do you?" "I do, certainly. And I flatter myself that the woman I marry will receive her equivalent. He looked up at Rivett to see how he took it. Rivett neither took it nor rejected it, apparently

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"Isn't he easy-going?"

"He has not yet found himself. He is an intelligent, warm-hearted, high-minded man capable of taking an honorable position in the world. And I do not doubt that he will one day take and keep it."

"He was in iron, was he not—Edgerton, Tenant & Co?"

"Yes."

Mr. Rivett thought for a while. "By the way," he said. "I neglected to answer your question. I'll answer it now. I like Mr. Edgerton."

"Thank you," said Diana, not perfectly aware of what she said.

Mr. Rivett sat buried in meditation for fully five minutes; at the end of that period he turned his glasses on her.

"I want to gossip with you," he said abruptly.

She began to laugh again. "How did you discover that I am such a dreadful gossip? Begin at once, please. I adore picking to pieces my absent acquaintances."

"Yes—tearing 'em to tatters, the way you demolished Mr. Edgerton just now," he said grimly. "Well, I'll begin the scandal-bee. Where did you know Mr. Inwood?"

"In Keno, Nevada," she said coolly, wondering what was impending.

"Know him long?"

"One winter."

"In Keno?"

"In Keno."

"Like him?"

"Immensely."

"Oh! So you're going to tear *him* to tatters, too?"

"Just as I demolished Mr. Edgerton. They're the two nicest men I ever knew. It's odd, isn't it, that I didn't know they were such intimate friends before Mr. Inwood came here?"

"Are they?"

"I understand so."

"And you didn't know it?"

"How should I? I never saw Mr. Inwood except that winter in Keno; and I don't know my cousin intimately."

"How well do you know your cousin?"

The girl sat thinking for a moment, then looked up frankly. "Perhaps you can judge," she said; and told him the history of her friendship with Edgerton from their meeting in his studio to their arrival at Adriutha. And Mr. Rivett listened without a shade of expression on his face, but his little

dark eyes seemed to bore her through and through.

"That," she said, "is the situation." She hesitated, then meeting his gaze candidly, but with a slight increase of color in her cheeks:

"I told you this because I wanted to be fair to Mr. Edgerton—in case—in the event of you—your family—people here not considering us of much importance. Mr. Edgerton is not responsible for us. I think he came from some boyish impulse—some chivalrous notion that my sister and I, being alone, might receive perhaps more consideration if a man of our family accompanied us."

"I see."

"I wanted you to see. I'm glad I've had an opportunity to make the matter plain that Mr. Edgerton is in no way responsible for any shortcomings on our part."

"Nobody complains of you."

"Oh, no; everybody is nice to us. But—we—do things—which—women of his family—perhaps would not do."

"Smoke?"

"Yes. Cocktails, too. Also we gamble, dreadfully."

"Wouldn't his people?"

"I don't know," said the girl. "I don't know New York. One reads about these rather harmless vices being universal there. But Silvette and I are really provincial. provincials usually go too far in either direction. It was only that I did not wish people to judge Mr. Edgerton from us."

Mr. Rivett scraped the gravel with his cane for a moment, then, "So you like Inwood?"

"Very much."

"Wasn't he mixed up in some mess or other?"

"I never heard so," she said, surprised.

"Oh! What was he doing in Keno?"

She laughed. "Visiting, as we were, I suppose. You know we weren't being divorced."

"Glad to hear it."

"You didn't *think* so!" she exclaimed.

His eyes twinkled. "No," he said, "I didn't. But you can't throw a stone into a crowd and give odds on its not hitting a divorced person."

"Does divorce shock you?"

"Not in the least; I'm past shocks, young lady. Who is Mrs. Wemyss?"

"Your own guest?"

He winced. "I'm asking you. We made her acquaintance at the Plaza last winter. It seems that she and young Inwood knew each other in Keno."

"That is where I've seen her!" said Diana with innocent conviction. "I knew I'd seen her somewhere. But she was very much slighter—oh, very much—and extremely pretty."

"Divorcée?"

"Isn't she a widow?"

"I guess so. No matter." He stood up briskly; she rose, too, understanding that the interview was ended—feeling slightly uncomfortable because she had permitted herself to be so thoroughly pumped. Yet there seemed to be nothing significant in the operation or results.

"I'm going for a ride with my wife"—he meant drive—"just a buggy and an old plug. She and I enjoy it, Miss Tennant."

To her surprise he took her hand between his own dry little palms and pressed it.

"You're a good girl," he said; "you and your sister—and Edgerton—he's all right—you're good children—and all off the same tree, little lady—all off the same old block in the beginning—that's plain as preaching. Do you really like my Christine?"

"Yes, I do."

"And Jack?"

"Exceedingly."

"That's right; they like you, too. They ought to. They're good children, and so are you. Good-by."

X

COPPOS MENTIS

As Diana put her pony to a full gallop and rode him off, Edgerton's mount fell, and the young fellow lay sprawling on the sod. He was on his feet immediately; so was his polo-pony. When Diana pulled up, whirled her mount, and came scurrying back, Edgerton had picked up his mallet and stood resting against his saddle.

"All right, Jim?" she asked briefly.

"All right, thanks."

The color had left his face under the tan, and his expression was queer.

"You look rather white," she insisted. "Did Parsnip kick you?"

"It's nothing," he said, smiling. "Put Jack in; I've got some business to talk over with Mr. Rivett."

"You're *sure* you're all right?"

"What a fuss you are!" he said, leading Parsnip across the field toward a groom.

The girl looked after him, saw the groom slip a white wool polo-coat over the young man's shoulders and take the pony—saw Edgerton drop his hands into the pockets and stroll across the field toward the terrace; then, lifting her mallet, she hailed Jack Rivett in a clear, ringing call, and cantered away up the field.

As Mr. Rivett senior stood waiting for his wife at the foot of the terrace steps, wrapt in his old-fashioned linen duster and pulling on a pair of worn driving-gloves, Edgerton, in white from head to foot, came across the lawn, the youthful antithesis of the older man—tall, powerfully built, his smooth skin and short, thick hair burned by the summer sun—a graceful, leisurely figure agreeable to see on anybody's lawn. "Good morning!" he said pleasantly, stopping on the gravel drive.

"Good morning, Mr. Edgerton. Are the young people amusing themselves?"

"I think so—thoroughly."

"You came a cropper?"

"I sometimes do."

"You are amusing yourself?"

"I always do."

"So do I," nodded Rivett, buttoning his gloves. "Never was bored in my life—poor compliment to oneself, Mr. Edgerton, to find life a bore."

Edgerton smiled and stood with his left hand in his coat pocket, looking out at the flat field beyond, where half a dozen young people on lively ponies swung their mallets and cantered leisurely about in pretense of practice.

Presently Diana, Christine, and Inwood swung their ponies, and came driving pell-mell down the field after the ball.

"Your cousins seem to be up to anything," commented Rivett.

"They were bred to everything worth while."

"Oh! Is polo worth while, as you call it?"

"Do you wish to start such a complex discussion?" asked Edgerton, laughing.

"No; my wife will be here in a moment. You're looking very pale, young man," he added abruptly. "Did that pony hurt you?"

"A little. Mr. Rivett, do you need my services any longer?"

"I don't *need* anybody's services," said the little man dryly. "I never *needed*

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anybody in all my life—except my wife. There's no such thing as a necessary man. No man ever lived who couldn't be replaced. What's the matter?"

Edgerton said slowly, "I thought I'd go back to town and hunt up a job."

"Why?"

"Because there's no reason for my being here. There never was any reason. You knew it when I asked you to take me, but I didn't—because I didn't know you and your family."

"That's a compliment, isn't it?"

"It's just the truth. I'm glad my cousins are with you. I'd like to go back now."

"Tired of us?"

"You don't have to ask that."

"More compliments," said Rivett. "What is wrong then?"

"I am."

"Hadn't noticed it."

Edgerton smiled faintly. "More compliments? Mr. Rivett, I want to go to town and hunt up a job, and get in the game. That's all."

"Can't you wait a month and see us through the October shooting?"

Edgerton stepped nearer. "I would, merely because you ask me, but I can't. I just want to get away quietly, and not bother anybody. I've broken my arm."

Mr. Rivett swung sharply, and his eyeglasses glittered. "Which?" he demanded.

"The left. I'll just run down to town and have it fixed up. Don't say anything about it until I've left."

"Won't you stay here and let us look after you?"

"I knew you'd say that. You've been very nice to me. Ask me again as a guest. I'll be glad to come as a friend if you care for me that way."

Mr. Rivett's unchanging eyes watched him. "We'll ask you. My wife likes you. So do I. I don't want to interfere with a man who knows his own mind. But do you think you can stand the journey?"

Edgerton's white lips were compressed. "Yes," he said.

"Very well; we'll stop at Fern Center. Billings can reduce the fracture."

"Are you going with me?"

"I certainly am," said the older man.

With a valet's aid Edgerton got into his clothes. His swollen wrist lay in a sling.

"I won't bother the others, now," he said to Mrs. Rivett, who was on the edge of tears

because he would not remain and let her take care of him. "Please say good-by for me when they come in, and say that I'm all right and hope to see them all again. Good-by! It's been a real happiness to know you—and yours. Will you let me continue the friendship?"

"Please do," she said tremulously. "Jacob, you will tell Holmes to drive carefully, won't you?"

"Yes, mother. Billings is going to put him in good shape."

So they drove away in a big red touring-car, Edgerton sick with pain, but perfectly cheerful; Rivett taciturn, twirling his gloved thumbs, seeming to muse gloomily in his walrus mustache.

Dr. Billings reduced the fracture—a simple one—Edgerton refusing anesthetics. He fainted during the short operation, and came to with his head on Rivett's shoulder.

Half an hour later he was on his way to New York, lying back in a chair in the drawing-room car, feverish lids closed. Rivett sat in the chair opposite.

"I was going, anyway," he said briefly in reply to the young fellow's protest.

And together they made the journey, not only to the city, but to Edgerton's apartment, where Rivett quietly turned himself into a valet, helped the young man to bed, and called up his physician, Dr. Ellis; lingered to learn what condition the patient was in, and silently vanished. And for two or three days Edgerton forgot about him, for Ellis kept him pretty quiet, and the nurse who had been summoned knew her business.

He managed, however, to write his bread-and-jam letter to Mrs. Rivett, and another to Diana:

My Dear Cousin:

They've probably told you that I've been ass enough to snap a bone in my left arm. It's nothing, as you hunting people understand. I was a bit stupid with it, so I ran down to town to have it fixed up—and, incidentally, hunt up a job; and I wasn't up to explaining and saying by-by to everybody, so I just slunk off—ill mannered pup that I am; but people are indulgent to dogs.

This is just a line to take leave of you and Silvette, and to ask you to remember that, in any and all interims, this apartment is a family joint, so don't go elsewhere and pay perfectly good rent. Your room and Silvette's is always ready for you—useless unless you use it.

When I nail a job, I'll report to the family. If you make new plans, may I hear from you?

Wishing you both a jolly and successful autumn,

Your cousin,

JAMES EDGERTON 3D.

Her reply came by return mail:

Jim dear, I feel very badly about your injury. It was my fault; I cannoned into you. You behaved as only a man of your sort always does. I won't say any more about it.

By this time I hope you are freer from pain. The first two days are the limit; I know from experience and two mended ribs. But—I hate to think of you in bed this glorious autumn day—and the little fool who sent you there idling in the sunshine of these lovely hills.

Jim dear, it is generous and entirely like you to ask us to make your place our headquarters between engagements. If we do it, it will be only because we all would be happier *en famille*. Even we, hardened materialists that we are, could not bring ourselves to use you. You know that, don't you? So I have assumed that your offer is not only kindness, but a genuine expression of regard for us; and we return to the full whatever you feel for us.

Jim, there are many things that I am denying myself to say to you; and I find self-denial hard. It's a worthy and laudable virtue which Silvette and I are trying to acquire in our old age, and it isn't easy.

There's no news. Mrs. Wemyss seems to have fascinated your friend, Mr. Inwood. He's a curious sort of a man—rather melancholy of temperament, I fancy.

We play a languid sort of polo and then dawdle in canoes, and sit up too late at cards.

A lot of men are coming for the shooting. Mr. Rivett's manager turned out several thousand pheasants and Hungarian partridges, it seems. The latter, they say, have vanished; the former seem disposed to wander into the front yard.

Mrs. Lorrimore has departed with much of Judge Wicklow's salary. Her stouter and prettier friend, Mrs. Wemyss, despoiled almost everybody except Silvette and me. This letter is degenerating into gossip. It had to, or I might have been even more indiscreet.

Jim, you are a good type of citizen when you're at your best. Let me lecture you, won't you? Anyway, you're helpless and in bed and miles away, and you can't prevent me.

So—be yourself. Go into a man's business. Disregard your accomplishments—your cleverness at paraphrasing art. It doesn't count in real life, all this facility with paint and pen and paper—your gay imitation of painter, writer, composer. They're little gifts, Jim—meant for an hour of light leisure among the leisure—pleasant, but unimportant accomplishments. When you court some nice girl some day, you'll understand their full value—which is to amuse her, and later, I prophesy, the jolly little family of a home-returning business man.

The years are before you still, Jim. Open the battle when you're well enough. You will win out, for you are really not the man I have known. I wish I might have been a woman to bring out what you really are. Some woman will. Meanwhile give a friendly hand and a generous lift to a fellow who deserves your respect and consideration—your other self.

Good-by and good luck.

Your cousin,
DIANA TENNANT.

In a few days Edgerton began to experience the intolerable sensation of a bone which is mending itself. He had become

very restless and impatient; and finally the doctor let him wear his arm in a sling and go out to hunt for a job.

He had no trouble in securing one—a small clerkship with Close & Co., ornamental ironwork. He might have done even better. All iron-men knew who James Edgerton 3d must be; many friends of the old firm of Edgerton, Tennant & Co. might have offered him easier work and higher salary, but he not only went to none of them—he even avoided them. He had decided to discover what he really was worth.

It rather surprised him to find out that the big, blue-eyed, snub-nosed Irishman, Mr. Dineen, whom he had met at Adriutha, was a director in Close & Co. Later, he discovered that Mr. Dineen was also interested in his own old firm, Edgerton, Tennant & Co., now reconstructed, but still bearing the ancient name. And after a while he learned that Mr. Dineen seemed to be interested in almost every house in New York that dealt in structural or ornamental iron.

Edgerton's duties began with the ledger work. And the evening that he drew his first pay, he wrote Diana:

Dear Di:

I'm getting fifteen dollars a week with Close & Co., ornamental iron. I have my first week's wages in my pocket. As I pay no rent I can live on it.

It's not uninteresting work. Somebody said something about my going into the designing department as a draftsman. That's pretty quick advancement—if it comes. I'll let you know if it does.

My arm is about well. It's still mummified, of course, but that maddening sensation is gone. Town isn't so bad. Of course, it's rather hot and dusty, and, as usual, it looks dingy and mean in its characteristic October shabbiness—meaner for the glorious blue overhead and the pitiless sun exposing its few withered trees and its many architectural shams in the remorseless light of high heaven.

But I am peculiarly happy. I have no servant; I dine at a French restaurant for seventy-five cents, and I prepare my own breakfast in the studio. Crackers and milk compose my luncheon at the price of ten pennies. And I never felt better. All this in case you are interested in such details.

To answer your letter—I did not intend to write until I had nailed a job and received my first pay-envelope. Now I feel that I may.

First, regarding your comments upon my artistic ability, you are perfectly right. I ought to have known it; I did know it, deep inside of me. I'm not the stuff that artists are made of. *Eviter les contrefaçons!* I was an imitation. I was not even a good amateur; I'm not even equipped really to appreciate the best work in others. All I had was a monkey-like cleverness and the blank facility of a receptive parrot; and I was idiot enough to contemplate an idle life of dabbling and fiddling with professions that better men dignify.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Mr. Rivett sat buried in meditation for fully five minutes; at the end of that period he turned his glasses cover that I am such a dreadful gossip? Begin at once.



on Diana. "I want to gossip with you," he said abruptly. She began to laugh again. "How did you displease. I adore picking to pieces my absent acquaintances"

The Turning Point

I tell you, Di, I bade fair to turn into one of those horrors—a cultivated talker!—the lowest type of incompetent. Drawing-rooms, studios, cafés, are full of them, all telling one another what is what and how to do it. I was heading straight that way. My peers and companions would have been smatterers, instructors in art which the instructors couldn't master—or they wouldn't have become instructors!—men of one picture, or of none at all; of one book, one story—or of none at all—or of dozens, all still in their minds, or in unpublished manuscripts; men of one waltz, or several grand operas—I mean ideas for grand operas—all failures, all men who had mistaken their professions, self-deceived men, incompetent, hopeless, pitiable.

You said in your letter that one day I might meet a woman who could appreciate, at their real value, my very slim talents. Haven't I met her, Di? Those clear eyes of yours pierced the flimsy fabric long since; the trenchant sweetness of your tongue cut more than one knot for me.

If you demur, my answer is that I am here. Who sent me? A flanneled satrap, already insidiously beguiled by idleness, already reconciled to the *status quo*—how long before, and by what process of evolution, would my real self have awokened? Or would the degeneracy have ended only with life?

I don't know; all I know is that you sent me about my business in the world. I walked to it in my sleep; awake, I follow it. Thus far, so far, Diana of the far white gods!

Yours is the stronger character, so far. Let us await events. It may be, as you say, that the years will twist my path toward the possible woman you predict for me. I dined with Dr. Ellis last evening. His daughter will certainly grow up to be such a woman as you and I delight in. I told her that I hoped my path would twist toward her. She said she hoped so, too, very shyly. She is only fifteen—alas!

In the meanwhile my path runs straight to Close & Co., and I shall continue to travel it every day with my shovel and dinner-pail—thanks to you, my loyal little cousin, who were plucky enough and merciful enough to tell me the merciless truth.

Give my love to Silvette. My remembrances to all. Accept for yourself my friendship. Do you remember those photographs I made of you as Japnette the day after we first met? I've developed them. Here is one.

Yours sincerely,
JAMES EDGERTON 3D.

Which letter resulted in an immediate interchange of notes:

Dear Jim:

Fifteen and eighteen are not far apart. A man can help Chance to twist his path through life. The resulting route is called the Path of Destiny. I think you have already started to travel it. I hope you are better.

DIANA.

He replied:

Dear Di:

You meant that path which leads to Close & Co., didn't you?

J. E. 3D.

The next instalment of "*The Turning Point*" will appear in the April issue.

She answered:

Dear Jim:

No, I meant the other path you mentioned. Follow it for the next three years. Mr. Inwood says that little Miss Ellis is the most beautiful and winsome and intelligent and cultivated child he ever knew. Life is all before you, Jim.

DIANA.

He wrote:

I'm in the designing department as draftsman! Mr. Rivett's friend, Mr. Dineen, dropped in to have a chat with me. He's a very decent fellow. You don't think that Mr. Rivett has inspired him to show me any unmerited favors, do you? It would make havoc of my present complacency. Try to find out.

JIM.

She answered:

Mr. Rivett isn't to be pumped. I tried it. I'll never try it again. Anyway, Jim, no favor can inject brains into a man; it can only stimulate what intellect he has. Don't worry about favors. Neither Mr. Rivett nor Mr. Dineen is a man to injure his own affairs by the incompetent service of others. You can be perfectly certain that you are worth what is offered you if they have anything to do with it.

Why don't you fall in love with Christine? She's one of the sweetest girls I ever knew. I supposed she and you were on delightful terms once. Also, once, I thought she was inclined toward Mr. Inwood. But he seems to be monopolized by Mrs. Wemyss; and the poor child comes into my room in a forlorn sort of way—so white and limp these days that I'm wondering what this change in her means. Does it mean your absence? You'd tell me, wouldn't you? But I know you're not the sort of man to win a young girl's heart, and then coolly walk out of her life. It looks to me as though she had something on her mind. Dr. Billings has been here several times, and her mother is worried sick.

That's all the gossip, except that the shooting is in full blast here. A number of men came up for it—the usual sort of men who shoot, except one. He's a Mr. Wallace, and very nice and a poor shot. He and I go out together sometimes, and he is forever making fun of himself and his perfectly rotten marksmanship, and he and I don't care two raps whether we get anything or not.

Mr. Inwood is the saddest young man I ever had the pleasure (?) of trying to animate. Are all your friends as melancholy and temperamental? He haunts the terrace like a lost soul until Mrs. Wemyss annexes him. Christine does not seem to care for him; she doesn't seem to care for anybody these days.

Colonel Curnew is a funny man. He has, apparently, devoted himself to me, and I have the greatest difficulty in getting away from him long enough to take a stroll with Mr. Wallace. Such a funny, strutting, sentimentally elaborate little man!—with a rather horrid habit of staring. But he's a crack shot, and popular here with the men.

Good night,

DIANA.



"Let papa talk," said the schnorrer, after winking gravely at little Moishe. "He thinks he's the only smart man in the world, but some day I'll show him."

With the Best Intention

Here is a record for you—a story a month for six years exclusively in one magazine—and never a kick from any reader, never a hint to change. Pretty good test? We think so. And it is the test Bruno Lessing's stories have stood in *Cosmopolitan*. The reason is that the stories deal with real life—the laughter, tears, little comedies and tragedies of that great human melting-pot—New York's East Side. If you know a man—you will have to hunt some—who has never read a Bruno Lessing story, put him "wise." There are lots of half-hours' good fun ahead for him in these little Ghetto classics. In this story Lapidowitz, the "schnorrer," falls down on what he considers a perfectly good proposition to allow a wife to support him

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

LAPIDOWITZ, the schnorrer, selected the royal road to learning. His friend and benefactor Gordonsky, after a hard day's work in the tailor shop, spent his evenings at the Beth Hamidrash, or study-house, of his synagogue, where a dapper young man taught a roomful of patriarchs to spell "cat," "dog," and "rat." Gordonsky was ambi-

tious to learn English, but sometimes, during the lesson, he fell asleep from sheer fatigue. To little Moishe Gordonsky the road to learning was a dreary, precipitous trail, barren of joy and devoid of hope. The teacher whom he had adored had abandoned both him and the school to get married, and in her place had come a sandy-haired, unprepossessing female, whose personality had the

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effect of stirring up all that was rebellious in Moishe's nature. Lapidowitz spent most of his time loafing about the coffee-houses, declaring each night that he was making wonderful progress in English and that, as soon as he could speak the language fluently, a lucrative position was waiting for him.

He always called on the Gordonskys at supper-time. "What? Not through with dinner yet?" he would say. "I just thought I'd drop around to help Mrs. Gordonsky with the dishes. She must be so tired."

Then during the meal, he would insist that his way of studying the language and the customs of this new land was far superior to Gordonsky's, to which Gordonsky invariably replied with a lengthy and detailed opinion of the schnorrer's laziness, mendacity, and utter uselessness, during which the schnorrer ate.

"What do you expect will become of you?" Gordonsky said one night. "You are the laziest man on the East Side. All day long you loaf around the coffee-houses, and then you come and sponge on your friends for a meal. How long do you think it will last?"

"Oh, a good while yet," Lapidowitz answered, unabashed. "I have other friends besides you."

"I wish you would stick to them," Gordonsky retorted. "I am tired of seeing your face. I am sorry that I ever brought you over here from Russia. Never did I get the slightest thanks for it. Do you expect to be a schnorrer all your life?"

"I am thinking of getting married," replied Lapidowitz calmly, helping himself to another plate of lentil soup. "Already I spoke to a schatzen about it. Any lady at all I will take so long as she has money or can support me so that I can study."

"Marry? Study?" exclaimed Gordonsky. "You must be crazy. No woman who had eyes to look at you would dream of marrying you if she was in her senses. And if she did, all the studying you would ever do would be playing cards in the coffee-house all day long."

"Let papa talk," said the schnorrer, after winking gravely at little Moishe. "He thinks he's the only smart man in the world, but some day I'll show him."

There was quite a bond of affection between the schnorrer and the little boy, due, probably, to the fact that Lapidowitz always took the lad seriously, and frequently

had long talks with him. But Moishe only grinned. The idea of a woman marrying the schnorrer struck him as being funny.

During the year that had elapsed since the Gordonskys arrived in New York from Russia Moishe had acquired a stanch friend, a fluent command of Ghetto English, and a perfect confidence in himself. The timidity that is bred in Jewish children in Russian towns disappears quickly in the streets of New York.

His friend and ally was Davy Levine. Moishe met Davy Levine in the school classroom and asked him what he intended to be when he grew up.

"A millionaire," said Davy. "What are you?"

"President from the United States," said Moishe.

"You can't," replied Davy. "Jews can't be President. They got to be Krist's."

"You're a liar," retorted Moishe, whereupon Davy smote him one upon the nose. There was a fight that delighted the hearts of half the school that witnessed it, and then Davy and Moishe, disheveled, both bleeding from the nose, but thoroughly unabashed, were brought before their teacher. They loved their teacher, and when she had lectured them they felt ashamed of themselves. So they shook hands and made up, and after that they were good friends.

It is a curious relation that exists between an East Side school-teacher and her Yiddish hopefuls. Fresh from the dark and dreary surroundings of their Russian Ghetto, their teacher is usually the first representative of all the glories of this new land with whom they come in close contact, and if she be a Gentile, as was in those days usually the case, she typifies to them the whole alien world that surrounds their new Ghetto. If she be of a sympathetic nature, with a heart responsive to the appeal of childhood, her influence is boundless. If, on the other hand, she be one of that tribe of spinsterhood to whom children are mysteries, she seems to bring out the worst that is in them, and frequently does no little mischief.

Moishe's first teacher was now gone, and in her place was one whom the pupils always referred to formally as Miss Fraser. Her predecessor had been "Teacher." And whether it was merely the exuberance of boyish spirits bubbling over after long repression or whether there was something in the personality of this sharp-featured, snappy-

tongued woman that acted as an irritant upon the pupils, the class became unruly, and the worst of them all was Moishe Gordonsky. Day after day all the devilry in his nature came uppermost, and in the thousand and one indescribable ways that only boys know he almost drove the teacher to distraction. But Miss Fraser was stubborn. There was Scotch blood in her, and she felt confident that in the end she would subdue that brood.

Many a talk did Moishe and his friend Davy have over this intolerable condition. "What's the use?" Moishe would say. "A feller can't have no more fun."

"She's a homely mug," Davy would answer. "I wish Teacher was back."

"Teacher used to learn us something, but by Miss Fraser I don't learn nothing and got to work all the time."

Which, by the way, was not strictly true. As a matter of fact, the class made better progress under Miss Fraser than under her beloved predecessor, but there was more friction. One day when Moishe had dropped a piece of chewing-gum down a boy's neck the teacher only smiled. At the close of school, however, she handed him a note.

"Give this to your father," she said.

Moishe had already forgotten the chewing-gum incident, and that night, without a shadow of suspicion, he gave the note to his father.

"What says it?" asked Gordonsky, turning it over helplessly.

Moishe shook his head. "I tried to read it but couldn't," he said. "It's something about a sheep. Maybe she got one what she wants to sell."

Gordonsky took the note with him to the Beth Hamidrash that evening and, ere his lesson began, asked the instructor to read it to him. It ran:

DEAR SIR: Your son is the black sheep of my class, and I am unable to do anything with him. I wish you would come to see me at your convenience. I think, between us, we may induce him to devote more thought to his studies and less to the pranks he is always playing.

"Oy! Oy!" cried Gordonsky. "My son a black sheep! Only last week I asked him how he was getting along in the school, and he said 'Fine.' And to play jokes I send him to school! To-night you excuse me, teacher? I got to go straight home."

Home he went and, without a word of

explanation, administered to Moishe the treatment advocated by Solomon.

"What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Gordonsky and the schnorrer in one breath.

"A black sheep he is!" exclaimed his father. "Instead of getting smart in school he gets fresh, and the teacher writes me a letter."

"The Talmud says you should be eager to acquire knowledge," said the schnorrer gently to Moishe.

"I'm too busy to see the teacher," Gordonsky said to Lapidowitz; "suppose you go in the morning and talk with her. Tell her I got to work, but you only got to loaf all day."

"Sure, I go" said the schnorrer.

So it happened that the next morning while Miss Fraser's class was struggling to understand why six times two are twelve the door opened and Lapidowitz, in shiny frock coat, entered the classroom. The moment he beheld Miss Fraser a look of profound admiration came into his eyes. There was something in her combative, self-assertive aura that appealed to him.

"Moishe Gordonsky—" he began.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Fraser. "You're his father. Well, if I were in your place I'd give that boy a spanking every day for a week. All this morning he has been making pinwheels out of the pages of his arithmetic book, and he pays no more attention to what I say than if I were talking to the wall. He isn't a stupid boy by any means. He's just full of mischief, and I won't have any mischief in my classroom."

The schnorrer's eyes never left her face. When she paused for breath he said, with an ingratiating smirk:

"I ain't his papa. I ain't married at all. His papa got to work, so I came. I never got married."

Miss Fraser stared at him. "Well, I guess you can take my message to his father," she said. "The boy needs severe discipline at home."

She turned her back and resumed her talk to the class. Lapidowitz hesitated, walked slowly to the door, hesitated again, and, with a cough, turned toward her. "No," he said, twirling his silk hat between his fingers, "I never got married. It's nice to have a home."

Then he sighed and walked out. After school that day it chanced that Moishe and Davy on their way home met Teacher

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and her husband. They were delighted to behold her and overjoyed when she presented them to her husband as two of her favorite pupils.

"And how are you getting on now?" she asked.

"Rotten," replied Moishe glibly. "Miss Fraser's no good!"

"Oh, Moishe, you musn't talk like that," chided Teacher.

"She's always writing letters so I get lickings," replied Moishe.

"And she's sassy," chimed in Davy. "She ain't like you."

"Cheer up, boys," said Teacher's husband, laughing. "Maybe she'll get married soon and you'll have better luck with the next one."

That night at supper Gordonsky asked the schnorrer what the teacher had said. Lapidowitz chuckled.

"She thought I was Moishe's papa," he said. "But I told her I wasn't married. How much do teachers get for wages, Moishe?"

"Imbecile!" exclaimed Gordonsky. "Tell me what she said about Moishe."

"Oh, she says he isn't a stupid boy. She says he makes fine pinwheels. Maybe, Moishe, if we get some fancy paper you make pinwheels and we sell them. What is the teacher's name?"

"Did she say he was a black sheep?" asked Gordonsky.

"She didn't talk about sheep," replied the schnorrer. "She said Moishe is all right, only he ain't stupid. She's a fine woman, Gordonsky. A good business face. In a store she'd make a man rich. Where does she live, Moishe?"

The next morning Moishe, on his way to school, met the schnorrer.

"My, what a fine surprise," exclaimed Lapidowitz. "Are you going to school? Here's a nice apple you can give the teacher. Tell her Mr. Lapidowitz says she's a fine woman."

"She's no good," said Moishe. "Teacher's husband says she ought to get married and then maybe we get a good teacher."

"Yes?" exclaimed Lapidowitz. He stroked his beard thoughtfully. A sudden idea seized Moishe.

"Maybe if you marry her," he cried, "we'll get a new teacher. Will the schatzen let you?"

"The schatzen has with school-teachers nothing to do," explained the schnorrer,

"but I tell you what, Moishe, you're a smart boy. You got a fine brain. You give her the apple and ask her if she likes me. Don't say I said it. And then you tell me what she says. I'll wait outside till you come out of school."

During the morning session Moishe, holding a book before his face so that the teacher would not see him, whispered to his friend Davy his brilliant plan.

"Maybe if she goes for to marry him we get a teacher what ain't a crank," he explained. "He gave me a apple to give her."

"Moishe Gordonsky," cried Miss Fraser, "step up to the blackboard and stand with your back to the class for one hour. This whispering has to stop."

Moishe gritted his teeth and submitted to his punishment, although every time that he felt the teacher was not observing him he turned his head stealthily and made faces at her. At the noon recess the schnorrer, waiting for Moishe outside the school, beheld him come out munching the apple.

"Just for spite I didn't give it to her," said Moishe, explaining what had happened.

"Ts! Ts! Moishe, you shouldn't do it. She's a fine lady—a fine, smart, business brain she got. Come, you keep the apple! I buy another one what you give to her. Yes?"

That afternoon Moishe approached the teacher's desk and laid down the apple. "From Mr. Lapidowitz," he said.

"Who is he?" asked Miss Fraser, in surprise.

"He's a schnorrer," explained Moishe.

"A schnorrer?" asked Miss Fraser, bewildered. "What's that?"

Moishe shook his head. A schnorrer was a schnorrer—beyond that it was too difficult to explain. But Davy's hand went up.

"I know what is it," he cried proudly. The teacher looked at him. Davy rose, clasped his hands behind his back, and in the monotonous tone of a pupil reciting his lesson, "A schnorrer," said he, "is a bum what don't work and ain't no good."

Fifty little heads solemnly nodded approval, and fifty pairs of eyes gazed inquiringly at the teacher as if to ask whether she now understood what a schnorrer was. Miss Fraser, with crimson cheeks, turned to Moishe.

"Is that what he is—the man that sent this apple?"

"Sure," said Moishe, "a schnorrer."

"This is amazing," said Miss Fraser. "I

can't understand it. Who is he? Why did he send me the apple?"

"He's gone by the schatchen for a wife," explained Moishe, "but he says you're nice, and maybe he'll marry you."

The classroom swam before the teacher's eyes, amazement and indignation almost choked her. Then she seized Moishe by the arm. "Come," she said, "this is too much." She led the frightened lad before the principal. "Miss Robinson," she cried, "I really cannot have this boy in my class any longer. He is the worst boy in the school. I have just been insulted in the most horrible manner."

Miss Robinson was over fifty—an age at which even a spinster obtains a wider view of the bigness of life and its problems—and she had had much experience, both with pupils and with teachers. She gazed at Moishe reproachfully.

"Do you know what an insult is?"

"No, missus," said Moishe.

"H'm! An insult is something wicked and not nice. Do you think a little boy ought to say something bad to his teacher?"

Moishe's eyes opened wide, in indignant protest. "I didn't say nothing bad," he cried. "I said something nice, and she grabbed me by the arm."

"What did he say?" Miss Robinson asked the teacher.

Miss Fraser turned red. "I should dislike very much to repeat it," she said firmly.

Miss Robinson gazed at her. "You may return to your class," she said finally. "Leave the boy here. I'll attend to the matter."

When Miss Fraser had departed, the principal smiled at Moishe. In that smile lay all that was needed to establish firm and confidential relations between the two. Moishe suddenly realized that the principal was

just like Teacher, and his heart expanded.

"Now, tell me," said Miss Robinson. "You look like a bright boy and a good boy. Tell me all about it."

"Yes, missus," said Moishe. "Always Miss Fraser sasses us and sends letters by my father so's I get lickings."

So I meets Teacher with her man, and he says maybe if Miss Fraser gets married we get a better teacher. So the schnorrer gets stuck on her and says he don't care for what the schatchen says. So he gives me a apple what I give Miss Fraser and I says he says she's nice and she can get married, and she gets mad. Honest, I didn't do nothin'!"

Miss Robinson's face became very red with suppressed emotions. She turned her back upon Moishe and sat for quite a while trembling, Moishe thought. Then she said:

"Go into Miss Wilkins's class. Tell her I sent you there."

When he had departed Miss Robinson looked out the window. Leaning against a lamp-post on the opposite side of the street she saw a tall, lank figure, frock coated and bearded, smoking a cigarette and waiting with the patience of Job.

"Oh, Lord!" she exclaimed. Then she sat down and wrote a note to Miss Fraser.

"I am deeply sorry that you were so annoyed," she wrote. "I have made the boy see the enormity of his offense. He seems quite bright, and I have advanced him to Miss Wilkins's class so that you will not be bothered with him any longer."

Then she looked out the window again. Lapidowitz was lighting another cigarette. Miss Robinson sank into a chair and laughed until the tears rolled down her face.



Leaning against a lamp-post on the opposite side of the street was a tall, lank figure, frock coated and bearded, waiting with the patience of Job

The Price She Paid

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S STRUGGLE FOR AND AGAINST LOVE

By David Graham Phillips

Author of "The Hungry Heart," "The Husband's Story," "The Grain of Dust," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS: Mildred Gower is the only daughter of an apparently rich man who died before he expected to and left his wife and daughter less than they had been used to spending in a year. When the family take stock of their resources they are appalled, and the decision is made for Mildred that, to reduce the drain upon their small amount of cash, she must marry. Instead, her mother, who continues to act rich, marries—a fortune-hunter who, fortunately, has a small but sure income. Angered by the way he has fooled himself, Presbury makes life miserable for the two women, especially Mildred, whom he declares he will not support. He insists that she get out and support herself, but she brought up in luxury, can scarcely even dress herself. Her soul is filled with terror as she realizes that, in the matter of earning bread, there is only a step between herself and the women who ply an unnatural calling. Then the situation is saved by Presbury, who announces that he has met in town an old acquaintance, now a millionaire, who invited the family to Thanksgiving dinner. When he announces also that the man is looking for a wife his intention is apparent—he expects Mildred to become a candidate, which she does. Presbury paints a most undesirable picture of General William Siddall, but Mildred declares she will marry him if she can. At the dinner, which is richly offensive, in his blatantly offensive mansion, the general's attitude toward Mildred is that of the connoisseur toward an art object, and she exhibits her charms as unfeelingly as he appraises them, while the mother fawns upon him. He lets it be known that he is willing to go on "if the goods are up to the sample." The weeks that he is investigating the history of the "goods" are made miserable to Mildred by bickerings at home. Presbury continually girding at her, so that even after the general at a second dinner has announced his readiness to "go on" she flares up and declares that unless he quits insulting her and the general she will give up and sell herself in the fashion not approved by society. Thereafter all goes smoothly, and the excitement of getting ready to marry a lavish lover carries her up to and through a magnificently gorgeous wedding.

Mildred now begins to pay the price of the riches she enjoys. She soon finds that she is a wife in name only. Her spirit rebels at this, and she decides to leave her husband. On board ship she meets Stanley Baird, a former suitor, who, after every other plan of livelihood has been abandoned, offers to finance a career for her in grand opera. A few days in the city show her that there is nothing else to do, and she accepts a loan from Baird and submits to his plans for her, which include her sharing an apartment with Mrs. Brindley and music lessons under Eugene Jennings, who never gives up nor graduates a paying pupil. With high hope and determination she begins her work, having eluded the little general, to whom she has flatly refused to return. Baird, for his part, leaves the city in order that neither may be embarrassed by his presence.

DURING the first few weeks Mildred had been careful about spending money. Economy she did not understand; how could she, when she had never had a lesson in it or a valuable hint about it? So economy was impossible. The only way in which such people can keep order in their finances is by not spending any money at all. Mildred drew nothing, spent nothing. This, so long as she gave her whole mind to her work. But after that first great cold, so depressing, so subtly undermining, she began to go about, to think of, to need and to buy clothes, to spend money in a dozen necessary ways. After all, she was simply borrowing the money. Presently, she would be making a career, would be earning large sums. She would pay back everything, with interest. Stanley meant for her to use the money. Really, she ought to use it. How would her career be helped by her going about looking a dowd and a frump? She had always been used to the

comforts of life. If she deprived herself of them, she would surely get into a frame of mind where her work would suffer. No, she must lead the normal life of a woman of her class. To work all the time—why, as Jennings said, that took away all the freshness, made one stale and unfit. A little distraction—always, of course, with musical people, people who talked and thought and did music—that sort of distraction was quite as much a part of her education as the singing lessons. Mrs. Brindley, certainly a sensible and serious woman if ever there was one—Mrs. Brindley believed so, and it must be so.

After that illness and before she began to go about, she had fallen into several fits of hideous blues, had been in despair as to the future. As soon as she saw something of people—always the valuable, musical sort of people—her spirits improved. And when she got a few new dresses—very simple and inexpensive, but stylish and charming—and the hats, too, were successful—

as soon as she was freshly arrayed she was singing better and was talking hopefully of the career again. Yes, it was really necessary that she live as she had always been used to living.

When Stanley came back her account was drawn up to the last cent of the proportionate amount. In fact, it might have been a few dollars—a hundred or so—overdrawn. She was not sure. Still, that was a small matter. During the summer she would spend less, and by fall she would be far ahead again—and ready to buy fall clothes. One day he said,

"You must be needing more money."

"No, indeed," cried she. "I've been living within the hundred a week—or nearly. I'm afraid I'm frightfully extravagant, and—"

"Extravagant?" laughed he. "You are afraid to borrow! Why, three or four nights of singing will pay back all you've borrowed."

"I suppose I *will* make a lot of money," said she. "They all tell me so. But it doesn't seem real to me." She hastily added: "I don't mean the career. That seems real enough. I can hardly wait to begin at the rôles. I mean the money part. You see, I never earned any money and never really had any money of my own."

"Well, you'll have plenty of it in two or three years," said Stanley confidently. "And you mustn't try to live like girls who've been brought up to hardship. It isn't necessary, and it would only unfit you for your work."

"I think that's true," said she. "But I've enough—more than enough." She gave him a nervous, shy, almost agonized look. "Please don't try to put me under any heavier obligations than I have to be."

"Please don't talk nonsense about obligation," retorted he. "Let's get away from this subject. You don't seem to realize that you're doing me a favor, that it's a privilege to be allowed to help develop such a marvelous voice as yours. Scores of people would jump at the chance."

"That doesn't lessen my obligation," said she. And she thought she meant it, though, in fact, his generous and plausible statement of the case had immediately lessened not a little her sense of obligation.

On the whole, however, she was not sorry she had this chance to talk of obligation. Slowly, as they saw each other from time

to time, often alone, Stanley had begun—perhaps in spite of himself and unconsciously—to show his feeling for her. Sometimes his hand accidentally touched hers, and he did not draw it away as quickly as he might. And she—it was impossible for her to make any gesture, much less say anything, that suggested sensitiveness on her part. It would put him in an awkward position, would humiliate him most unjustly. He fell into the habit of holding her hand longer than was necessary at greeting or parting, of touching her caressingly, of looking at her with the eyes of a lover instead of a friend. She did not like these things. For some mysterious reason—from sheer perversity, she thought—she had taken a strong physical dislike to him. Perfectly absurd, for there was nothing intrinsically repellent about this handsome, clean, most attractively dressed man, of the best type of American and New Yorker. No, only perversity could explain such a silly notion. She was always afraid he would try to take advantage of her delicate position—always afraid she would have to yield something, some trifle; yet the idea of giving anything from a sense of obligation was galling to her. His very refraining made her the more nervous, the more shrinking. If he would only commit some overt act—seize her, kiss her, make outrageous demands—but this refraining, these touches that might be accidental and again might be stealthy approach—she hated to have him shake hands with her, would have liked to draw away when his clothing chanced to brush against hers.

So she was glad of the talk about obligation. It set him at a distance, immediately. He ceased to look lovingly, to indulge in the nerve-rasping little caresses. He became carefully formal. He was evidently eager to prove the sincerity of his protestations—too eager, perhaps, her perverse mind suggested. Still, sincere or not, he held to all the forms of sincerity.

Some friends of Mrs. Brindley's who were going abroad offered her their cottage on the New Jersey coast near Seabright, and a big new touring-car and a chauffeur. She and Mildred at once gave up the plan for a summer in the Adirondacks, the more readily as several of the men and women they saw the most of lived within easy distance of them at Dealbeach and Elberon. When Mildred went shopping she was lured into

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buying a lot of summer things she would not have needed in the Adirondacks—a mere matter of two hundred and fifty dollars or thereabouts. A little additional economy in the fall would soon make up for such a trifle, and if there is one time more than another when a woman wishes to look well and must look well, that time is summer—especially by the sea.

When her monthly statement from the bank came on the 1st of July she found that five thousand dollars had been deposited to her credit. She was moved by this discovery to devote several hours—very depressed hours they were—to her finances. She had spent a great deal more money than she had thought; indeed, since March she had been living at the rate of fifteen thousand a year. She tried to account for this amazing extravagance. But she could recall no expenditure that was not really almost, if not quite, necessary. It took a frightful lot of money to live in New York. How did people with small incomes manage to get along? Whatever would have become of her if she had not had the good luck to be able to borrow from Stanley? What would become of her if, before she was succeeding on the stage, Stanley should die or lose faith in her or interest in her? What would become of her! What if, after he lost interest, she should find herself without money, worse off than she had been when she sold herself into slavery—highly moral and conventionally correct slavery, but still slavery—to the little general with the peaked pink-silk nightcap hiding the absence of the removed toupee—and with the wonderful pink-silk pajamas, gorgeously monogrammed in violet—and the tiny feet and ugly hands—and those loathsome needle-pointed mustaches and the hideous habit of mumbling his tongue and smacking his lips? What if, moneyless, she should not be able to find another Stanley or a man of the class gentleman willing to help her, generously even, on any terms? What then?

She was looking out over the sea, her bank-book and statements and canceled checks in her lap. Their cottage was at the very edge of the strand; its veranda was often damp from spray after a storm. It was not storming as she sat there, "taking stock"; under a blue sky an almost tranquil sea was crooning softly in the sunlight, innocent and happy and playful as a child.

She, dressed in a charming négligée and looking forward to a merry day in the auto, with lunch and dinner at attractive, luxurious places farther down the coast—she was stricken with a horrible sadness, with a terror that made her heart beat wildly.

"I must be crazy!" she said, half aloud. "I've never earned a dollar with my voice. And for two months it has been unreliable. I'm acting like a crazy person. What will become of me?"

Just then Stanley Baird came through the pretty little house, seeking her. "There you are!" he cried. "Do go get dressed."

Hastily she flung a scarf over the book and papers in her lap. She had intended to speak to him about that fresh deposit of five thousand dollars—to refuse it, to rebuke him. Now she did not dare.

"What's the matter?" he went on. "Headache?"

"It was the wine at dinner last night," explained she. "I ought never to touch red wine. It disagrees with me horribly."

"That was filthy stuff," said he. "You must take some champagne at lunch. That'll set you right."

She stealthily wound the scarf about the papers. When she felt that all were secure she rose. She was looking sweet and sad and peculiarly beautiful. There was an exquisite sheen on her skin. She had washed her hair that morning, and it was straying fascinatingly about her brow and ears and neck. Baird looked at her, lowered his eyes and colored.

"I'll not be long," she said hurriedly.

She had to pass him in the rather narrow doorway. From her garments shook a delicious perfume. He caught her in his arms. The blood had flushed into his face in a torrent, swelling out the veins, giving him a distorted and wild expression.

"Mildred!" he cried. "Say that you love me a little! I'm so lonely for you—so hungry for you!"

She grew cold with fear and with repulsion. She neither yielded to his embrace nor shook it off. He kissed her on the throat, kissed the lace over her bosom, crying out inarticulately. In the frenzy of his passion he did not for a while realize her lack of response. As he felt it, his arms relaxed, dropped away from her, fell at his side. He hung his head. He was breathing so heavily that she glanced into the house apprehensively, fearing some one else might hear.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Baird caught her in his arms. The blood had flushed into his face in a torrent, swelling out the veins, giving him a distorted and wild expression. "Mildred!" he cried. "Say that you love me a little! I'm so lonely for you—so hungry for you!"

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"I beg pardon," he muttered. "You were too much for me this morning. It was your fault. You are maddening!"

She moved on into the house.

"Wait a minute!" he called after her.

She halted, hesitating.

"Come back," he said. "I've got something to say to you."

She turned and went back to the veranda, he retreating before her and his eyes sinking before the cold, clear blue of hers.

"You're going up, not to come down again," he said. "You think I've insulted you—think I've acted outrageously."

How glad she was that he had so misread her thoughts—had not discovered the fear, the weakness, the sudden collapse of all her boasted confidence in her strength of character.

"You'll never feel the same toward me again," he went fatuously on. "You think I'm a fraud. Well, I'll admit that I am in love with you—have been ever since the steamer—always was crazy about that mouth of yours—and your figure, and the sound of your voice. I'll admit I'm an utter fool about you—respect you and trust you as I never used to think any woman deserved to be respected and trusted. I'll even admit that I've been hoping—all sorts of things. I knew a woman like you wouldn't let a man help her unless she loved him."

At this her heart beat wildly and a blush of shame poured over her face and neck. He did not see. He had not the courage to look at her—to face that expression of the violated goddess he felt confident her face was wearing. In love, he reasoned and felt about her like an inexperienced boy, all his experience going for nothing. He went on:

"I understand we can never be anything to each other until you're on the stage and arrived. I'd not have it otherwise, if I could. For I want *you*, and I'd never believe I had you unless you were free."

The color was fading from her cheeks. At this it flushed deeper than before. She must speak. Not to speak was to lie, was to play the hypocrite. Yet speak she dared not. At least Stanley Baird was better than Siddall. Anyhow, who was she, that had been the wife of Siddall, to be so finicky?

"You don't believe me?" he said miserably. "You think I'll forget myself sometime again?"

"I hope not," she said gently. "I be-

lieve not. I trust you, Stanley." And she went into the house.

Thenceforth she and Stanley got on better than ever—apparently. But though she ignored it, she knew the truth—knew her new and deep content was due to her not having challenged his assertion that she loved him. He, believing her honest and high minded, assumed that the failure to challenge was a good woman's way of admitting. But with the day of reckoning—not only with him but also with her own self-respect—put off until that vague and remote time when she should be a successful prima donna, she gave herself up to enjoyment. Never had she been so happy. She even did not especially mind Donald Keith, a friend of Stanley's and of Mrs. Brindley's, who, much too often to suit her, made one of the party. She had tried in vain to discover what there was in Keith that inspired such intense liking in two people so widely different as expansive and emotional Stanley Baird and reserved and distinctly cold Cyrilla Brindley. Keith talked little, not only seemed not to listen well, but showed plainly, even in tête-à-tête conversations, that his thoughts had been elsewhere. He made no pretense of being other than he was—an indifferent man who came because it did not especially matter to him where he was. Sometimes his silence and his indifference annoyed Mildred; again—thanks to her profound and reckless contentment—she was able to forget that he was along. He seemed to be and probably was about forty years old. His head was beautifully shaped, the line of its profile—front, top, and back—being perfect in intellectuality, strength, and symmetry. He was rather under the medium height, about the same height as Mildred herself. He was extremely thin and loosely built, and his clothes seemed to hang awry, giving him an air of slovenliness which became surprising when one noted how scrupulously neat and clean he was. His brown hair, considerably tinged with rusty gray, grew thinly upon that beautiful head. His skin was dry and smooth and dead white. This, taken with the classic regularity of his features, gave him an air of lifelessness, of one burnt out by the fire of too much living; but whether the living had been done by Keith himself or by his immediate ancestors appearances did not disclose. This look of passionless, motionless repose, like classic sculpture,

was sharply and startlingly belied by a pair of really wonderful eyes—deeply and intensely blue, brilliant, all seeing, all comprehending, eyes that seemed never to sleep, seemed the ceaselessly industrious servants of a brain that busied itself without pause. The contrast between the dead-white calm of his face, the listlessness of his relaxed figure, and those vivid eyes, so intensely alive, gave to Donald Keith's personality an uncanniness that was most disagreeable to Mildred.

"That's what fascinates me," said Cyrilla, when they were discussing him one day.

"Fascinates!" exclaimed Mildred. "He's tiresome—when he isn't rude."

"Rude?"

"Not actively rude but, worse still, passively rude."

"He is the only man I've ever seen with whom I could imagine myself falling in love," said Mrs. Brindley.

Mildred laughed in derision. "Why, he's a dead man!" cried she.

"You don't understand," said Cyrilla. "You've never lived with a man." She forgot completely, as did Mildred herself, so completely had Mrs. Siddall returned to the modes and thoughts of a girl. "At home—to live with—you want only reposeful things. That is why the Greeks, whose instincts were unerring, had so much reposeful statuary. One grows weary of agitating objects. They soon seem hysterical and shallow. The same thing's true of persons. For permanent love and friendship you want reposeful men—calm, strong, silent. The other kind either wear you out or wear themselves out with you."

"You forget his eyes," put in Stanley. "Did you ever see such eyes!"

"Yes, those eyes of his!" cried Mildred. "You certainly can't call them reposeful, Mrs. Brindley."

Mrs. Brindley did not seize the opportunity to convict her of inconsistency. Said she: "I admit the eyes. They're the eyes of the kind of man a woman wants, or another man wants in his friend. When Keith looks at you, you feel that you are seeing the rarest being in the world—an absolutely reliable person. When I think of him I think of reliable, just as when you think of the sun you think of brightness."

"I had no idea it was so serious as this," teased Stanley.

"Nor had I," returned Cyrilla easily,

"until I began to talk about him. Don't tell him, Mr. Baird, or he might take advantage of me."

The idea amused Stanley. "He doesn't care a rap about women," said he. "I hear he has let a few care about him from time to time, but he soon ceased to be good natured. He hates to be bored."

As he came just then, they had to find another subject. Mildred observed him with more interest. She had learned to have respect for Mrs. Brindley's judgments. But she soon gave over watching him. That profound calm, those eyes concentrating all the life of the man like a burning glass— She had a disagreeable sense of being seen through, even to her secretest thought, of being understood and measured and weighed—and found wanting. It occurred to her for the first time that part of the reason for her not liking him was the best of reasons—that he did not like her.

The first time she was left alone with him, after this discovery, she happened to be in an audacious and talkative mood, and his lack of response finally goaded her into saying, "Why don't you like me?" She cared nothing about it; she simply wished to hear what he would say—if he could be roused into saying anything. He was sitting on the steps leading from the veranda to the sea—was smoking a cigarette and gazing out over the waves like a graven image, as if he had always been posed there and always would be there, the embodiment of repose gazing in ineffable indifference upon the embodiment of its opposite. He made no answer.

"I asked you why you do not like me," said she. "Did you hear?"

"Yes," replied he.

She waited; nothing further from him.

She eyed him, wondering how it could be possible that he had endured the incredible fatigues and hardships Stanley Baird had related of him—hunting and exploring expeditions into tropics and into frozen regions, mountain climbs, wild sea voyages in small boats, all with no sign of being able to stand anything, yet also with no sign of being any more disturbed than now in this seaside laziness. Stanley had showed them a picture of him taken twenty years and more ago when he was in college; he had looked almost the same then—perhaps a little older.

"Well, I am waiting," persisted she.

She thought he was about to look at her—a thing he had never done, to her knowledge, since they had known each other. She nerv'd herself to receive the shock, with a certain flutter of expectancy, of excitement even. But instead of looking, he settled himself in a slightly different position and fixed his gaze upon another point in the horizon. She noted that he had splendid hands—ideal hands for a man, with the same suggestion of intense vitality and aliveness that flashed from his eyes. She had not noted this before. Next she saw that he had good feet, and that his shoes were his only article of apparel that fitted him, or rather, that looked as if made for him. But no answer from him. The cigarette depending listlessly from his lips seemed—as usual—uncertain whether it would stay or fall. She watched this uncertainty with a curious, nervous interest. She was always thinking that cigarette would fall, but it never did. Finally, "You are rude," said she coldly, rising to go into the house.

He slowly turned his head and looked at her—a glance without any emotion whatever, simply a look that, like the beam of a powerful searchlight, seemed to thrust through fog and darkness and to light up everything in its path. Said he,

"Do you wish me to tell you why I don't like you?"

"No!" she cried hysterically. "Never mind—I don't know what I'm saying." And she went hastily into the house. A moment later, in her own room up-stairs, she was wondering at herself. Why had she become confused? What did he mean? What had she seen—or half seen—in the darkness and fog within herself when he looked at her? In a passion she cried,

"If he would only stay away!"

VI

BUT he did not stay away. He owned and lived in a small house up on the Rumson Road. While the house was little more than a bungalow and had a simplicity that completely hid its rare good taste from the average observer, its grounds were the most spacious in that neighborhood of costly showy houses set in grounds not much more extensive than a city building lot. The grounds had been cleared and drained to drive out and to keep out the obnoxious insect life, but had been left a forest, con-

cealing the house from the roads. Stanley Baird was now stopping with Keith, and brought him along to the cottage by the sea every day.

The parties narrowed to the same four persons. Mrs. Brindley seemed never to tire of talking to Keith—or to tire of talking about him when the two men had left, late each night. As for Stanley, he referred everything to Keith—the weather prospects, where they should go for the day, what should be eaten and drunk, any point about politics or fashion, life or literature or what not, that happened to be discussed. And he looked upon Donald's monosyllabic reply to his inquiry as a final judgment, ending all possibility of argument. Mildred held out long. Then, in spite of herself, she began to yield, ceased to dislike him, found a kind of pleasure—or, perhaps, fascinated interest—in the nervousness his silent and indifferent presence caused her. She liked to watch that immobile perfect profile, neither young nor old, indeed not suggesting age in any degree, but only experience and knowledge—and an infinite capacity for emotion, for passion even. The dead-white color declared it had already been lived; the brilliant, usually averted or veiled eyes asserted present vitality, pulsing under a calm surface.

firmly, pointing after a calm surface.

One day when Stanley, in the manner of one who wishes a thing settled and settled right, said he would ask Donald Keith about it, Mildred, a little piqued, a little amused, retorted:

"And what will he answer? Why, simply yes or no."

"That's all," assented Stanley. "And that's quite enough, isn't it?"

"But how do you know he's as wise as he pretends?"

"He doesn't pretend to be anything or to know anything. That's precisely it."

Mildred suddenly began to like Keith. She had never thought of this before. Yes, it was true, he did not pretend. Not in the least, not about anything. When you saw him, you saw at once the worst there was to see. It was afterward that you discovered he was not slovenly but clean and neat, not badly but well dressed, not homely but handsome, not sickly but soundly well, not physically weak but strong, not dull but vividly alive, not a tiresome void but an unfathomable mystery.

"What does he do?" she asked Mrs. Brindley.



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"I asked you why you do not like me," said Mildred. "Did you hear?"

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Cyrilla's usually positive gray eyes looked vague. She smiled. "I never asked," said she. "I've known him nearly three years, and it never occurred to me to ask, or to wonder. Isn't that strange? Usually about the first inquiry we make is what a man does."

"I'll ask Stanley," said Mildred. And she did about an hour later, when they were in the surf together, with the other two out of earshot. Said Stanley:

"He's a lawyer, of course. Also, he's written a novel or two and a book of poems. I've never read them. Somehow, I never get around to reading."

"Oh, he's a lawyer? That's the way he makes his living."

"A queer kind of lawyer. He never goes to court, and his clients are almost all other lawyers. They go to him to get him to tell them what to do, and what not to do. He's got a big reputation among lawyers, Fred Norman tells me, but makes comparatively little, as he either can't or won't charge what he ought. I told him what Norman said, and he only smiled in that queer way he has. I said: 'You make twenty or thirty thousand a year. You ought to make ten times that.'"

"And what did he answer?" asked Mildred. "Nothing?"

"He said: 'I make all I want. If I took in more, I'd be bothered getting rid of it or investing it. I can always make all I'll want—unless I go crazy. And what could a crazy man do with money? It doesn't cost anything to live in a lunatic asylum.'"

Several items of interest to add to those she had collected. He could talk brilliantly, but he preferred silence. He could make himself attractive to women and to men, but he preferred to be detached. He could be a great lawyer, but he preferred the quiet of obscurity. He could be a rich man, but he preferred to be comparatively poor.

Said Mildred, "I suppose some woman—some disappointment in love—has killed ambition, and everything like that."

"I don't think so," replied Baird. "The men who knew him as a boy say he was always as he is now. He lived in the Arabian desert for two years."

"Why didn't he stay?" laughed Mildred. "That life would exactly suit him."

"It did," said Stanley. "But his father died, and he had to come home and support

his mother—until she died. That's the way his whole life has been. He drifts in the current of circumstances. He might let himself be blown away to-morrow to the other end of the earth and stay away years—or never come back."

"But how would he live?"

"On his wits. And as well or as poorly as he cared. He's the sort of man everyone instinctively asks advice of—me, you, his valet, the farmer who meets him at a bounding fence, the fellow who sits next him in a train—anyone."

Mildred did not merely cease to dislike him; she went farther, and rapidly. She began to like him, to circle around that tantalizing, indolent mystery as a deer about a queer bit of brush in the undergrowth. She liked to watch him. She was alternately afraid to talk before him and recklessly confidential—all with no response or sign of interest from him. If she was silent, when they were alone together, he was silent, too. If she talked, still he was silent. What was he thinking about? What did he think of her?—that especially.

"What are you thinking?" she interrupted herself to say, one afternoon as they sat together on the strand. She had been talking on and over about her career—talking conceitedly, as her subject intoxicated her—telling him what triumphs awaited her as soon as she should be ready to make her débüt. As he did not answer, she repeated her question, adding, "I knew you weren't listening to me, or I shouldn't have had the courage to say the foolish things I did."

"No, I wasn't," admitted he.

"Why not?"

"For the reason you gave."

"That what I said was—just talk?"

"Yes."

"You don't believe I'll do those things?"

"Do you?"

"I've got to believe it," said she. "If I didn't—" She came to a full stop.

"If you didn't, then what?" It was the first time he had ever flattered her with interest enough to ask her a question about herself.

"If I didn't believe I was going to succeed—and succeed big—" she began. After a pause, she added, "I'd not dare say it."

"Or think it," said he.

She colored. "What do you mean?" she asked.

He did not reply.

"What do you mean, Mr. Keith?" she urged.

"You are always asking me questions to which you already know the answer," said he.

"You're referring to a week or so ago, when I asked you why you disliked me?"

No answer. No sign of having heard. No outward sign of interest in anything, even in the cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth.

"Wasn't that it?" she insisted.

"You are always asking me questions to which you already know the answer," repeated he.

"I am annoying you?"

No answer.

She laughed. "Do you want me to go away and leave you in peace with that law case—or whatever it is?"

"I don't like to be alone."

"But anyone would do?—a dog?"

No reply.

"You mean a dog would be better because it doesn't ask questions to which it knows the answer?"

No reply.

"Well, I have a pleasant-sounding voice. As I'm saying nothing, it may be soothing—like the sound of the waves. I've learned to take you as you are. I rather like your pose."

No reply. No sign that he was even tempted to rise to this bait and protest.

"But you don't like mine," she went on. "Yes, it is a pose. But I've got to keep it up, and to pretend to myself that it isn't. And it isn't altogether. I shall be a successful singer."

"When?" said he. Actually he was listening! She answered,

"In—about two years, I think."

No comment.

"You don't believe it?"

"Do you?" A pause. "Why ask these questions you've already answered yourself?"

"I'll tell you why," replied she, her face suddenly flushed with earnestness. "Because I want you to help me. You help everyone else. Why not me?"

"You never asked me," said he.

"I didn't know I wanted it until just now—as I said it. But *you* must have known, because you are so much more experienced than I—and understand people—what's going on in their minds, deeper than

they can see." Her tone became indignant, reproachful. "Yes, you must have known I needed your help. And you ought to have helped me, even if you did dislike me. You've no right to dislike anyone as young as I."

He was looking at her now, the intensely alive blue eyes sympathetic, penetrating, understanding. It was frightful to be so thoroughly understood—all one's weaknesses laid bare—yet it was a relief and a joy, too—like the cruel healing knife of the surgeon.

"You reproach me for not having helped you," he said finally. "How does it happen that you are uneasy in mind—so uneasy that you are quarreling at me?"

A light broke upon her. "You've been drawing me on, from the beginning," she cried. "You have been helping me—making me see that I needed help."

"No," said he. "I've been waiting to see whether you would rouse from your dream of grandeur."

"You have been rousing me."

"No," he said. "You've roused yourself. So you may be worth helping—or, rather, worth encouraging, for no one can help you but yourself."

She looked at him pathetically. "But what shall I do?" she asked. "I've got no money, no experience, no sense. I'm a vain, luxury-loving fool, cursed with a—with a—is it a conscience?"

"I hope it's something more substantial. I hope it's common sense."

"But I have been working—honestly I have."

"Don't begin lying to yourself again."

"Don't be harsh with me."

He drew in his legs, in preparation for rising—no doubt to go away.

"I don't mean that," she cried testily. "You are not harsh with me. It's the truth that's harsh—the truth I'm beginning to see—and feel. I am afraid—afraid. I haven't the courage to face it."

"Why whine?" said he. "There's nothing in that."

"Do you think there's any hope for me?"

"That depends," said he.

"On what?"

"On what you want."

"I want to be a singer, a great singer."

"No, there's no hope."

She grew cold with despair. He had a way of saying a thing that gave it the full



Howard Chandler Christy, 1911

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"What are you thinking?" she interrupted herself to say, one afternoon as she and Keith sat together on
her—telling him what triumphs awaited her as



the strand. She had been talking on and over about her career—talking conceitedly, as her subject intoxicated
soon as she should be ready to make her début

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weight of a verdict from which there was no appeal.

"Now, if you wanted to make a living," he went on, "and if you were determined to learn to sing as well as you could, with the idea that you might be able to make a living—why, then there might be hope."

"You think I can sing?"

"I never heard you. Can you?"

"They say I can."

"What do you say?"

"I don't know," she confessed. "I've never been able to judge. Sometimes I think I'm singing well, and I find out afterward that I've sung badly. Again, it's the other way."

"Then, obviously, what's the first thing to do?"

"To learn to judge myself," said she. "I never thought of it before—how important that is. Do you know Jennings—Eugene Jennings?"

"The singing teacher? No."

"Is he a good teacher?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because he has not taught you that you will never sing until you are your own teacher. Because he has not taught you that singing is a small and minor part of a career as a singer."

"But it isn't," protested she.

A long silence. Looking at him, she felt that he had dismissed her and her affairs from his mind.

"Is it?" she said, to bring him back.

"What?" asked he vaguely.

"You said that a singer didn't have to be able to sing."

"Did I?" He glanced down the shore toward the house. "It feels like lunchtime." He rose.

"What did you mean by what you said?"

"When you have thought about your case a while longer, we'll talk of it again if you wish. But until you've thought, talking is a waste of time."

She rose, stood staring out to sea. He was observing her, a faint smile about his lips. He said:

"Why bother about a career? Why not marry?"

"I could not belong to a man unless I cared for him," said she. "I tried it once; I shall never do it again."

"That sounds fine," said he. "Let's go to lunch."

"You don't believe me?"

"Do you?"

She sank down upon the sand and burst into a wild passion of sobs and tears. When her fight for self-control was over and she looked up to apologize for her pitiful exhibition of weakness—and to note whether she had made an impression upon his sympathies—she saw him striding toward the house, a quarter of a mile away. To anger succeeded a mood of desperate forlornness. She fell upon herself with gloomy ferocity. She could not sing. She had no brains. She was taking money—a disgracefully large amount of money—from Stanley Baird under false pretenses. How could she hope to sing when her voice could not be relied upon? Was not her throat at that very moment slightly sore? Was it not always going queer? She—sing! Absurd. Did Stanley Baird suspect? No, Stanley believed in her absolutely—believed in her career. When he discovered the truth, he would lose interest in her, would regard her as a poor, worthless creature, would be eager to rid himself of her. Instead of returning to the house, she went in the opposite direction, made a circuit and buried herself in the woods beyond the Shrewsbury. She was mad to get away from her own company; but the only company she could fly to was more depressing than the solitude and the taunt and sneer and lash of her own thoughts. It was late in the afternoon before she nerved herself to go home. She hoped the others would have gone off somewhere; but they were waiting for her, Stanley anxious and Cyrilla Brindley irritated. Her eyes sought Keith. He was as usual, the indifferent spectator.

"Where have you been?" cried Stanley.

"Making up my mind," said she in the tone that forewarns of a storm.

A brief pause. She struggled in vain against an impulse to look at Keith. When her eyes turned in his direction he, not looking at her, moved in his listless way toward the door. Said he:

"The auto's waiting. Come on."

She vacillated, yielded, began to put on the wraps Stanley was collecting for her. It was a big touring-car, and they sat two and two, with the chauffeur alone. Keith was beside Mildred. When they were under way, she said:

"Why did you stop me? Perhaps I'll never have the courage again."



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

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"Courage for what?" asked he.
 "To take your advice, and break off."
 "My advice?"
 "Yes, your advice."

"You have to clutch at and cling to somebody, don't you? You can't bear the idea of standing up by your own strength."

"You think I'm trying to fasten to you?" she said, with an angry laugh.

"I know it. You admitted it. You are not satisfied with the way things are going. You have doubts about your career. You shrink from your only comfortable alternative, if the career winks out. You ask me my opinion about yourself and about careers. I give it. Now, I find you asked only that you might have some one to lean on, to accuse of having got you into a mess, if doing what you think you ought to do turns out as badly as you fear."

It was the longest speech she had heard him make. She had no inclination to dispute his analysis of her motives. "I did not realize it," said she, "but that is probably so. But—remember how I was brought up."

"There's only one thing for you to do."

"Go back to my husband? You know about me—don't you?"

"Yes."

"I can't go back to him."

"No."

"Then—what?" she asked.

"Go on, as now," replied he.

"You despise me, don't you?"

"No."

"But you said you did."

"Dislike and despise are not at all the same."

"You admit that you dislike me?" cried she triumphantly.

He did not answer.

"You think me a weak, clinging creature, not able to do anything but make pretenses?"

No answer.

"Don't you?" she persisted.

"Probably I have about the same opinion of you that you have of yourself."

"What will become of me?" she said. Her face lighted up with an expression of reckless beauty. "If I could only get started I'd go to the devil, laughing and dancing—and taking a train with me."

"You are started," said he, with an amiable smile. "Keep on. But I doubt if you'll be so well amused as you may im-

agine. Going to the devil isn't as it's painted in novels by homely old maids and by men too timid to go out of nights. A few steps farther, and your disillusionment will begin. But there'll be no turning back. Already, you are almost too old to make a career."

"I'm only twenty-four. I flattered myself I looked still younger."

"It's worse than I thought," said he. "Most of the singers, even the second-rate ones, began at fifteen—began seriously. And you haven't begun yet."

"That's unjust," she protested. "I've done a little. Many people would think it a great deal."

"You haven't begun yet," repeated he calmly. "You have spent a lot of money, and have done a lot of dreaming and talking and listening to compliments, and have taken a lot of lessons of an expensive charlatan. But what have those things to do with a career?"

"You've never heard me sing."

"I do not care for singing."

"Oh!" said she in a tone of relief. "Then you know nothing about all this."

"On the contrary, I know everything about a career. And we were talking of careers, not of singing."

"You mean that my voice is worthless because I haven't the other elements?"

"What else could I have meant?" said he. "You haven't the strength. You haven't the health."

She laughed as she straightened herself. "Do I look weak and sickly?" cried she.

"For the purposes of a career as a woman you are strong and well," said he. "For the purposes of a career as a singer—" He smiled and shook his head. "A singer must have muscles like wire ropes, like a blacksmith or a washerwoman. The other day we were climbing a hill—a not very steep hill. You stopped five times for breath, and twice you sat down to rest."

She was literally hanging her head with shame. "I wasn't very well that day," she murmured.

"Don't deceive yourself," said he. "Don't indulge in the total folly of self-excuse."

"Go on," she said humbly. "I want to hear it all."

"Is your throat sore to-day?" pursued he.

She colored. "It's better," she murmured.



Howard Chandler Christy 1914

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

She examined herself in the glass, and saw, or fancied, that her looks were going—not so that others would note it, but in the subtle ways that give the first alarm to a woman who has beauty worth taking care of

"A singer with sore throat!" mocked he. "You've had a slight fogginess of the voice all summer."

"It's this sea air," she eagerly protested. "It affects everyone."

"No self-excuse, please," interrupted he. "Cigarettes, champagne, all kinds of foolish food, an impaired digestion—that's the truth, and you know it."

"I've got splendid digestion! I can eat anything!" she cried. "Oh, you don't know the first thing about singing. You don't know about temperament, about art, about all the things that singing really means."

"We were talking of careers," said he. "A career means a person who can be relied upon to do what is demanded of him. A singer's career means a powerful body, perfect health, a sound digestion. Without them, the voice will not be reliable. What you need is not singing teachers, but teachers of athletics and of hygiene. To hear you talk about a career is like listening to a child. You think you can become a professional singer by paying money to a teacher. There are lawyers and doctors and business men in all lines who think that way about their professions—that learning a little routine of technical knowledge makes a lawyer or a doctor or a merchant or a financier."

"Tell me—*what* ought I to learn?"

"Learn to think—and to persist. Learn to concentrate. Learn to make sacrifices. Learn to handle yourself as a great painter handles his brush and colors. Then perhaps you'll make a career as a singer. If not, it'll be a career as something or other."

She was watching him with a wistful, puzzled expression. "Could I ever do all that?"

"Anyone could, by working away at it every day. If you gain only one inch a day, in a year you'll have gained three hundred and sixty-five inches. And if you gain an inch a day for a while and hold it, you soon begin to gain a foot a day. But there's no need to worry about that." He was gazing at her now with an expression of animation that showed how feverishly alive he was behind that mask of calmness. "The day's work—that's the story of success. Do the day's work persistently, thoroughly, intelligently. Never mind about to-morrow. Thinking of it means dreaming or despairing—both futilities. Just the day's work."

"I begin to understand," she said thoughtfully. "You are right. I've done nothing. Oh, I've been a fool—more foolish even than I thought."

A long silence, then she said, somewhat embarrassed and in a low voice, though there was no danger of those in front of them hearing,

"I want you to know that there has been nothing wrong—between Stanley and me."

"Do you wish me to put that to your credit or to your discredit?" inquired he.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you've just told me that you haven't given Stanley anything at all for his money—that you've cheated him outright. The thing itself is discreditable, but your tone suggests that you think I'll admire you for it."

"Do you mean to say that you'd think more highly of me if I were—what most women would be in the same circumstances?"

"I mean to say that I think the whole business is discreditable to both of you—to his intelligence, to your character."

"You are frank," said she, trying to hide her anger.

"I am frank," replied he, undisturbed. He looked at her. "Why should I not be?"

"You know that I need you, that I don't dare resent," said she. "So isn't it—a little cowardly?"

"Why do you need me? Not for money, for you know you'll not get that."

"I don't want it," cried she, agitated. "I never thought of it."

"Yes, you've probably thought of it," replied he coolly. "But you will not get it."

"Well, that's settled—I'll not get it."

"Then why do you need me? Of what use can I be to you? Only one use in the world. To tell you the truth—the exact truth. Is not that so?"

"Yes," she said. "That is what I want from you—what I can't get from anyone else. No one else knows the truth—not even Mrs. Brindley, though she's intelligent. I take back what I said about your being cowardly. Oh, you do stab my vanity so! You mustn't mind my crying out. I can't help it—at least, not till I get used to you."

"Cry out," said he. "It does no harm."

"How wonderfully you understand me!"

exclaimed she. "That's why I let you say to me anything you please."

He was smiling peculiarly—a smile that somehow made her feel uncomfortable. She nerved herself for some still deeper stab into her vanity. He said, his gaze upon her and ironical,

"I'm sorry I can't return the compliment."

"What compliment?" asked she.

"Can't say that you understand me. Why do you think I am doing this?"

She colored. "Oh, no indeed, Mr. Keith," she protested, "I don't think you are in love with me—or anything of that sort. Indeed, I do not. I know you better than that."

"Really?" said he, amused. "Then you are not human."

"How can you think me so vain!" she protested.

"Because you are so," replied he. "You are as vain—no more so, but just as much so—as the average pretty and attractive woman brought up as you have been."

"I wonder," said Mildred. "I—I'm afraid you're right. But I won't admit it. I don't dare."

"That's the finest, truest thing I've ever heard you say," said Keith.

Mildred was pleased out of all proportion to the compliment. Said she with frank expression, "Then I'm not altogether hopeless?"

"As a character, no indeed," replied he. "But as a career—I was about to say, you may set your mind at rest. I shall never try to collect for my services. I am doing all this solely out of obstinacy."

"Obstinacy?" asked the puzzled girl.

"The impossible attracts me. That's why I've never been interested to make a career in law or politics or those things. I care only for the thing that can't be done. When I saw you and studied you, as I study every new thing, I decided that you could not possibly make a career."

"Why have you changed your mind?" she interrupted eagerly.

"I haven't," replied he. "If I had, I should have lost interest in you. Just as soon as you show signs of making a career, I shall lose interest in you. I have a friend, a doctor, who will take only cases where cure is impossible. Looking at you, it occurred to me that here was a chance to make an experiment more interesting than

any of his. And as I have no other impossible task inviting me at present, I decided to undertake you—if you were willing."

"Why do you tell me this?" she asked. "To discourage me?"

"No. Your vanity will prevent that."

"Then why?"

"To clear myself of all responsibility for you. You understand—I bind myself to nothing. I am free to stop or to go on at any time."

"And I?" said Mildred.

"You must do exactly as I tell you."

"But that is not fair," cried she.

"Why not?" inquired he. "Without me you have no hope—none whatever."

"I don't believe that," declared she. "It is not true."

"Very well. Then we'll drop the business," said he tranquilly. "If the time comes when you see that I'm your only hope, and if then I'm in my present humor, we will go on."

And he lapsed into silence from which she soon gave over trying to rouse him. She thought of what he had said, studied him, but could make nothing of it. She let four days go by, days of increasing unrest and unhappiness. She could not account for herself. Donald Keith seemed to have cast a spell over her—an evil spell. Her throat gave her more and more trouble. She tried her voice, found that it had vanished. She examined herself in the glass, and saw, or fancied, that her looks were going—not so that others would note it, but in the subtle ways that give the first alarm to a woman who has beauty worth taking care of and thinks about it intelligently. She thought Mrs. Brindley was beginning to doubt her, suspected a covert uneasiness in Stanley. Her foundations, such as they were, seemed tottering and ready to disintegrate. She saw her own past with clear vision for the first time—saw how futile she had been, and why Keith believed there was no hope for her. She made desperate efforts to stop thinking about past and future, to absorb herself in present comfort and luxury and opportunities for enjoyment. But Keith was always there—and to see him was to lose all capacity for enjoyment. She was curt, almost rude to him—had some vague idea of forcing him to stay away. Yet every time she lost sight of him, she was in terror until she saw him again.

The next instalment of "*The Price She Paid*" will appear in the April issue.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

She recovered complete consciousness quickly, and, with the burglar's aid, struggled into a sitting position. Her hand went to the back of her head and came away bloody.
The burglar refreshed his towel and bathed the cut

(*"Always Warm and Green"*)

Always Warm and Green

The trade-mark of a successful fiction writer is his name. Thousands of dollars are spent in advertising it. You associate good goods—good fiction—with it. You depend upon it. And the man who owns that name can no more afford to fall down than any other maker of widely advertised, trade-marked goods. That is another reason—we have pointed out many to you before—why the best writers—the biggest names, the names that carry the literary trade-mark—appear in *Cosmopolitan*. Gouverneur Morris is one of them—we think one of the best there are. And we have told you that you will have a story a month from him—real, gripping stories of the many-phased life of New York. In this story he tells what happened to a lonely woman who hunted for a burglar—and found him

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Claws of the Tiger," "An Idyl of Pelham Bay Park," "The First of the Month," etc.

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

MRS. HILDA GENUNG was a luxuriant widow of thirty-five. And since she was rich in addition, there were ambitious men ranging in years from seventeen to ninety who would have been very glad to marry her. Unfortunately for the worldly advancement of these, she was a man-hater and hard as nails. In the first place, she had been forced by her father into marriage with Genung the grocer; still protesting, she had borne this one a son. That son had not turned out well, having at the age of four and a half years been run over by a beer-wagon and killed. The driver of the wagon was a man. The lawyers who defended him, and also the company for which he drove, were men. The judge and the jury who pronounced the murder an accident were men. The lawyer who conducted Mrs. Genung's case for damages (and got her none) was a man. He sent her in a plump bill, and sued her when she refused to pay up. Is it any wonder that she hated the male of the species? But did she really? Or was she just lonely?

For the fact that she was a householder, she had to thank her late husband. At least that is the person she ought to have thanked. She thanked no person. She thanked God, whom she read about, every day of her life, in a fat German Bible.

The ground floor and the cellar of her house were devoted to the grocery business that had been Genung's. In the second story the rich widow kept house. In the third she bred canary birds and taught them to sing.

Every Saturday she deposited money in her bank; through the week she kept her profits in a strong-box under her bed.

By Thursday of every week, these profits, in pennies, silver, and even greenbacks, amounted to a tempting sum. Her friends told her that she ought either to get married or not keep so much money "by her." And although outwardly unmoved by such oft-repeated admonitions, she quaked inwardly, and every night of her life looked, before retiring, into every cupboard in her house and under every piece of furniture, whether it was large enough to furnish ambush for the Irish giant or no larger than would serve to hide a felon some eighteen inches long by three inches deep.

She was a woman who could have gotten used to finding robbers under beds. She had a high temper; she had a terrific iron furnace-poker, and she was powerful. She would have made a good policeman. But she could not get used to *not* finding them. No woman can. The sport of hunting a house over for burglars is cumulative. If on the very first night of initiating the habit, flattened out against the skirts hanging in the very first cupboard opened, a woman were to find a man, the chances are excellent that she would deal furiously with him, and efficiently; but let her find her burglar only after years of nightly searching, and the chances are equally good that she will fall a prey to her emotions, faint, or even die of fright.

Mrs. Genung had begun her nightly burglar hunts in a fine spirit of righteous, householding courage and efficiency; but as time

Always Warm and Green

passed and she found no one, her imagination gradually got the better of her good sense, and her nerves rather than her mind got to wondering, not what was going to happen to the burglar, when at last she should find one, but how she herself was ever going to survive such a dreaded success.

She was a woman of much logic—for a woman. And as such was bound to admit that if she looked into cupboards and under beds often enough, she was bound eventually, according to all the laws of chance, to find somebody. It was inevitable. It was a law of life: a law of fate. Therefore she bought a revolver to play the part of subtle left hand to the brute force of her right hand and the great iron poker. She would have been better advised had she bought a bottle of smelling-salts.

One Friday night she left her house unguarded to attend a performance of "Minna Von Barnhelm" at the German Theater. During the intermission which precedes the last act of that famous comedy, she happened to observe, in glancing at her program, that it was not only Friday night, but the night of Friday the thirteenth.

Midway between aisles in the third row of the balcony, a handsome, florid, and generously proportioned woman of thirty-five might have been seen to turn white as the program which fluttered from her nerveless hands, to rise, to pass over, rather than among, those who were between her and the exit of the theater, and to disappear around the nearest corner at a breathless Amazonian run.

Having reached her house, and let herself in, Mrs. Genung, sobbing for breath, leaned against the wall, and dared not, for a long time, strike a light, and go up-stairs. When at last she had done these things, and begun the horrible search, which the conjunction of Friday and the thirteenth had convinced her was to have its reward, she was all-a-shudder from head to foot.

The most likely hiding-places in the house were the bed and the wardrobe in her own room. Of this she had long been persuaded. Consequently she put off any examination of them until the last possible moment, hoping perhaps to borrow the necessary courage from the sleeping canaries, whose numerous cages congested the entire third floor of the house.

She spent half an hour looking into the most unlikely places she could think of:

cupboards not large enough to hide a dog; drawers that could not have harbored a cat. Having disposed of the least likely places, she disposed next of the less likely, of the likely, of the more likely, and then, standing for some moments by the side of her bed, she knelt suddenly with a kind of galvanic motion, and bent over forward until the side of her head almost touched the floor. At first she saw nothing. But that was only because she had shut her eyes tight. She opened them, and saw that her cash-box was gone. She rose then with a long sigh that was part fresh terrors and part relief. And she crossed the room to her wardrobe, and stood before it, heaving and swaying for a very long time.

When at last she pulled the door open, she saw her cash-box closely hugged to the breast of a man.

Then, dropping her great iron poker and her cocked revolver, she fell flat on her back in a dead faint. Her head in falling struck the corner of a chair-seat a glancing but stunning blow, so that the humane burglar, stepping hastily from the wardrobe, and disengaging himself of the cash-box, had upon his hands a woman who had not only fainted, but had been knocked out as well.

II

HE had a thin face upon which the beard had gone unrazored for a number of days. He had thin hair, a thin chest, thin hands, eyes very large, bright, and attractive.

His efforts to lift Mrs. Genung set him into a patiently endured paroxysm of coughing. Since he could not take the patient to the bed, he brought the bed to the patient, or such parts of it as seemed essential—a pillow to go under her head, a quilt to keep off drafts. He then bathed her face with a towel dipped in water, and alternated the treatment by borrowing feathers from one of her hats and burning them under her nose. It was not, however, until he forced her mouth open and poured raw rye into it from a pocket flask that she came to.

The burglar drew a long sigh of relief. She recovered complete consciousness quickly, and, with his aid, struggled into a sitting position. Her hand went to the back of her head and came away bloody. The burglar refreshed his towel and bathed the cut.

"It's not deep," he said. "Feel better?"

When she saw her cash-box closely hugged to the breast of a man, she dropped her great iron poker and her cocked revolver, and fell flat on her back in a dead faint

When she saw her cash-box closely hugged to the breast of a man, she dropped her great iron poker and her cocked revolver, and fell flat on her back, in a dead faint.



As a matter of fact she felt sick and shaken, but instinct was strong, and she said, "Yes, I thank you."

"You gave me an awful start," said the burglar; "I thought you were dead."

"What has happened?" she asked.

"You opened the dresser," he explained, "and saw me, and I guess you fainted, and hit your head falling. But you oughtn't to be scared of me. I guess you could whip me in a fight."

"I am not any longer afraid," said Mrs. Genung. "Are you a robber?"

"Yes, m'am," he said. "But I wouldn't hurt anybody if I could help it."

"That is right," said Mrs. Genung. She got slowly to her feet, he helping. "I am dizzy," she said.

He slipped an arm about her waist, and supported her. It was not a strong arm. "Whisky?"

"I thank you." She drank freely from his flask. "For dizziness," she said, "whisky is better as beer. How long is it that I have fainted?"

The burglar pulled out somebody's gun-metal watch and consulted it. "Nearly an hour," he said. "I was just going for a doctor when you opened your eyes."

"If I am a robber," she said, "I am already a long time out of the window gone."

"Beauty in distress, you know!" exclaimed the burglar.

"If you are a robber, you are a gentleman," she said. "I will let you pretty soon cut by my front door."

She closed her eyes, still dizzy, and leaned heavily against his arm. The effort which he had to make cost him a fit of coughing.

"You have cold?"

"Not exactly," he said, "but it begins with a C."

"My Gott," she said, "you are a consumptives, and have to rob peoples for a living."

"I couldn't hold a job," he said, "or get new ones. When things go that way, and there's nobody to take care of you—well, something tells you to go on living if you can."

"So that is how it was. Ach, this world—this world!"

"I'm not long for it," said the burglar. "'One-Lung Dick' they call me."

"Dick!" she exclaimed. "That is the name of my little boy that has been by a beer-wagon run over, and killed."

The power of the whisky was gradually mounting in her veins. She burst into a long speech about her little Dick, and ended with tears. She had never expected, such was her hatred of them, to weep in a man's arms and upon his breast. But that is what she did for nearly five minutes.

With his right hand the burglar stroked and patted her ample shoulders. He was so sick and sleepy that he could hardly keep his eyes open, but he had within his shallow, narrow chest a deep fund of gentleness and pity.

"There! There! There! There!" he kept saying.

She finished presently, but for an occasional long drawn snuffle. "I think it is better," she said, "as you now go."

"Right-o—if you think *you'll* be all right."

"Yes—yes, I am myself now once again become. Excuse me."

She turned her back on him and appeared to be engaged with the bosom of her dress. When she faced him once more she had a slender key in her hand.

"It is better," she said, "that the cash-box itself you should not take."

She then thrust the key into the lock of the box, turned it, and flung back the lid.

"Friday night," she said, "is always good pickings by me."

"This is Saturday morning," said the burglar. "Saturday the fourteenth." He clasped his hands behind his back as if to hide them from the temptation of the money. "I don't take anything of yours," he said, "unless it's your good wishes."

Still kneeling by the cash-box, she looked up at him over her shoulder. "I have business," she said, "with bankers, lawyers, plumbers, all kind of men. But you are more honest as these. And you are sick."

She filled her hands with money and held them out to him. But he shook his head.

"Then what will you do?"

"Lady," he said, "I'm plumb tired out. I've been thinking. What's the use? Sooner or later it'll come anyway. When I go out of here, I guess I'll walk around to Headquarters and give myself up."

"What for?"

"They won't work me too hard. They can't. They'll feed me, and keep me clean. I'll sleep warm. The doctor will look after me for nothing."

"Don't do it," said Mrs. Genung. She had a look of genuine distress.

"Of course," he smiled, "I'd rather step into a nice little income and live where it's always warm and green. But there's nothing like that coming to me. Do you know, there's lots of times in lots of men's lives when jail looks pretty good to them."

With arguments to dissuade him from his resolution Mrs. Genung waxed warm and elaborate of speech. She was realizing for the first time in her life, perhaps, how very lonely she was, having by her own acts and prejudices cut herself off from all caring or being cared about. And it seemed a tragedy to her that, having at last found herself in sympathy with a human being, that human being was about to leave her and melt away forever into the darkness. She would have given good money for the privilege of seeing him once in a while and talking over her affairs with him.

She lighted a candle at the gas-jet, and preceded him down the narrow stairs.

"Look here," she said, agitated by fear of refusal, "what if I give you a job by my little store?"

"You're a good, kind woman," he said with real feeling, "but the stuff that goes out of your store is fed to babes and sucklings and little children, isn't it? For me to handle that stuff first would be a worse crime than any I've ever done. Besides, that," he went on, "you don't really see anything in me. You've been cracked over the head. You've drunk more whisky than you know. When you've had some sleep things will look different."

"You are going to Headquarters?"

"That's the nearest place. I guess so. I'm not sure. But if not now—soon."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I want to give you some money. I want to do for you."

His finger touched the handle of the front door irresolutely. He had one of his paroxysms of coughing. He finished with a mumbled apology and a cheerful, "God bless me!"

"I am always," she said bitterly, "to be alone by my house."

"Well," he said, "if you are it's your own fault."

She blushed like a young girl.

"Just come out of your shell a little, and give some of the boys a chance. All men aren't bad."

"I have been learned that," she said, "by a robber."

"Oh," he sported, "if I were only younger!"

She spoke eagerly. And looked him unabashed in the face, her own thrust forward. "You are younger as me. You are young enough!"

He drew back, troubled.

"I am lonely," she presently said, "lonely. I like you better as any man I have seen."

"My dear lady," he said slowly, "I'm not free. When I got sick and things went wrong, *she* left me. I don't know what she did, or where she went. I only know that when the ship began to sink the 'Rat' jumped ashore. Good-by."

He held out his hand.

Tears came in Mrs. Genung's eyes. "I read my Bible," she said, "and I got a good name, or else I tell you to stay anyhow."

He raised her hand to his lips.

"I don't even know your name," she said wistfully.

"My name?" He smiled. "My name is 'One-Lung Dick'; you may see it in the papers to-morrow or next day. And you can say, 'I knew *him*; he wasn't half as black as they paint him.'"

She was crying steadily now, and kept reiterating, as if to excuse her want of daring: "I only got my good name. I only got my good name."

"Well," he said, "you stick to it. And God bless you."

He was gone. She stood in the doorway looking after him. At the corner he turned and waved—kissed the tips of his fingers to her, turned into the side street, and vanished.

In the house opposite a window opened, and a fat German Jewess leaned out. She, together with her oily husband, was Mrs. Genung's chief rival in the grocery business.

"Mrs. Genung—oh, Mrs. Genung."

"Well, what is it?"

"It is that I have seen you and your feller. And after this I do not speak with you any more. You are not respectable!"

The window closed sharply, with a horrified sort of expression; and Mrs. Genung realized through her tears that with the fact of her good name "it was all up."

She ran swiftly to the corner around which her burglar had vanished. But he was nowhere to be seen.

"Dick! Dick! Dick!" she called at the top of her lungs. It was more like screaming than calling.

She had no answer, and turned presently and went home, sobbing as if her heart would break.

The consumptive stepped out of the dark archway in which he had hidden himself at the sound of her pursuing steps, and went slowly on his way to the police station. Every now and then he passed the back of his hand across his eyes.

Mrs. Genung went to bed, and after a short time slept, and after a long time waked. Her throat and tongue were parched. When she moved her head, there was a lump (just back of the forehead) that didn't move with the rest, but seemed to remain achingly stationary.

Deep within her breast a still small voice kept advising that she had made a fool of herself, and that something awful had happened. Little by little she put together the pieces of her late adventure, and grew more and more humiliated and aghast.

She had done her best to make up to a perfectly strange man, who was married to some one else, and who, in addition, was a thief. She had behaved in a maudlin, tearful, execrable manner. The stranger had treated her like a child that does not know its own mind. He had rejected her advances gently, but firmly. She had followed him down the street. She had been seen letting him out of her house. She had lost her good name. No explanations that she could make would be accepted. She knew that. She herself would have accepted no such explanations from any of her neighbors. Why should they accept any from her? And even if they *should*, they wouldn't.

That her good name was gone forever troubled her frightfully. But what troubled her more was the undeniable fact that so far as her own conscience had behaved she might just as well have lost her good name for cause. How reconcile this awful knowledge with the knowledge that she was instinctively, and by the force of religion, a most virtuous woman. One thing was sure. She had fallen, and hit her head, and she must have been out of her mind. And this, if not an excuse, was at least a palliation.

She rose, dressed, and presently discovered a whisky-flask, nearly empty. She stared at it, and remembered drinking out of it. Also she had come to out of her faint with the taste of whisky in her mouth.

Was it possible that at one time in the past night that flask had been *full*? If so—why, then, the whole of her conduct, her tears, her sudden infatuation, was clear, and the reason for it revealed. "I am drunken till I am not myself," she said.

She moaned with her head in her hands.

All day the little grocery store remained closed, all day the shades of Mrs. Genung's windows remained down. She moved from floor to floor of her house in a state of twilit remorse, and shame, and humiliation. She made several attempts upon her Bible for comfort; but each time the worthy book opened at some Mosaic punishment for drunkards or light women.

Throughout the dark fabric of her remorse, however, and especially toward evening, were shot threads of bright colors: One-Lung Dick's voice, his gentle respectful way of speaking, his sad, touching eyes, his flashes of heroic gaiety. If shock and liquor had drawn her toward him, she remained, in cold and suffering sobriety, still drawn. It was his fault, of course, that she had lost her self-respect and the respect of her neighbors. He shouldn't have broken into her house, he shouldn't have ever dosed her with whisky, he shouldn't have made himself attractive to her.

And yet it was not One-Lung Dick that she blamed for her disaster. She kept finding excuses for him; but for herself practically none, and for her neighbors none whatever.

She sat straight up with a start, and nodded her head vigorously.

"Mrs. Genung," she said, "there is truth in a strong drink, and you are mashed on that feller!"

And then being sick to death of the agitations of conscience, she shook them from her, and gave herself up to the unmixed luxury of thinking only about the man who had come into her life, warmed her heart, and gone out—forever.

But of these instincts to which this abandonment of her thoughts most appealed, the strongest were the maternal and the nursing instincts. How delightful it would be, each morning, to carry up his breakfast to him on a tray, to see with her own eyes that each day he was a little better, to receive encouraging words from the doctor in the next room, to see to it that rubbers were worn in wet weather, and coats buttoned snug and high in cold.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

It seemed for a long time to the woman who watched, and to the woman who implored, that he was not going to be able to make up his mind to forgive

Always Warm and Green

That night she looked into only the wardrobe in her room. She opened the mirrored door, gently and without fear. It wasn't as usual, thrilling to think that she might discover a man; it was, on the contrary, very dismal to know that she wouldn't.

She closed the door of the empty wardrobe almost tenderly. So a mother closes a drawer in which she keeps the picture of her husband taken when he was a baby and locks of her own babies' hair.

It was not a remorseful woman who lay all night awake in Mrs. Genung's bed; it was a lonely, unhappy woman who had lost, not a reputation (would that matter?) but a child.

The mother instinct and the nurse instinct, broken short off, thwarted, cried aloud in her breast. Two or three times during the night she had sudden crises of tenderness which carried her, barefoot, hurrying to the floor above to see if all was well with her canaries—"poor liddle things."

III

THAT Mrs. Genung had lost her good name in the neighborhood was soon evident, but there remained plenty of ambitious men, ranging in years from seventeen to ninety, who would have liked to make an honest woman of her. Such is the impulse to chivalry and pity of a well-known bank-account.

That she had lost her good name mattered a great deal to Mrs. Genung. That her loneliness, made evident to her by the coming and the going of One-Lung Dick, was now in such constant evidence as to be almost tangible, mattered a great deal more. But that One-Lung Dick, having surrendered himself, had been sent up the river for five years mattered most of all.

She would be forty when he came out. He had thought her good looking. Would he still think her so? Would the prison doctor know what was best for him? With that horrible cough would he live to come out at all? Would they keep him warm, nourished, not too strenuously occupied?

It was no obstacle in Mrs. Genung's views of the possible future that the "Rat," who had leaped ashore from the sinking ship, might still be alive. Having lost her good name, Mrs. Genung was resentfully willing to show cause after the fact. If she

could not marry One-Lung Dick, she could and would take him to live in her house, and feel at liberty to keep on reading her Bible into the bargain.

It was not a husband that she wanted, but a companion; a wedge to split the dark loneliness of her life and let in the sun; an interest, some living thing, more responsive than canary birds, to care for. In such moods women adopt children, or commit suicide.

A year passed, but Mrs. Genung's interest in her burglar waxed rather than waned.

Upon an advantageous offer she sold her home and grocery business, and added the sum to savings that were already handsome. It was her intention to go into lodgings, but an advertisement in a Sunday newspaper gave her thoughts, and presently her acts, a new direction. "Go to Florida," said the advertisement, "where it is always warm and green."

"Always warm and green!" One-Lung Dick had used those words. What was this Florida? She amassed literature, and she gathered that in addition to the warmth and the greenness of the fortunate state, lungs healed there, and fortunes were to be made in pineapples, oranges, and garden-truck. And she asked herself "Why not?"

So she went South in the very heart of the winter, and found herself at last almost too warm in a country that was almost too green. Better, she found an aged compatriot, who had done very well in garden-truck and was an honest man. He saw to it that the ten acres to which she presently acquired title were as represented, and not too dear.

She had a local builder, to whom she was recommended, draw plans for a stanch little bungalow. There must be a kitchen, she told him, a dining-room, a pantry, a store closet, a piazza, and two bedrooms.

"I shall maybe have company sometime," she explained, and because the contractor, who was a student of human nature, lifted his eyebrows, she blushed very red.

When she went North, her ten acres were planted to orange-trees, and bright-flowering vines were running up the walls and pillars of the bungalow. She traveled as swiftly as might be from her new home to Albany, New York. Here after some difficulties she gained the ear of the governor of New York. And to him, at first

desperately bored, and presently amused, and at last deeply touched, she told, in her warm rich voice and fluent broken English, of the finding in her wardrobe of One-Lung Dick, of their conversation, of his going to give himself up, of her reputation being blasted, of her selling out, of her going to Florida, of her preparing a home "where it is always warm and green" against the day of his release.

"But," the governor objected, "the man has a wife living."

"He is younger than me," she explained. "It is adopting a child, it is nursing by the sick that I do. I have by my heart only pity, and no wickedness. Every day I read my Bible."

This was too much for the governor, who didn't.

"I'm inclined to think," he said, "that you could keep a man out of mischief if you put your mind to it."

She told him that she was inclined to think so herself, but that in One-Lung Dick there was no natural mischief whatever, only misfortune and disease. She showed him some postcards that she had had made of the new bungalow. The governor said that it was just the kind of house he'd like to live in himself—if he had time. More important, he said that he would "investigate" and do what he could for her.

He did investigate, and he found that One-Lung Dick was no longer a good subject for the vengeance of society. Furthermore, except that his coughing kept certain earnest hard-working convicts awake at night, his conduct in prison had been that of the virtuous boys in the Sunday-school books.

When they told One-Lung Dick that he was free, he broke down, because he had nowhere to go, and he knew of no way in which he could earn a living.

IV

MRS. GENUNG, in a closed carriage drawn by two broken-down horses, was waiting just outside the prison gate. She was beaming with nervousness and happiness. Five minutes before the prison clock sounded the

hour of One-Lung Dick's release, another woman came up with swift steps, and halted, sobbing for breath.

The weight of poverty and of the street had been heavy upon her. She was a broken reed, a cast-off plaything. Yet she had about her a certain dignity as of one who has come through dark ways to an illumined resolution.

Mrs. Genung felt an awful sinking in the region of her heart. The color left her face. Her hands trembled and became moist. She dropped her purse, and stooped to pick it up. It contained a good deal of money, and two tickets with accommodations on the Florida Special. Her eyes narrowed as if by sheer will-power she expected to find the answer to the question which she kept asking herself. And indeed light so came, and she murmured half aloud,

"The 'Rat.'"

A moment later One-Lung Dick came out of the prison.

From the carriage Mrs. Genung waved to him, still hoping against hope. But he did not see her. He saw only the "Rat," who now knelt before him, and who embraced his knees, and looked up into his face.

It seemed for a long time to the woman who watched, and to the woman who implored, that he was not going to be able to make up his mind to forgive. But then suddenly, when perhaps they least expected it, his hardened eyes seemed to melt into a great pitiful tenderness, and in a breaking, aching voice he said:

"My treasure! My darling!"

Mrs. Genung gave one dreadful long-drawn snuffle. Then she mastered herself and, like a great general, saw how best to alter her plans to meet the exigencies of the unexpected. She flung wide open the carriage door and leaned out. Pale she still was, but palpitating from head to foot with tenderness and humanity.

"Hey, there," she called, "don't be all the time kneeling in the streets. Jump in here by me, you two, and I take you—wo—where—ess ist—it is always warm and green."

The next story by Gouverneur Morris, "*Legay Pelham's Headache*," will appear in the April issue.
It will be illustrated by Harrison Fisher.





DRAWN BY J. D. CLEASON

The "Thetis" forcing its way north for the rescue of Greely. For seven hundred miles this expedition battled with the ice day and night. Commander Schley taking desperate chances to reach in time the explorers who had been in the arctic regions for three years

Admiral Schley's Own Story

By Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Two naval expeditions organized and fitted out at the expense of the government failed, after gallant efforts, to reach Lieutenant Greely and his men, who, after making valuable geographical discoveries, were caught in the arctic ice. The President, through his Secretaries of War and the Navy, Lincoln and Chandler, called upon Admiral—then Commander—Schley to do the work; and in this instalment of his autobiography Admiral Schley tells the dramatic story of the final rescue. He shows again the kind of steel our great naval heroes are made of—the kind that to-day fills our navy with the bravest and most efficient sea-fighters in the world.

DURING our stay of three weeks in the Korean waters after the battle with the Salée forts, we saw only now and then, and at a great distance, a Korean. We were entirely shunned by the inhabitants. The motives of this neglect were obviously born of fear, a state of mind which in time led to a complete change of heart among the natives. Some months afterward an inquiry was made whether our government would receive an embassy from the empire, properly instructed to treat with us for an amicable understanding, looking, of course, to their recognition, by us, as a friendly state. So ended our first attempt to reach and reason with the last of the exclusive empires of the East. Its effect was far-reaching upon the political dignity of our nation in the Far East, as we soon discovered after leaving Korea.

The *Benicia* was ordered to visit the Treaty Ports on the Yangtse-Kiang River as far as Hankow, about nine hundred miles from its mouth. At all these ports our visit was marked by most friendly receptions from the officials. Everywhere the Korean embroilie was known and discussed. The influence that it had had upon the security of all foreigners was manifest in the renewed consideration of their treaty rights then accorded them.

This visit concluded, the *Benicia* proceeded to Manila and other ports of the Philippine group, to show the flag where it was not often seen on our vessels of war. The *Benicia's* arrival was an event of agreeable interest to the Spanish authorities of the several islands. In fact, they made it an occasion to show us kindly hospitalities. The memories of this visit to the Spanish possessions are very happy, in spite of very different recollections of subsequent service at Santiago de Cuba.

The *Benicia's* orders finally arrived, calling her home. At last, after three years'

separation from country and friends, we were again homeward bound. The feeling of joy when the boatswain pipes "All hands up anchor for God's country" can be appreciated only by those who have waited patiently for it in exile, performing duties that are beyond the public observation, and therefore, to some extent, outside public sympathy. I still remember the day—July 4, 1872—we began our homeward voyage across the great Pacific to San Francisco, which carried us around the world.

In September, 1872, the officers and crew were detached from the *Benicia* and ordered to their homes. I had no sooner arrived at mine than I received orders directing me to report for duty at the Naval Academy under Admiral Worden, who assigned me to the department of modern languages. While I did not covet orders to the Academy, and the duty there was not to my taste, I accepted the detail, resolved to do the best that was in me. I had no aptitude for the humdrum life of the pedagogue, but, on the other hand, a deal of sympathy for the youngster who had found study irksome.

In June, 1874, I was promoted to the grade of commander, and in the summer of 1876, my term of service at the Academy having ended, I was ordered to command the new sloop of war *Essex*, fitting out for sea at Boston. A new revolution in Mexico broke out soon after, menacing American interests in that country, and the *Essex* was ordered to Vera Cruz to protect American interests there. We sailed in February, 1877, and arrived at Vera Cruz a fortnight later, dropping anchor under the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. Visits were exchanged with our consular representative and the military governor of the district. These visits revealed the fact that the garrisons of the castle and the city were ready, to a man, to declare for General Porfirio Diaz,

Admiral Schley's Own Story

the moment he should appear. Only a short time afterward an American steamer from New Orleans arrived in the port with General Diaz, a passenger, on board. The situation on shore was explained to the captain of this steamer, who immediately conveyed it to General Diaz. The following day, General Diaz landed above the city and was tumultuously welcomed by the people as the savior of Mexico.

MY THIRD CRUISE TO THE EAST

Duty soon called us to another part of the globe. The all-seeing eye of the State Department had discovered threatening clouds of trouble in Liberia, and as our government stood in the relation of a foster parent to this Afro-American republic it was held to be one of our duties to visit the ports of Liberia now and then to manifest a neighborly interest in its affairs.

We sailed from Hampton Roads in August, 1877. Our destination was Monrovia via the Cape Verdes, then along the coast, touching at Cape Palmas, thence to the island of Fernando Po in the Gulf of Guinea, the French colony on the Gaboon River in equatorial Africa, and lastly to St. Paul de Loando. An important part of my mission was a call to be made at Shark's Point, at the mouth of the Congo, to punish some natives there for having attacked and destroyed an American schooner the year before; but on my arrival at this place I found the whole region abandoned, the huts destroyed, the cocoanut groves burned, and desolation widespread. Later, it was learned that Commander Leicester M. Keppel, of the British navy, who was then cruising on the coast, had proceeded to the spot when he heard of the piratical act and promptly punished the marauders.

From St. Paul de Loando my orders directed me to run a line of deep-sea soundings to the east coast of Brazil across the South Atlantic, touching at St. Helena. This was a most interesting duty, and revealed some very extraordinary phenomena in the ocean depths over this great sea highway.

My visit to St. Helena made an impression never to be forgotten. It was a place of entrancing interest, this lonely volcanic rock, where the last days of the great Napoleon had been lived, and as I sat under the "Willows" where his body remained for twenty years, and as I stood in the room in which he died, a room overlooking the rest-

less sea, there was a sense of inexpressible loneliness that touched my sympathy for the great life that had ebbed away under punitive restraints that seemed hardly necessary. Obviously escape was impossible on this island where the seas lashed about its shores the year round, a forbidding turmoil of water to any approach by boats, which would have been dashed to pieces in the restless waves. His merciless jailer was too small a man to have been given the charge of so distinguished a prisoner. With a touch of sympathy from his keeper the world might have known more of this great man and his intended purposes, had he succeeded.

My orders attached the *Essex* to the South Atlantic Squadron under command of Admiral Edward T. Nichols, whose flag was borne by the historic old *Hartford*, Farragut's flagship during the Civil War. Admiral Nichols had been Admiral Rodgers's chief of staff in China and Korea, so that service with his squadron in the South Atlantic was what I should have chosen had my wishes been consulted. It was an extensive territory, an area including the coast of Brazil, the coast of Argentina as far south as Cape Horn, and extending as far east as the Cape of Good Hope. Two years were profitably spent in cruising here.

THE GOVERNMENT'S SIX-CENT CHECK

In 1879 I was detached from the *Essex* and assigned to duty as inspector of the Second Light-House District, with headquarters in Pemberton Square, Boston. This was a new and interesting experience, and brought me into relations again with one of my fellow comrades at Annapolis, Commander George Dewey, who was the naval secretary of the Light-House Board. I had spent two years with him at the Naval Academy in 1856-58, served as a lieutenant in the same squadron under Farragut during the Civil War, and taught with him at the Naval Academy in 1866-67. Dewey was one of the officers in the navy who made good in every grade. I shall never forget, on taking service under the Light-House Board, how much he impressed upon me, in explaining the new duties before me, how absolutely the board relied upon the inspectors in every matter confided to their care. He was particularly proud of the untainted record of all its officers, from the establishment of the board, in all money transactions, especially the economical expenditure of



George Dewey, who, as secretary of the Light-House Board when Commander Schley was an inspector, gave the younger officer valuable advice.—Facsimile of his commission as commander given to W. S. Schley by U. S. Grant

every cent entrusted to them. I was not richly endowed with the goods of this world, but I felt that there was not money enough in it to tempt me to traffic in the one commodity which my uniform held to be the one ornament above all price —its honor. I served acceptably for three years and made good, at least in money matters, for when my final accounts, including the expenditure of many hundred thousands of dollars, were examined, passed, and closed, the government owed me six cents, and I had to draw it on a sub-treasury warrant to square matters between the assistant treasurer and myself.

It was during this service at Boston that I was attracted, without any official reason, to the question of arctic exploration. One July morning, in 1881, the

Boston papers contained a despatch from St. Johns, Newfoundland, announcing the departure, in the steam-whaler *Proteus*, of an expedition under command of Lieutenant A. W. Greely, U.S.A., for Lady Franklin Bay in the arctic regions. His party consisted of about twenty-five men. I happened to beat the navy-yard at the time, and in commenting upon the news I ventured the remark to some brother officers, "This means that



some naval officer will have to go up there and bring them back."

It was never in my mind at the time that this duty would fall to me, but somehow the despatch attracted me. When the Greely expedition was exploited and prepared I was absent from home, at sea; therefore, I was ignorant of its purposes. I was prompted to look into the matter more, with a view to brush up my knowledge of those far-off regions, whose geography had been so much enlarged by the explorations of a number of intrepid navigators in recent years. It was not long before I had access to the official information I needed to fix in my mind all that was necessary to understand completely the entire situation in this new expedition.

GREELY LOST IN THE ARCTIC

During the remaining two years of my duty at Boston, until October of 1883, matters connected with the Greely expedition interested me not a little. The relief expedition sent out in 1882 in the whaler *Neptune*, in charge of Sergeant Beebe of the Signal Corps, failed to make any impression upon the solid ice-pack beyond Littleton Island, though Sergeant Beebe remained until September of that year trying to overcome this obstacle between him and Greely's party. His failure to reach Lady Franklin Bay was not regarded as a serious mishap, as the exploring party was supplied with food and clothing for another year and was known to be well housed. It brought into prominence, however, the fact that the expedition to be sent the following year must be equipped against any possibility of failure.

Accordingly the second relief expedition, under Lieutenant E. A. Garlington, U. S. A., consisting of the steam-whaler *Proteus*, with the U. S. Ship *Yantic*, as escort, was organized and sailed from St. Johns on June 29, 1883. Without reviewing entirely the unfortunate incidents of this second Greely relief expedition, it is only necessary to remember that the *Proteus*, after steaming north through Melville Bay and Smith Sound into the dangerous ice-pack of Kane Sea, was unfortunately caught between two heavy floes which crushed and sank her on July 23d. This was a distressingly serious situation indeed. The second relief expedition had failed, and the *Proteus* had gone to the bottom with all the stores that were being

hastened to Greely to save him and his party from starvation.

I have often tried to picture in my mind what Lieutenant Garlington's feelings must have been on that July afternoon in the middle of Kane Sea, when the problem of the safety of his own party had to be considered. The subsequent retreat of his party through Smith Sound and across Melville Bay to Upernivik in Greenland was one of the most thrilling and heroic in arctic history. After a fruitless search by the *Yantic* in Smith Sound, owing to some confusion over the points of meeting, she finally picked up Garlington's party at Upernivik and carried it back to St. Johns. Garlington's despatch from that port on September 13, 1883, announcing the total failure of his expedition by the destruction of the *Proteus*, was a stunning shock to the nation and led to the severest criticism by the press. It was entirely forgotten that in these regions the rule of service is risk, and that on the duty he was performing, under imperative instructions, over-caution as frequently begets mishaps as over-risk.

PLANS FOR MY RELIEF EXPEDITION

It was now too late in the season to equip another expedition, as winter, with its six months of darkness and cold, was setting in. Greely's party was thus exposed to the gravest danger, and what to do was the question that agitated every mind.

On December 17, 1883, under the strain of national excitement over this question, President Arthur ordered a board composed of General W. B. Hazen, chief signal officer, Captain James A. Greer, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander B. H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Captain George W. Davis, U. S. A., to assemble on the 20th of that month, "to consider an expedition to be sent for the relief of Lieutenant A. W. Greely and his party, comprising what is known as the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, and to recommend to the secretaries of war and the navy, jointly, the steps the board may consider necessary to be taken for the equipment and transportation of the relief expedition, and to suggest such plans for its control and conduct, and for the organization of its personnel, as may seem best adapted to accomplish its purpose."

This board assembled as directed, and after a most careful examination of all the facts submitted its final report in Janu-



William E. Chandler (left) and Robert T. Lincoln, navy and war secretaries, who organized the expedition for the relief of Lieutenant Greely and chose Commander Schley to lead it

PORTRAITS FROM THE RESERVE COLLECTION



The rescuers and the rescued—the "Thetis." Lieutenant figure; Commander

from a photograph taken on board
Greely is the central seated
Schley stands at his left

ary of 1884. Three plans for the expedition were presented, but the one submitted by McCalla appeared to be the most feasible. It proposed an expedition entirely naval in character rather than one of mixed service. This was the common sense of the situation.

Commander Schley, from a crayon portrait made just after his return from rescuing Greely

My duties in Boston had ended. I had been ordered to the Navy Department in Washington, and was, therefore, in touch with the situation that was then uppermost in all minds. My own views on the subject were decided, and when officially asked to express them, I did so without reserve.



Some of the dangers that had to be overcome in rescuing the Greely expedition—the "Thetis" surrounded by pack-ice, through which it forced its way for nearly 700 miles

President Arthur acted wisely in placing the matter of Greely's relief in the hands of his two able secretaries of war and the navy, Robert T. Lincoln and William E. Chandler. These energetic and able officials wasted no time in deciding that the expedition was to be entirely naval, and it was due to their excellent judgment, their complete understanding of its work, and their decisive action that it was equipped so well for the duty before it.

My connection with the expedition began in January, 1884, when Mr. Chandler sent for me to ascertain if I had aspirations for service in the arctic. Before I could reply he went on to inform me in substance that both himself and Mr. Lincoln had agreed that if any reason, private or otherwise, existed why I ought not, or could not, go on a

service that was in some degree a sort of forlorn hope, it should not militate against me in future preferment for duty. I re-



Commander Schley, from a photograph taken on board the "Thetis," and Lieutenant A. W. Greely just before he went to the arctic

plied that while I knew it would be a service not ordinarily to one's taste, and one of great exposure and privation, if it was necessary to be appointed to this duty by volunteering, I should like to volunteer; and if it was necessary to be ordered, I should like to be ordered. I asked that the matter of my detail be kept secret until the last possible moment, so as to spare my family any anxiety in the meanwhile. This consideration was observed, and it was not until my orders of February 18, 1884, were issued, assigning me to this command, that the fact became generally known.

ON THE WAY TO THE RESCUE

From the inception of the work to be done until it was concluded, both Secretary Lincoln and Secretary Chandler were in the heartiest accord with me. They were always prompt to decide every matter I referred to their consideration touching the expedition's equipment and its business. They gave it the right of way over every other official matter. It was their unflagging interest in pushing the work forward that enabled me to despatch the expedition on its errand of mercy on the days appointed.

The *Thetis*, the *Bear*, and the *Alert*, with the collier *Loch Garry*, composed the expedition. Their command was assigned to me with orders to proceed to the coast of Greenland, or farther north if necessary, and if possible, to find and rescue, or ascertain the fate of Lieutenant A. W. Greely and his comrades.

To assist me, Commander George W. Coffin and Lieutenant William H. Emory volunteered, and were ordered to command the *Alert* and the *Bear*, respectively. Ensign W. I. Chambers, also a volunteer, was assigned to the *Loch Garry*. The subordinate officers and men, all volunteers, in each of the ships, were among the best and most determined in the navy. It was due to their loyal assistance and courageous spirit in the face of every peril that we succeeded so completely.

The ships sailed on the dates fixed in my despatch of March 17, 1884, to the secretary of the navy—the *Bear* on April 24th, the *Thetis* on May 1st, and the *Alert* on May 10th.

The serious duties began after leaving St. Johns, as the dense fogs which concealed the icebergs drifting along the coast were

a constant menace to navigation. From Cape Farewell onward to Disko the ice-fields grew more and more formidable, and after leaving that port the ice-pack north of Waight Straits was found to be solid.

As I had no experience in ice work, its navigation was as difficult a problem to me as to fathom the riddle of the Sphinx. I thought then that if I did not fall a victim to my inexperience in the first week, while I was studying the movements of the ice, I should be indeed lucky. I spent most of this time in the "crow's nest." It was a week of loneliness, but one of great profit and value afterward in ice navigation.

The *Thetis* overtook the *Bear* at Upernivik on May 29th. Here we fell in with a number of the Dundee whaling fleet, attracted to the search for Greely by the \$25,000 reward which had been offered by Congress. My ice experience, I knew, was simply nothing at all, and here were a lot of old "ice kings" in these Dundee whalers, in a region which was to me an unknown empire. So I invited them aboard to listen to their experiences. Their stories were wonderfully fascinating, their escapes from perils were thrilling; their privations, their hardships, their exposures to cold and hunger when thrown out from their ships onto the ice, and their long retreats over it to the nearest settlement after their ships had been "nipped" and sunk, were, in some instances, heart-rending. But they were most profitable to me.

OUR BATTLE WITH THE ICE

I must confess that until then I had some misgiving and only small hopes of mastering the problem, but after carefully digesting their stories I came to the conclusion that their experiences had made them too cautious. It appeared to me that such experiences as I had been listening to would no doubt qualify me to catch whales, but was not worth a farthing for rescuing Greely. That task, I realized, required me to take risks that would not have been justified by any other circumstance of duty anywhere. Over-caution, on our part, would have been fatal, as the results proved.

The battle with the ice for seven hundred miles from Upernivik across Melville Bay, through Smith Sound to Littleton Island and thence to Payer Harbor, was incessant and required unceasing watchfulness from start to finish. It consumed more than

three weeks, every hour of which we were in peril from ice-jams. Added to other difficulties, we were always surrounded by enormous icebergs of great height, and there were many uncharted sunken rocks in our path. These facts increased our anxiety and daily work. If we had delayed when there was reasonable excuse for delay, or if we had rested often when rest was sorely needed, it is doubtful if any of Greely's party would have been found alive. As it was, when we did reach them they had at most only a day or two to spare in their fight against death.

HOW WE FOUND GREELY

On the night of June 22, 1884, we found Greely. At the time of the rescue a storm of tremendous violence, with driving snow and bitter cold, prevailed. The desolate camp, where the exhausted survivors were found, nearly famished, was one of the most heart-rending sights of my lifetime. Seven in number only of the twenty-five men who had started out three years before survived, emaciated and unrecognizable, a pitiable sight to look upon. Back of the camp a little row of graves on the hill made a scene that beggars description. It brought tears to the eyes of the resolute and hardy sailors who had come through so many perils to reach them in time. I thanked God in heart that strength had been vouchsafed us to overcome all the dangers in our way and to reach those whom we found in such distress and want. The whole picture was one that few men are permitted to see, and, once seen, could never be forgotten.

The poor fellows who were alive were handed over to the care of Surgeons Edward H. Green and Howard E. Ames, who cared for them most tenderly. The dead on the little hill behind the camp were removed to the ships and there prepared for transportation to and burial in their native land. All their effects, diaries, and letters were gathered up and brought home. Those of the party who had perished by drowning, or who had been buried on the ice and swept away by the violent gales, were accounted for. The expedition's work had been done thoroughly and quickly. The officers and men had loyally performed the duty assigned them by the President. They had written a new page in the country's naval history, and enshrined their own names ineffaceably in the gratitude of their countrymen.

The voyage homeward was made with more caution than when outward bound, as there was no longer any necessity for the risks of speed. Returning across Melville Bay the *Thetis* and the *Bear* fell in with the *Alert* and the *Loch Garry* struggling to overcome the heavy pack-ice in their route. The squadron then continued its way through ice-floes for several days, and on July 4th passed out of the ice-pack into the open sea and reached Disko on July 5th. Thus ended an anxious and determined battle with the arctic pack for fourteen hundred miles. Advantage was taken of the smooth water in the land-locked harbor of Disko to repair the damages sustained during the voyage. These completed, the squadron, on July 9th, sailed for St. Johns, where we arrived on the morning of July 17th, about nine o'clock, after an anxious passage.

I immediately sent a despatch to the Hon. William E. Chandler, announcing the success of the expedition. This news created the wildest delight all over the country. Telegrams from every section of our land were received filled with expressions of gratitude that the mystery surrounding Greely's expedition had at last been solved. A number were messages of sorrow that so many of the men of that ill-fated expedition had perished. Despatches from the secretaries of the navy and war were flat-teringly phrased in congratulations to officers and men, rescuers and rescued alike. They were repeated at general muster to the crews.

THE RETURN OF THE RESCUE PARTY

On July 26th we sailed from St. Johns for Portsmouth, New Hampshire, amid imposing demonstrations of honor from the kindly people of Newfoundland, many of whom escorted the squadron out of the harbor in steamboats, tugs, and crowded launches, going with us as far as Cape Spear. Our arrival and reception at Portsmouth were equally marked with manifestations of honor. The entire North Atlantic Squadron was assembled there to greet our home-coming, with bands playing and the rigging manned to cheer our success. Here Secretary Chandler, Senator Hale, the governor of New Hampshire, General B. F. Butler, the mayor of Portsmouth, and other distinguished men had gathered to add their greetings to those of the ships. After these ceremonies had ended, the survivors of the



BRAUN BY J. D. GLEASON

The end of the search for Greely. On the night of June 22, 1884, during a terrific storm, the seven survivors of the ill-fated Greely expedition, which had set out for the North three years before, were rescued, nearly dead from starvation and exposure, by Commander Schley in the "Thetis"

Admiral Schley's Own Story

Greely party were landed, and the expedition sailed for New York, where it arrived August 8, 1884. Here again we were received with the booming of minute guns from Fort Columbus and Governor's Island. The bodies of the dead were delivered to General Hancock, representing the War Department, who, with the Hon. R. T. Lincoln, General Sheridan, General W. B. Hazen, and Commodore T. Scott Fillebrown, received them with appropriate military honors.

This last duty of their service completed, the *Thetis*, the *Bear*, and the *Alert* proceeded to the navy-yard in Brooklyn to make preparations for going out of commission.

How well the Greely relief expedition had performed its duty of rescuing the Lady Franklin Bay expedition the survivors can best relate, but it is written officially as a part of the navy's history. In the years to come

it will be read with thrilling interest and abiding pride by all descended from those who shared alike the dangers, whether rescuers or rescued.

Before the relief squadron had gone out of commission, President Arthur came to New York and received the officers of the ships at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel. With the President were Secretaries Chandler and Lincoln, and in their presence he thanked the officers most cordially in behalf of the nation for the manner in which their duty had been performed.

Turning to me, he said that he had authorized the secretary of the navy to notify me that he had directed my appointment as chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting in the Navy Department. At the same time, he expressed his regret that the law did not permit him to reward us more substantially. He commanded me to inquire what duty Commander Coffin and Lieutenant Emory would prefer, had directed the navy to assign them to any service commensurate with their rank.



Commander Schley on board the "Thetis," which led in the historic rescue of Greely and his men.—Facsimile of a gold medal presented to Commander Schley by the Massachusetts Humane Society for his distinguished part in the Greely rescue. The medal is now in the National Museum, where it was photographed after Admiral Schley's death.

The next instalment of "*Admiral Schley's Own Story*" will appear in the April issue.

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

The ability to size up a situation instantly and grasp it like lightning if there's money in it—that's the inside story of why more than one man drives an automobile while his neighbors ride in a "one-hoss shay" or walk. That is the ability that lovable rascal and money-amputator, J. Rufus Wallingford, has banked on during the nearly two years you have been getting acquainted with him in *Cosmopolitan*. And he usually gets the cash. He is a masterpiece; he is George Randolph Chester's chiefest—and sufficient—claim to fame; he is the most-talked-of fiction character of a decade—because you have all met him in your own town, and because Mr. Chester makes you like him. In this story he forces a new rôle on Blackie with a jest, and a big roll for both of them is the result

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

"Is everything all right, sir?" asked the square-faced waiter as he carefully turned the points of the pie away from his two diners, and placed their after-dinner coffee-cups on the wrong sides of them.

J. Rufus Wallingford had endured, in the silence of helpless despair, until now; but this inquiry was adding insult to injury. "Taking it all in a lump," he observed with forced calmness, "considering it in bulk and in detail, food, price, and service, I am compelled to admit that the salt is good. I don't remember ever tasting better salt."

The waiter thoughtfully wiped his thumb. "It's the truth about the salt," he admitted. "Would you like a little more of it, sir?" and he grinned with keen satisfaction. "I'm going right down to the kitchen and tell that dago chef what you said. It's as good as a twenty per cent. tip to me to explain a message like that to a Wop."

Wallingford frowned at the waiter's luxuriant presumption, for the dinner had put him in a bad humor. "You have a lot of unfettered conversation," he chided. "You should be more careful. My friend here is the famous Vittoreo Matteo. You've probably heard of him. Chef to King Emmanuel of Italy, you know."

The American waiter tried to throw some respect into the glance he cast on the black-haired and black-mustached Blackie Daw, but the attempt was a distinct failure. "I'll rub that in on Umberto," he decided.

"Bring me the check," ordered Wallingford wearily, and as the man strode away he

made a wry face into his demi-tasse. "Let's jump this town," he suggested.

Blackie Daw, impelled by the everlasting spirit of perversity, held his cup daintily and sipped at its thick contents as if it were nectar. "Your liver must be awful bad, Jim," he compassionately stated. "Myself, I'm the president of the Boosters' Club for this pleasant little burg. I never saw such a fine collection of factory chimneys; and you know what that means."

"I'll tell you about it," offered Wallingford, still glumly. "It means that this is the original home of the little Willie Weisenheimers. It means that this town is full of earnest, hard-working millionaires who drink champagne in their overalls, but whom you couldn't separate from a dollar unless you picked them off of it, piece by piece."

"I hate to encourage you in it, Jim, but what you need is a drink," commiserated Blackie. "Where's that waiter?"

The person in question was just then entertaining a well-fed-looking little man at another table, but presently he came with the check, and let them go.

They had taken dinner rather earlier than the usual hour, and as they walked out through the lobby the parlors began to be filled with the local society leaders, large, jelly-like ladies attired in low-necked gowns and plenty of spangles, and accompanied by gentlemen in expansive shirt-fronts and high hats.

"What's the function?" asked Wallingford as he went to the desk for his key.

The New Adventures of Wallingford

"Opening night of the grand-opera season; three nights and a matinée," explained the clerk; "'Carmen,' 'Il Trovatore,' 'Faust,' and 'Tannhäuser.' I don't think you can get a seat for to-night; it's 'Carmen.'"

"We can walk over to the Grand Opera House and watch the rich folks go in, anyhow," resignedly decided Blackie. "You have shiny dressers here."

"New York hasn't anything on us," confidently maintained the clerk, who was a native son. "We have the money and the duds, and the good lookers to wear them. Why, last winter at the opening of the opera season, Billy Dudley, of the *Morning Defender*, counted three hundred and twenty-seven dress-suits and eleven tuxedos, and eight of the tuxedos were worn by strangers."

"I get it," approved Wallingford. "A pair of white gloves went with every dress-suit."

He paused, with Blackie, at the cigar-stand, where the well-fed-looking little man whom they had noticed in the dining-room stepped up to them, and, tipping his hat, remarked to Blackie,

"I beg pardon, sir, but I am given to understand that you are a quite distinguished chef."

Wallingford gazed at him in perplexity. He was plump bodied and plump faced, had a sprinkling of iron-gray in his black hair, and wore his neat clothing with the ease and grace of a polished man of the world. In his correct and mellow speech there was a slight foreign trace, but no man could have placed his nationality.

Blackie Daw, though with some misgivings as he estimated the stranger, took up the burdensome rôle of Vittoreo Matteo with alacrity. "Si, signore," he answered, with an appealing glance at Wallingford, shrugging his shoulders and turning his palms upward at the height of his neck.

"Nix, Blackie!" suddenly laughed Wallingford. "Tear up your ticket. This is Henri Dufois, late chef of any big hotel which was lucky enough to get him. He speaks Russian and Chinese as well as he does any of the common or high school languages. Mr. Dufois, permit me to introduce my friend Mr. Daw."

Mr. Dufois acknowledged the introduction to Blackie with easy courtesy, but kept his eyes turned questioningly on Wallingford. "I cannot quite place monsieur, though I remember his face very well," he admitted.

"The acquaintance has been professional, perhaps."

Wallingford chuckled, and his big pink face wreathed into lines of jovial reminiscence. "Henri," he solemnly directed, "I want you to put into my turtle-soup some of that eighteen-seventy-six Amontillado, and write my name on the bottle; then—"

"Mr. Wallingford!" interrupted Henri with every indication of delight, and shook the proffered hand of J. Rufus most heartily. "It is a pleasure to meet you after so long a time, and it would be almost as great a pleasure to prepare some of the little delicacies of which you are so keen a judge. Monsieur, your friend, I take it, then, is not a chef," and he waited a trifle anxiously for the answer, though he turned on Blackie a friendly countenance.

"Not exactly," laughed Blackie. "I have been regarded as a good camp cook, but I have never been applauded for anything more difficult than ham-and-or steak and onions."

"We're just going in for a liqueur to kill the taste of our dinner," offered Wallingford, noting Henri's trace of relief. "Won't you join us?"

"We truly need it," accepted Henri with a wry face. "I have been here two days. If I stay longer I must buy an electric chafing-dish."

"Invite us to your room when you do," urged Wallingford. "What brings you to this dyspepsia factory, anyhow?" and he led the way to the barroom.

"Business," replied Henri. "I am hunting a location for another good restaurant. I have a Café Henri in each of three excellent cities, but my fourth venture was a failure, and I am naturally cautious."

"This should be a good town," judged Wallingford, noting three silk-hatted men for whom the bartender was nonchalantly pouring champagne highballs. "They seem to have money here, and to be willing to spend it."

"They have no palates," objected Henri sadly.

"You'd be doing them a favor to give them a chance at something better," suggested Wallingford.

"At the possible loss of a hundred thousand dollars?" retorted Henri with a smile, "I'm afraid of them. I wish I could move one of my places here for a trial."

"That sounds like good business," chuck-



"It looks like an artistic box-office troupe," admired Wallingford, watching the money flow past. "Pretty good company?"

led Wallingford. "What you really want is for somebody to invest a hundred thousand in such a place, fit it up and run it according to your ideas, and turn it over to you for about eighty thousand, if you like it."

"Well, yes," agreed Henri with a shrewd twinkle.

II

"HELLO, Blackie, how is Violet Bonnie?" inquired a thick man who had been stunted lengthwise.

"Hello, Pop," hailed Blackie. "Violet Bonnie is so healthy she's mislaid her make-up box. Are you running this show?"

"Don't you see my gray hair?" demanded Pop, who could have measured his height with the outstretch of his low-cut white waistcoat, and from whom care had long since fled, discouraged. "Coming in?"

"Couldn't get tickets," explained Blackie; "so Jim and I came over to see the procession of dress-suit lolllops. Meet my friend Wallingford, Pop. Mr. Hickey, Mr. Wallingford."

"I know Pop," laughed Wallingford, shaking hands with him. "He was one of the loudest knockers when we put on the 'Lama's Goat'; and it was after he laid

down his hammer that I went out and cleaned up a hundred thousand on my belief in the success of the piece."

"I've tumbled," acknowledged Mr. Hickey with pride. "So many people won out coppering my bets that now I'm doing it myself. I took out this company just because I knew it would be a frost."

"It looks like an artistic box-office troupe," admired Wallingford, watching the money flow past. "Pretty good company?"

"Medium-weights," replied Hickey indifferently. "I couldn't afford the fat singers, but it isn't the singing that pulls these gooks; it's art. I make spike-tails and open-face bosoms compulsory in the first twelve rows. Say, where do you eat?"

"Star Hotel," confessed Wallingford gloomily.

"I thought so," groaned Hickey. "The last time my business made me halt in this tank town, I found a quiet little German place with sawdust on the floor where a man could buy real food, but there's cobwebs in the windows to-day. Excuse me a minute, and we'll edge in. I got a pair of sure-enough Spanish dancers, and I've split their hot specialty into the second act. It's the best part of the opera."

The New Adventures of Wallingford

He waddled hastily into the box-office, and Wallingford and Blackie stood interestedly watching the solemn parade. These people took the duties of wealth quite seriously. The women wore their rich capes and the men their stiff gloves with a brave determination to be at aristocratic ease, no matter how painful. They exchanged gay banter and laughed lightly and moved with careless grace, and occasionally apologized for it, and did all the other things which persons of wealth and breeding should do.

"It is indeed a gay and a festive scene," observed Blackie, admiring it, nevertheless. "I will hand them one thing, Jim. They built this theater regardless."

"I never saw a finer one," agreed Wallingford seriously, as his eye roved from the magnificent marble lobby to the glimpses of carmine and gold revealed through the open doors.

Hickey came back to them as the overture began, and led them past the door-keeper. Blackie, catching the sound of the music, immediately surged into the auditorium, where he found a dark corner and promptly proceeded to forget the world; but Wallingford's commercial mind was caught by the costly foyer, and he hung behind with Hickey to examine it in detail.

"Somebody must have believed in the future of the drama in this town," he commented.

"If they believe in anything here they certainly do back it off the boards," returned Hickey. "Let me show you up-stairs."

He led Wallingford back into the lobby, where, to the right and to the left just outside the entrance to the foyer, wound beautiful marble staircases. He stopped at the box-office a moment and came back with a key.

"I was so paralyzed when I saw this new shack that I want to see somebody else struck stiff," he remarked as he led the way up-stairs.

He opened an electric switch-box at the head of the stairway, and flooded the place with light. Even Wallingford, used as he was to luxurious interiors, was amazed by the richness and beauty of the extravagantly decorated suite of rooms, all of them ablaze from the light of crystal chandeliers, leading up to an immense recital hall in white and gold, the panels between its pilasters embellished with fresco paintings, in soft pastel colors of more than usual breadth and strength.

"For high-brow stuff," explained Hickey with a grin. "They had a few lectures and recitals and readings for the fourteen-story intellects here, but the real brainy people of this town haven't any money, and the other kind would rather sleep at home; so they cut out the classics, and the last thing they held in here was a barn dance. Shame, too, ain't it?"

"If old Cap Churchill could see this, he'd have a freak orchestra in that balcony and a gross of celluloid palms on that waxed floor in twenty-four hours," observed Wallingford thoughtfully.

"Wouldn't it make a swell restaurant!" agreed Hickey enthusiastically. "Right over there is a tiled kitchen, with all the aseptic improvements for modern red-cross cooking, and a suite of private dining-rooms that might have been designed by David Belasco himself. Let's get out of here. I get cross when anything makes me hungry."

III

HICKEY and Wallingford and Blackie, gathering up Henri Dufois in the lobby of the Star Hotel, strolled back to the dining-room just ahead of the dress-suit brigade, and as soon as the square-faced waiter saw them he made a break for their table.

"Umberto says to leave it to him," he announced to Blackie.

Blackie smiled and nodded his head energetically, but pointed to his neck, and Wallingford took compassion on him.

"Signor Matteo has a sore throat and cannot talk, but he will be happy to have Umberto go as far as he likes."

Blackie heaved a sigh of relief when the waiter was gone. "You've run me up against a continuous performance of lightning-change acts, but this one is the rottenest turn of all because it doesn't get us a hand," he complained. "Umberto Primo will cook us raviolas, macaroni, and three kinds of spaghetti, and stumble up here to get my fine Italian thanks. If I hadn't been smart enough to invent a sore throat I'd be up against it."

"If it's a new laugh, hand it to me," requested Hickey.

"This is Vittoreo Matteo, the world-famous chef, from the kitchens of King Emmanuel of Rome," chuckled Wallingford. "How he came to be it was through my hunting some way to send word to the



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

In a soft and mellow voice she issued a few limpid remarks, in musical words, each of which ended with a vowel, and Charlie, glowing with pride over her accomplishment, pulled a five-dollar bill from his vest pocket and handed it nonchalantly over his shoulder to Blackie 537

The New Adventures of Wallingford

chief poisoner down-stairs how rotten his chefing was."

"That explains it, then," laughed Henri. "Your waiter told me about it at dinner."

A swarthy little man with a bristling black beard came toward them, buttoning the vest of his tuxedo, and, obedient to a gesture from the square-faced waiter who followed him, went straight to Blackie and held out both hands, which Blackie grasped with equal effusiveness. Good-natured Henri took upon himself the stream of Milanese which poured from Umberto, and the two gabbled energetically for some moments, during which both of them glanced occasionally at the alert and beaming Blackie, Umberto with deep respect and Henri with a sly twinkle. Finally Umberto, bowing profusely, withdrew, and Henri turned to Blackie with a laugh.

"You'll have to keep your sore throat," he declared. "Umberto not only wants to show you some prize cooking, but he invites you to his kitchen."

"Nothing doing," declared Blackie. "He wants to learn some of my secrets."

"I don't doubt it," agreed Henri; "also, he wishes to talk Italian politics with you. Every man in Italy is a socialist; but there are six different kinds, all enemies."

Two capable-looking men, who would have been better dressed in sack suits, paused at their table to congratulate Hickey.

"It was a highly successful opening," the taller man informed him. "I don't know much about such matters myself, but my wife, who is musical, says that this is the best company that has ever been to Ironburgh."

"It was exquisitely rendered," acclaimed the shorter man, who wore the perpetual frown of one who takes trifles so seriously that there is no room in his life for tragedy. "It is a great relief to find a Carmen who can dance."

"It's what I call a musical treat," corroborated Hickey. "Won't you join us in a cocktail?"

The men eying the experienced-looking group with a certain degree of willingness, Hickey immediately introduced them to J. Rufus Wallingford, promoter and capitalist, to Vittoreo Matteo, the world-famous Italian chef, late from the kitchens of the King at Rome, and to Henri Dufois, secretary and assistant to the great Vittoreo.

"Won't you take supper with us?"

begged Wallingford. "Umberto is preparing a special menu in honor of his distinguished fellow professional."

"We'd be delighted," refused the taller man; "but Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Carter will be along in a few moments. We hurried ahead, while they were removing their wraps, to secure a table; and I see that Charlie has already turned the chairs at our favorite place."

"We envy you your treat," said Carter, almost pathetically wistful about it. "We have so very little good food in Ironburgh. I wish some of you famous artists would go into business here."

"It is barely possible that Signor Matteo may do so," stated Wallingford with a speculative glance at Blackie. "If he can secure the proper backing and can be assured of sufficient exclusive patronage, he could, I think, be induced to locate in your very lively city."

"What does he want?" asked Mr. Thomas, who had a sharp crease in each cheek from jaw-snapping bluntness.

"Mainly, to conduct a café which would be patronized only by the socially elect," replied Wallingford. "Do you suppose that the recital hall in the Grand Opera House could be secured for such a purpose?"

Both Mr. Thomas and Mr. Carter considered that suggestion in the light of a distinct revelation.

"It would be ideal," commended tall Mr. Thomas, and he looked upon Blackie with increased respect, as did, also, Mr. Carter. It was quite evident that Ironburgh deserved all its admiration for thoroughbreds.

"A place conducted on that scale would become the fashionable rendezvous of Ironburgh from the moment it was opened," asserted Mr. Carter.

"You're talking to the right people," stated Hickey. "Mr. Thomas and Mr. Carter were charter members of the Grand Opera House Company, and are on its board of directors."

"Gentlemen, I am pleased to meet you," suddenly interpolated Blackie, awakening to his duties, and he shook hands impulsively with both of them. "I will only consent to manage a café in your very beautiful city if I can have that hall of recital, and if everything shall be, what you call, very swell."

"You don't need to worry about that," Mr. Thomas assured him with a smile.

"Ironburgh, in proportion to its population, has a larger contingent of socially inclined wealthy people than any other city in the United States. We have needed just such a café as you desire to operate, and we would support one of exclusiveness and class."

"Without a doubt," corroborated Mr. Carter.

"Everything must be very swell," insisted Blackie, shaking his head. "I should not care to entertain guests, after six o'clock, who were not in evening dress."

"Certainly not," scorned Mr. Thomas.

"That is exactly what we wish," asserted Mr. Carter, half indignant that any other possibility should be discussed, or even mentioned.

"You spoke about backing," remembered Mr. Thomas, addressing Wallingford. "How much is needed?"

"A hundred thousand dollars," stated Wallingford calmly. "Signor Matteo is not a wealthy man, but he would buy five thousand dollars' worth of the stock, and I would expect five thousand dollars' worth for promotion. Signor Matteo's only condition is that he be given a three-year contract of absolute management, on a reasonable percentage basis."

"True," corroborated Blackie. "If I do only a small business I wish only a small pay; if I do a large business I wish to make a fortune. I shall make a large business."

The cocktails having arrived, and two large ladies, bulging from amid a particularly aggravating riot of spangles, having passed their table with correct smiles, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Carter grasped their glasses and adeptly tossed off their drinks.

"I'm for it," avowed Mr. Thomas as he arose to his full length. "Bring your subscription list to me to-morrow at eleven thirty, and I'll introduce you at luncheon to the balance of your stockholders."

Monsieur Henri Dufois bent upon Wallingford perplexed and anxious brows. "I do not understand," he puzzled as their guests moved away.

"Neither do I, but it's all right," reassured Blackie.

"You go up to their suite with the boys and you'll get it," laughed Hickey. "I know Blackie of old, and he never even carried a spear in a flivver."

"Cheer up, Henri," chuckled Wallingford. "About the first of next week

I'll want you to slip into New York and help me pick out dishes and silverware and such junk for my new Café Haut. Let's see; I'll have them monogrammed C. H."

"C. H.?" repeated Monsieur Dufois. "Why, that is the monogram I use on all the Café Henri supplies. Except that I would not care to have you use the same pattern, which is

my own design, I could get them for you very quickly from my own supply-houses."

"Let's talk it over after supper; upstairs," chuckled Wallingford.

IV

THE new Café Haut opened in a conflagration of glory, the occasion being a return engagement, for one night only, of the Hickey Grand Opera Company, and every table having been engaged two weeks beforehand, at a four-quart premium, the stockholders of the latest addition to Ironburgh's social éclat stepped high and beamed and were filled with gay, glad repartee.



"I am, with my own hands, preparing the dinner for Mr. Wallingford and his friends," said Henri. "You should be on the floor"

The feminine colors of this particular season running to strong and masterful Richard Strauss effects, into the soft and dignified tinting of Recital Hall was poured a mad riot of purple and red, of green and orange, and of yellow and lavender, the whole sprinkled liberally with evening wraps in frank, brave kimono and Navajo-blanket effects.

On every table there were a ticket with a name, and soft-tinted lights, and real flowers, and up in the ornately carved balcony was a sixteen-piece orchestra, led by an acrobatic conductor with no sense of shame. In every direction five-languaged waiters were suavely advising their guests with one breath, and softly cursing bussboys with the next; and the *Café Haut*, firmly established as the most exclusive and recherché palace of epicurianism east or west of anywhere, was so successfully launched that the directors were half intoxicated with animal spirits before they had touched a drop of alcohol.

It was, indeed, a notable gathering! But who was the most notable person and the most noted in all that hall of glittering light? Who was the most conspicuous, the most sought after, the center of all eyes and the pivot of all thought? Blackie Daw!

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, the pseudo Vittoreo Matteo, in the uncomfortable rôle of a chef too far advanced to cook, infested the floor of the *Café Haut* in a state of torment, which began in aggravation and ended in downright savagery; and with each man who loftily called him Victor and demanded a service, his hatred of the human race increased.

To add to his discomfiture, Blackie discovered among the diners an unexpected guest. He had just been called to the table of Charlie Secretary, who was living at a five-thousand gait on a three-thousand salary, but had cheerful hopes of making his income catch up to his expenditures.

"Waiter!" had been the sharp call of Charlie, as Blackie, finally convinced that time stretched into eternity, passed his table on the way to change Mrs. Smelting Works's order for the fourth time.

"Waiter!" repeated Blackie to the nearest foreign servitor.

"No, you," insisted Charlie, not unkindly by any means, but still with a trace of sternness. "Look here, Captain, can't I induce you to hurry up our order a little bit?"

There were three young ladies with Charlie, and one of them, the one with the

brightest eyes and the most flawless shoulders and the most perfectly arranged complexion, glanced up at him roguishly. In a soft and mellow voice she issued a few limpid remarks, in musical words, each of which ended with a vowel.

Blackie caught his breath, but stood the shock nobly, beaming upon her with gallant adoration until she had quite finished; then he replied. A shade of distress crossed her face when he began, and it deepened as he continued. When he had finished, she said faintly, "Thank you," and Charlie, glowing with pride over her accomplishment, pulled a five-dollar bill from his vest pocket and handed it nonchalantly over his shoulder to Blackie. There was some class to the girls he could win, and it took a man of class to win a girl of such class!

Blackie, his eyes distended at the sight of that green paper as if some one had offered to pull his nose, was about to make hasty tracks away from that table when a hand touched his elbow, and a voice, which he instantly recognized, addressed him as,

"Signor Matteo!"

Turning, Blackie beheld, with a sinking heart, the dark visage of Umberto, flawlessly dressed except for his beard, and once more a stream of limpid Italian assailed his ears. Distinctly confused, Blackie pointed hastily to his throat and hurried back into the kitchen for comfort; but Henri, in a white coat and a huge white apron which came up to his neck, was busy among the stew-pans, measuring and weighing with chemical exactness.

"What troubles monsieur?" he asked perfunctorily, though he frowned slightly as he noted the distinguished chef's lassitude.

"Money," replied Blackie disgustedly. "I've been dodging it all night. It seems to injure the sport to have people willing for me to take it away from them."

Henri shook his head in perplexity. "That is an excellent crowd out there," he judged. "It should be worth a hundred dollars to you to-night, in tips alone."

"It's a shame to waste it," acknowledged Blackie. "I wish you'd go out and get it, and let me stay here and boil eggs."

"Impossible," returned Henri quickly, brought to a realization of how busy he was. "I am, with my own hands, preparing the dinner for Mr. Wallingford and his friends. You should be on the floor."

Blackie's head straightened with a jerk.

That last remark of Henri's had been peremptory, and, indeed, for a fleeting second, Henri had almost forgotten that he was not talking to a paid under officer of his army. Blackie hastily reviewed his highly miscellaneous lifetime, and could not remember a minute, since his schooldays, when anybody but a subway guard had had a right to tell him to step lively. He felt his neck beginning to swell and moved out of the hot kitchen.

The hall of dazzling light was still ablaze with gaiety, and he tried to walk straight through it without a turn of his head to the right or to the left, but, try as he would, he could not escape the now angry face of Umberto, who, as he passed, bit a dark forefinger at him and hissed,

"Royalist!"

That was a slight relief, but, as he passed the length of the dining-room, there was still the table of jovial-faced Jim Wallingford to pass. That unprincipled scoundrel, dining with Hickey and the directors and their wives, now added a probable bitten ear to his list of future casualties, by snapping his fingers sharply as Blackie came abreast.

"Vittoreo!" called Wallingford, in the tone of friendly loftiness he would use to a favorite, trusted butler.

Blackie's impulse was to stride straight on, but there sat the pleased directors of the Café Haut watching the well-known and justly famous Vittoreo Matteo, and Blackie never yet had "thrown the game." Wallingford knew that and counted on it, dog-gone him!

"Yes, sir," said Blackie, wheeling, and searching anxiously but hopelessly under the bottom hem of his waistcoat for a pin, he approached and leaned over the back of Wallingford's chair.

"Vittoreo," directed J. Rufus, in the suave tones of a kind master, "I think there is a little too much draft in here from those top windows. I wish you would see to it."

"Yes, sir," strangled Blackie, catching the eye of the fiendishly grinning Hickey at the other end of the table. He felt under the right lapel of his coat. No pin!

"And, Vittoreo."

"Yes, sir."

"I wish you would get me a foot-stool."

"Y-yes, sir." Blackie felt under the other lapel.

"Vittoreo," called Hickey, motioning to him.

Blackie, adding Hickey to his list of future massacres, but determined, now, since he was in it, to bear all and beg for



"If you wince or holler you're a nigger!" hissed Blackie, as full of vindictiveness as a rattlesnake. "Now, one, two, three, bing!" and the bony piano-pounding fingers pushed in the pin

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more, with a submissive "Yes, sir," hurried over to Hickey.

"I wish you'd have your drink-mixer put up a bottle of those cocktails for me," he gently requested, and at the same moment Blackie felt something slipped into the hand which hung below the edge of the table.

In the first shock, he thought it was money, and his face reddened, but before he had decided how he could meet this particular atrocity, his sense of touch advised him that Hickey had slipped him a precious pin, and his fingers closed over it.

"Thank you, sir," he said gratefully, and, looking up, met the eye of Wallingford, who was chuckling, and whose huge, round face was pink with the joy of the occasion.

Blackie returned immediately to his station behind Wallingford's chair, and, with his hand resting lightly in the middle of Wallingford's broad back, leaned over obsequiously.

"Is there anything else I can do for monsieur?" he softly inquired.

"No, I think not, Vittoreo," returned J. Rufus grandly, and felt in his vest-pocket.

Blackie leaned still lower. "Don't wince, you fat slob!" he hissed in Wallingford's ear. "You feel this pin against your coat? Well, I'm going to jab it in to the hilt, and leave it there!"

Wallingford paled and shrank. "'Don't!'" he begged in low, agonized tones.

"If you wince or holler you're a nigger!" again hissed Blackie, as full of vindictiveness as a



The eyes of Blackie glistened with joy. "I have been waiting for you. Come outside with me," and, clutching Umberto by the convenient whiskers, he dragged him out into the hall, missed his footing, and they bumped comfortably down the marble steps together



coiled

rattlesnake.

"Now, one, two, three, bing!" and the bony piano-pounding fingers, which could crack hickory-nuts, performed their violent duty well, without the aid of any movement or twitch of his body farther back than the wrist.

Wallingford half lifted himself from his chair, and two big tears dripped from his lower eyelids and splashed down over his cheeks, but he made no moan!

"Is there nothing else I can do for monsieur?" asked Blackie anxiously.

Wallingford shook his head and reached back for the pin.

Blackie, his rage only whetted by this taste of revenge, cast a triumphant glance at Hickey, and strode out into the anteroom for a whiff of fresh air. There the fates were again kind to him. They sent him Umberto, who, his dark countenance crimsoned with fury, wagged a stubby forefinger under Blackie's nose.

"Royalist!" he hissed. "You know I am a Garibaldian, and you despise me! You say you have a sore throat! Maybe you will talk English, at least, to me, when I tell you that there are five hundred Garibaldians in this town, and that no accursed Royalist stays here more than one day! Royalist!" and once more he shook his finger under Blackie's nose.

The eyes of Blackie glistened with joy. "Um-m-m-berto, you are a gift from heaven," he observed, ineffably soothed. "I have been waiting for you. Come out-

side with me," and, clutching Umberto by the convenient whiskers, he dragged him out into the hall, missed his footing, and they bumped comfortably down the marble steps together.

V

THE great Vittoreo Matteo sat placidly through the called meeting of the Café Haut Company, and listened without the quiver of an eyelash to the appalling financial report of the secretary.

"In concluding this report," read the palely concerned Mr. Carter, "I beg to call the attention of the board to the remarkable fact that, while the luncheon and afternoon trade is quite up to expectations, the dinner and supper trade has dwindled to next to nothing." The secretary lowered his paper. "Now, I've made some private inquiries about this, and have compared notes with several members of this board, and have discovered a curious thing. Men won't go regularly where they are compelled to wear dress-suits, but they will wear dress-suits in places where they are not compelled to do so. Men who swear that we have the best food this side of New York put on their dress-suits and go to the Star Hotel for dinner, and drop in again after the theater. I have asked a lot of them why, and they tell me that this place is too stiff."

President Thomas nodded his head. "Matteo, I guess we'll have to call off the dress-suit rule."

"Call it off?" inquired Blackie, still placid. "You mean to have no more dress-suits at dinner?"

"No, I don't mean that," replied Thomas. "I mean that we must lessen the requirements; reduce the necessary fussing up, say, to a clean collar."

"I'm for that!" announced the president of the Bessemer Refinery, who could remember exactly where he got his start, and was proud of it. "I don't see any sense in refusing a twenty-dollar bill because the man who wants to spend it happens to have on a pink necktie with an emerald in it."

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Thomas looked at him with a grin. "Why, you're the fussiest dresser in the crowd," he charged. "Seven minutes after six, every evening, finds you cursing your pearl studs."

"What of it?" defended the Bessemer man. "Just because I like to feel clean is no sign I'm a snob!"

A gleam of satisfaction rested upon the face of eleven good men and true. The sentiment was popular.

"The ayes seem to have it, Matteo," laughed Thomas. "The dress-suit rule must go."

"Never," stated Signor Matteo, quite placidly.

"But, Matteo," Thomas pleaded; "you don't get this. On the opening night of this café we served dinner to two hundred and fifteen dress-suits and two hundred and eighty-seven evening gowns, and everybody went home stuttering with happiness and champagne. The next night, which was Saturday, you had a hundred and four dinners. The next night twenty-one, and now the average is about seven. People like the place and your food, and they love to pay the price, but they will not be ordered to wear a broad shirt-front. The dress-suit must go."

"Never," insisted Vittoreo Matteo, still placidly. "You ask me to run a fine place, with everything very swell. I do so. It is the only kind of a place I will run. If the people do not come—" he shrugged his shoulders and spread his palms.

"Mr. President!" rasped the gentleman who had increased the Malleable Company from a brick stable to a twelve-acre plant. "I propose that we stop this fool discussion. I move that, from and after this date, the dress-suit rule be discontinued, that the newspapers be at once notified of our decision, and that we use our advertising space to state that fact. 'Come as you are,' would be a good slogan."

"Second the motion with much enthusiasm!" interjected the heavy-jowled gentleman who had added twenty-four stacks to the smelting-works.

President Thomas drew a long, sad breath. "I regret to be compelled to announce that the motion is out of order," he stated with a sorrowing glance in the direction of Blackie. "Signor Matteo has, in his possession, a contract, signed by the officers of this board and at the direction of the board, which gives him absolute management of the Café Haut for the next three years."

A silence like a funeral pall descended upon that assemblage of earnest business men.

"Move we adjourn," snapped the Bessemer man.

After the adjournment, the directors flocked around Blackie, in their private and individual capacities, begged him, coaxed him, and swore at him, but all to no purpose. That obstinate Italian, pro tem., was not to be budged an inch, although they did finally exasperate him to the point of offering to buy their stock. They thought he was foolish, until he named the price he would pay. Thirty-five dollars a share!

Thomas was the first man to recover his breath. "The fundamental principle of my business is to stop a leak," he stated with a sigh.

Two days later, Blackie went to Monsieur Henri Dufois with a large, thick bundle of stock certificates.

"Here it is," said he. "One hundred per cent. of the stock of the Café Haut Company. Give me that check for seventy thousand and change the sign to the Café Henri."

"I don't think I ought to pay you quite so much," smiled Henri. "Monogrammed china and silverware have not much value," and he glanced affectionately at the rich golden C. H. which had been wrought into the dark red door and window hangings.

"I have only an hour and a half to pack and catch my train," laughed Blackie, handing him a fountain pen. "I suppose you'll allow a dress-suit in your dining-room once in a while."

"If the wearer can pay cash," assented Henri.

"You were a long time in closing up," grumbled J. Rufus as Blackie stepped off the train in Poplar Center. "I have a lumber game here that has almost gone stale waiting for you to help with the finishing 'touch.'"

"Three weeks is short work to close up a thirty-three-thousand-dollar profit," defended Blackie.

"Thirty-three thousand!" repeated Wallingford. "Why, there was over twenty thousand left in the treasury alone, and you were in sole possession of the company for at least an hour before you sold out to Dufois. Do you mean to tell me that you only took the profit on the manipulation of the stock, and didn't snag out that twenty thousand?"

"Certainly not!" indignantly asserted Blackie. "Do you suppose I'm a crook?"

Smoke Bellew

A short time ago Jack London sent a hurry call for the originals of some of Anton Fischer's drawings for these "Smoke Bellew" stories. "The best drawings for my stories I have ever seen," said London. He got the originals all right—for many reasons we were tickled to death at the request. And chiefly because it was just one more proof of the success of the Cosmopolitan plan of "team play"—selecting the best writer and the best artist in sympathy with his work and then putting them on their mettle and telling them to "go to it." The result is that *you* get the best work of both. It's a great scheme—and it works to the Queen's taste. In this story Smoke and Shorty take a perilous "hike" into high finance

By Jack London

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

A Flutter in Eggs

IT WAS in the A. C. Company's big store at Dawson, on a morning of crisp frost, that Lucille Arral beckoned

Smoke Bellew over to the dry-goods counter. The clerk had gone on an expedition into the storerooms, and, despite the huge, red-hot stoves, Lucille had drawn on her mittens again.

Smoke obeyed her call with alacrity. The man did not exist in Dawson who would not have been flattered by the notice of Lucille Arral, the singing soubrette of the tiny stock company that performed nightly at the Palace Opera House.

"Things are dead," she complained, with pretty petulance, as soon as they had shaken hands. "There hasn't been a stampede for a week. That masked ball Skiff Mitchell was going to give us has been postponed. There's no dust in circulation. There's always standing-room now at the Opera House. And there hasn't been a mail from the Outside for two whole weeks. In short, this burg has crawled into its cave and gone to sleep. We've got to do something. It needs livening—and you and I can do it. We can give it excitement if anybody can. I've broken with Wild Water, you know."

Smoke caught two almost simultaneous visions. One was of Joy Gastell; the other was of himself, in the midst of a bleak snow-stretch, under a cold arctic moon, being pot-shotted with accurateness and despatch by the aforesaid Wild Water. Smoke's reluctance at raising excitement with the aid of Lucille Arral was too patent for her to miss.

"I'm not thinking what you are thinking at all, thank you," she chided, with a laugh and a pout. "When I throw myself at your head you'll have to have more eyes and better ones than you have now to see me."

"Men have died of heart disease at the sudden announcement of good fortune," he murmured in the unveracious gladness of relief.

"Liar," she retorted graciously. "You were more scared to death than anything else. Now take it from me, Mr. Smoke Bellew, I'm not going to make love to you, and if you dare to make love to me, Wild Water will take care of your case. You know him. Besides, I—I haven't really broken with him."

"Go on with your puzzles," he jeered. "Maybe I can start guessing what you're driving at after a while."

"There's no guessing, Smoke. I'll give it to you straight. Wild Water thinks I've broken with him, don't you see?"

"Well, have you, or haven't you?"

"I haven't—there! But it's between you and me in confidence. He thinks I have. I made a noise like breaking with him, and he deserved it, too."

"Where do I come in, stalking horse or fall-guy?"

"Neither. You make a pot of money, we put across the laugh on Wild Water and cheer Dawson up, and, best of all and the reason for it all, he gets disciplined. He needs it. He's—well, the best way to put it is, he's too turbulent. Just because

he's a big husky, because he owns more rich claims than he can keep count of—”

“And because he's engaged to the prettiest little woman in Alaska,” Smoke interpolated.

“Yes, and because of that, too, thank you, is no reason for him to get riotous. He broke out last night again. Sowed the floor of the M. & M. with gold-dust. All of a thousand dollars. Just opened his poke and scattered it under the feet of the dancers. You've heard of it, of course.”

“Yes; this morning. I'd like to be the sweeper in that establishment. But still I don't get you. Where do I come in?”

“Listen. He was too turbulent. I broke our engagement, and he's going around making a noise like a broken heart. Now we come to it. I like eggs.”

“They're off!” Smoke cried in despair. “Which way? Which way?”

“Wait.”

“But what have eggs and appetite got to do with it?” he demanded.

“Everything, if you'll only listen.”

“Listening, listening,” he chanted.

“Then for Heaven's sake listen. I like eggs. There's only a limited supply of eggs in Dawson.”

“Sure. I know that, too. Slavovitch's restaurant has most of them. Ham and one egg, three dollars. Ham and two eggs, five dollars. That means two dollars an egg, retail. And only the swells and the Arrals and the Wild Waters can afford them.”

“He likes eggs, too,” she continued. “But that's not the point. I like them. I have breakfast every morning at eleven o'clock at Slavovitch's. I invariably eat two eggs.” She paused impressively. “Suppose, just suppose, somebody corners eggs.”

She waited, and Smoke regarded her with admiring eyes, while in his heart he backed with approval Wild Water's choice of her.

“You're not following,” she said.

“Go on,” he replied. “I give up. What's the answer?”

“Stupid! You know Wild Water. When he sees I'm languishing for eggs, and I know his mind like a book, and I know how to languish, what will he do?”

“You answer it. Go on.”

“Why, he'll just start stampeding for the man that's got the corner in eggs. He'll buy the corner, no matter what it costs. Picture: I come into Slavovitch's at eleven o'clock. Wild Water will be at the

next table. He'll make it his business to be there. ‘Two eggs, shirred,’ I'll say to the waiter. ‘Sorry, Miss Arral,’ the waiter will say; ‘they ain't no more eggs.’ Then up speaks Wild Water, in that big bear voice of his, ‘Waiter, six eggs, soft boiled.’ And the waiter says, ‘Yes, sir,’ and the eggs are brought. Picture: Wild Water looks sideways at me, and I look like a particularly indignant icicle and summon the waiter. ‘Sorry, Miss Arral,’ he says, ‘but them eggs is Mr. Wild Water's. You see, Miss, he owns 'em.’ Picture: Wild Water, triumphant, doing his best to look unconscious while he eats his six eggs.

“Another picture: Slavovitch himself bringing two shirred eggs to me and saying, ‘Compliments of Mr. Wild Water, Miss. What can I do? What can I possibly do but smile at Wild Water, and then we make up, of course, and he'll consider it cheap if he has been compelled to pay ten dollars for each and every egg in the corner.’

“Go on, go on,” Smoke urged. “At what station do I climb onto the choo-choo cars, or at what water-tank do I get thrown off?”

“Ninny! You don't get thrown off. You ride the egg-train straight into the Union Depot. You make that corner in eggs. You start in immediately, to-day. You can buy every egg in Dawson for three dollars and sell out to Wild Water at almost any advance. And then, afterward, we'll let the inside history come out. The laugh will be on Wild Water. His turbulence will be some subdued. You and I share the glory of it. You make a pile of money. And Dawson wakes up with a grand ha! ha! Of course—if—if you think the speculation too risky, I'll put up the dust for the corner.”

This last was too much for Smoke. Being only a mere mortal Western man, with queer obsessions about money and women, he declined with scorn the proffer of her dust.

II

“HEY! SHORTY!” Smoke called across the main street to his partner, who was trudging along in his swift, slack-jointed way, a naked bottle with frozen contents conspicuously tucked under his arm. Smoke crossed over.

“Where have you been all morning? Been looking for you everywhere.”

“Up to Doc's,” Shorty answered, holding out the bottle. “Something's wrong

with Sally. I seen last night, at feedin' time, the hair on her tail an' flanks was fallin' out. The Doc says—"

"Never mind that," Smoke broke in impatiently. "What I want—"

"What's eatin' you?" Shorty demanded in indignant astonishment. "An' Sally gettin' naked bald in this crimp'y weather! I tell you that dog's sick. Doc says—"

"Let Sally wait. Listen to me—"

"I tell you she can't wait. It's cruelty to animals. She'll be frost-bit. What are you in such a fever about anyway? Has that Monte Cristo strike proved up?"

"I don't know, Shorty. But I want you to do me a favor."

"Sure," Shorty said gallantly, immediately appeased and acquiescent. "What is it? Let her rip. Me for you."

"I want you to buy eggs for me—"

"Sure, an' Floridy water an' talcum powder, if you say the word. An' poor Sally sheddin' something scand'lous! Look here, Smoke, if you want to go in for high livin' you go an' buy your own eggs. Beans an' bacon's good enough for me."

"I am going to buy, but I want you to help me to buy. Now, shut up, Shorty. I've got the floor. You go right straight to Slavovitch's. Pay as high as three dollars, but buy all he's got."

"Three dollars!" Shorty groaned.

"An' I heard tell only yesterday that he's got all of seven hundred in stock! Twenty-one hundred dollars for hen-fruit! Say, Smoke, I tell you what. You run right up and see the Doc. He'll tend to your case. An' he'll only charge you an ounce for the first prescription. So long. I gotta to be pullin' my freight."

But Smoke caught his partner by the shoulder, arresting his progress and whirling him around.

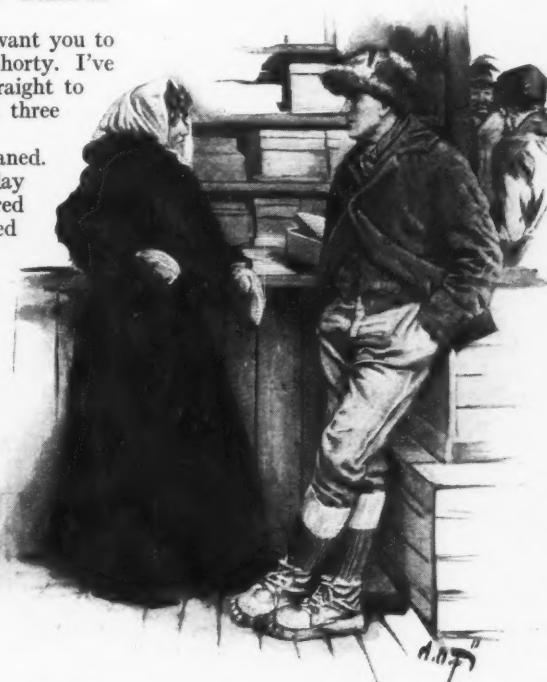
"Smoke, I'd sure do anything for you," Shorty protested earnestly. "If you had a cold in the head an' was layin' with both arms broke, I'd set by your bedside, day an' night, an' wipe your nose for you. But I'll be everlastin'ly damned if I'll

squander twenty-one hundred good iron dollars on hen-fruit for you or any other two-legged man."

"They're not your dollars, but mine, Shorty. It's a deal I have on. What I'm after is to corner every blessed egg in Dawson, in the Klondike, on the Yukon. You've got to help me out. I haven't the time to tell you of the inwardness of the deal. I will afterward, and let you go half on it if you want to. But the thing right now is to get the eggs. Now you hustle up to Slavovitch's and buy all he's got."

"But what'll I tell 'm? He'll sure know I ain't goin' to eat 'em."

"Tell him nothing. Money talks. He sells them cooked for two dollars. Offer him up to three for them uncooked. If he gets curious, tell him you're starting a chicken ranch. What I want is the eggs. And then keep on; nose out every egg in Dawson and buy it. Understand? Buy it! That little joint across the street from Slavovitch's



"I have breakfast every morning at eleven o'clock at Slavovitch's," said Lucille. "I invariably eat two eggs." She paused impressively. "Suppose, just suppose, somebody corners eggs?"

has a few. Buy them. I'm going over to Klondike City. There's an old man there, with a bad leg, who's broke and who has six dozen. He's held them all winter for the rise, intending to get enough out of them to pay his passage back to Seattle. I'll see he gets his passage, and I'll get the eggs. Now hustle. And they say that little woman down beyond the sawmill who makes moccasins has a couple of dozen."

"All right, if you say so, Smoke. But Slavovitch seems the main squeeze. I'll just get an iron-bound option, black an' white, an' gather in the scatterin' first."

"All right. Hustle. And I'll tell you the scheme to-night."

But Shorty flourished the bottle. "I'm goin' to doctor up Sally first. The eggs can wait that long. If they ain't all eaten, they won't be eaten while I'm takin' care of a poor sick dog that's saved your life an' mine more'n once."

III

NEVER was a market cornered more quickly. In three days every known egg in Dawson, with the exception of several dozen, were in the hands of Smoke and Shorty. Smoke had been more liberal in purchasing. He unblushingly pleaded guilty to having given the old man in Klondike City five dollars apiece for his seventy-two eggs. Shorty had bought most of the eggs, and he had driven bargains. He had given only two dollars an egg to the woman who made moccasins, and he prided himself that he had come off fairly well with Slavovitch, whose seven hundred and fifteen eggs he had bought at a flat rate of two dollars and a half. On the other hand, he grumbled because the little restaurant across the street had held him up for two dollars and seventy-five cents for a paltry hundred and thirty-four eggs.

The several dozen not yet gathered in were in the hands of two persons. One, with whom Shorty was dealing, was an Indian woman who lived in a cabin on the hill back of the hospital.

"I'll get her to-day," Shorty announced next morning. "You wash the dishes, Smoke. I'll be back in a jiffy, if I don't bust myself a-shovin' dust at her. Gimme a man to deal with every time. These blamed women—it's something sad the way they can hold out on a buyer. The

only way to get 'em is sellin'. Why, you'd think them eggs of hern was solid nuggets."

In the afternoon, when Smoke returned to the cabin, he found Shorty squatted on the floor, rubbing ointment into Sally's tail, his countenance so expressionless that it was suspicious.

"What luck?" Shorty asked carelessly, after several minutes had passed.

"Nothing doing," Smoke answered. "How did you get on with the squaw?"

Shorty cocked his head triumphantly toward a tin pail of eggs on the table. "Seven dollars a clatter, though," he confessed, after another minute of silent rubbing.

"I offered ten dollars finally," Smoke said, "and then the fellow told me he'd already sold his eggs. Now that looks bad, Shorty. Somebody else is in the market. Those twenty-eight eggs are liable to cause us trouble. You see, the success of the corner consists in holding every last—"

He broke off to stare at his partner. A pronounced change was coming over Shorty—one of agitation masked by extreme deliberation. He closed the salve-box, wiped his hands slowly and thoroughly on Sally's furry coat, stood up, went over to the corner and looked at the thermometer, and came back again. He spoke in a low, toneless, and super-polite voice.

"Do you mind kindly just repeating over how many eggs you said the man didn't sell to you?" he asked.

"Twenty-eight."

"Hum," Shorty communed to himself, with a slight duck of the head of careless acknowledgment. Then he glanced with slumbering anger at the stove. "Smoke, we'll have to dig up a new stove. That fire-box is burned plumb into the oven so it blacks the biscuits."

"Let the fire-box alone," Smoke commanded, "and tell me what's the matter."

"Matter? An' you want to know what's the matter? Well, kindly please direct them handsome eyes of yours at that there pail settin' on the table. See it?"

Smoke nodded.

"Well, I want to tell you one thing, just one thing. They's just exactly, precisely, nor nothin' more or anythin' less'n twenty-eight eggs in the pail, an' they cost, every danged last one of 'em, just exactly seven great big round iron dollars a throw. If you stand in cryin' need of any further items of information, I'm willin' and free to impart."

"Go on," Smoke requested.

"Well, that geezer you was dickerin' with is a big buck Indian. Am I right?"

Smoke nodded, and continued to nod to each question.

"He's got one cheek half gone where a bald-face grizzly swatted him. Am I right? He's a dog-trader—right, eh? His name is Scar-Face Jim. That's so, ain't it? D'y'e get my drift?"

"You mean we've been bidding—"

"Against each other. Sure thing. That squaw's his wife, an' they keep house on the hill back of the hospital. I could 'a' got them eggs for two a throw if you hadn't butted in."

"And so could I," Smoke laughed, "if you'd kept out. But it doesn't amount to anything. We know that we've got the corner. That's the big thing."

Shorty spent the next hour wrestling with a stub of a pencil on the margin of a three-year-old newspaper, and the more interminable and hieroglyphic grew his figures the more cheerful he became.

"There she stands," he said at last. "Pretty? I guess yes. Lemme give you the totals. You an' me has right now in our possession exactly nine hundred an' seventy-three eggs. They cost us exactly two thousand, seven hundred an'

sixty dollars, reckonin' dust at sixteen an ounce an' not countin' time. An' now listen to me. If we stick up Wild Water for ten dollars a egg we stand to win, clean net an' all to the good, just exactly six thousand nine hundred and seventy dollars. Now that's book-makin' what is, if anybody should ride up on a dog-sled an' ask you. An' I'm in on it! Put her there, Smoke. I'm that thankful I'm sure droolin' gratitude. Book-makin'! Say, I'd sooner run with the chicks than the ponies any day."

IV

AT eleven that night Smoke was routed from sound sleep by Shorty, whose fur parka exhaled an atmosphere of keen frost and whose hand was extremely cold in its contact with Smoke's cheek.

"What is it now?" Smoke grumbled. "Rest of Sally's hair fallen out?"

"Nope. But I just had to tell you the good news. I seen Slavovitch. Or Slavovitch seen me, I guess, because he started the séance. He says to me: 'Shorty, I want to speak to you about them eggs. I've kept it quiet. Nobody knows I sold 'em to you. But if you're speculatin',



Wild Water paused, with uplifted pen, as he was about to sign. "Hold on," he said.
"When I buy eggs I buy good eggs."

I can put you wise to a good thing.' An' he did, too, Smoke. Now what'd you guess that good thing is?"

"Go on. Name it."

"Well, maybe it sounds uncredible, but that good thing was Wild Water Charley. He's lookin' to buy eggs. He goes around to Slavovitch an' offers him five dollars an egg, an' before he quits he's offerin' eight. An' Slavovitch ain't got no eggs. Last thing Wild Water says to Slavovitch is that he'll beat the head offen him if he ever finds out Slavovitch has eggs cached away somewhere. Slavovitch had to tell 'm he'd sold the eggs, but that the buyer was secret.

"Slavovitch says to let him say the word to Wild Water who's got the eggs. 'Shorty,' he says to me, 'Wild Water'll come a-runnin'. You can hold him up for eight dollars.' 'Eight dollars, your grandmother,' I says. 'He'll fall for ten before I'm done with him.' Anyway, I told Slavovitch I'd think it over and let him know in the mornin'. Of course we'll let 'm pass the word on to Wild Water. Am I right?"

"You certainly are, Shorty. First thing in the morning tip off Slavovitch. Have him tell Wild Water that you and I are partners in the deal."

Five minutes later Smoke was again aroused by Shorty.

"Say! Smoke! Oh, Smoke!"

"Yes?"

"Not a cent less than ten a throw. Do you get that?"

"Sure thing—all right," Smoke returned sleepily.

In the morning Smoke chanced upon Lucille Arral again at the dry-goods counter of the A. C. Store.

"It's working," he jubilated. "It's working. Wild Water's been around to Slavovitch, trying to buy or bully eggs out of him. And by this time Slavovitch has told him that Shorty and I own the corner."

Lucille Arral's eyes sparkled with delight. "I'm going to breakfast right now," she cried. "And I'll ask the waiter for eggs, and be so plaintive when there aren't any as to melt a heart of stone. And you know Wild Water's heart is anything but stone. He'll buy the corner if it costs him one of his mines. I know him. And hold out for a stiff figure. Nothing less than ten dollars will satisfy me, and if you sell for anything less, Smoke, I'll never forgive you."

That noon, up in their cabin, Shorty placed on the table a pot of beans, a pot of coffee, a pan of sour-dough biscuits, a tin of butter and a tin of condensed cream, a smoking platter of moose-meat and bacon, a plate of stewed dried peaches, and called: "Grub's ready. Take a slant at Sally first."

Smoke put aside the harness on which he was sewing, opened the door, and saw Sally and Bright spiritedly driving away a bunch of foraging sled-dogs that belonged to the next cabin. Also he saw something else that made him close the door hurriedly and dash to the stove. The frying-pan, still hot from the moose-meat and bacon, he put back on the front lid. Into the frying-pan he put a generous dab of butter, then reached for an egg, which he broke and dropped sputtering into the pan. As he reached for a second egg, Shorty gained his side and clutched his arm in an excited grip.

"Hey! What you doin'?" he demanded.

"Frying eggs," Smoke informed him, breaking the second one and throwing off Shorty's detaining hand. "What's the matter with your eyesight? Did you think I was combing my hair?"

"Don't you feel well?" Shorty queried anxiously, as Smoke broke a third egg and dexterously thrust him back with a stiff-arm jolt on the breast. "Or are you just plain loco? That's thirty dollars' worth of eggs already."

"And I'm going to make it sixty dollars' worth," was the answer, as Smoke broke the fourth. "Get out of the way, Shorty. Wild Water's coming up the hill, and he'll be here in five minutes."

Shorty sighed vastly with commingled comprehension and relief, and sat down at the table. By the time the expected knock came at the door, Smoke was facing him across the table, and, before each, was a plate containing three hot, fried eggs.

"Come in!" Smoke called.

Wild Water Charley, a strapping young giant just a fraction of an inch under six feet in height and carrying a clean weight of one hundred and ninety pounds, entered and shook hands.

"Set down an' have a bite, Wild Water," Shorty invited. "Smoke, fry him some eggs. I'll bet he ain't scoffed an egg in a coon's age."

Smoke broke three more eggs into the hot pan, and in several minutes placed



DRAWN BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Pretty Lucille Arral was gazing forlornly at the strip of breakfast bacon and the tinned mashed potatoes on her plate, when Slavovitch placed before her two shirred eggs. "Compliments of Mr. Wild Water," they at the next table heard him say

them before his guest, who looked at them with so strange and strained an expression that Shorty confessed afterward his fear that Wild Water would slip them into his pocket and carry them away.

"Say, them swells down in the States ain't got nothin' over us in the matter of eats," Shorty gloated. "Here's you an' me an' Smoke gettin' outside ninety dollars' worth of eggs an' not battin' an eye."

Wild Water stared at the rapidly disappearing eggs and seemed petrified.

"Pitch in an' eat," Smoke encouraged.

"They—they ain't worth no ten dollars," Wild Water said slowly.

Shorty accepted the challenge. "A thing's worth what you can get for it, ain't it?" he demanded.

"Yes, but—"

"But nothin'. I'm tellin' you what we can get for 'em. Ten a throw, just like that. We're the egg trust, Smoke an' me, an' don't you forget it. When we say ten a throw, ten a throw goes." He mopped his plate with a biscuit. "I could almost eat a couple more," he sighed, then helped himself to the beans.

"You can't eat eggs like that," Wild Water objected. "It—it ain't right."

"We just dote on eggs, Smoke an' me," was Shorty's excuse.

Wild Water finished his own plate in a half-hearted way and gazed dubiously at the two comrades. "Say, you fellows can do me a great favor," he began tentatively. "Sell me, or lend me, or give me, about a dozen of them eggs."

"Sure," Smoke answered. "I know what a yearning for eggs is myself. But we're not so poor that we have to sell our hospitality. They'll cost you nothing—" Here a sharp kick under the table admonished him that Shorty was getting nervous. "A dozen, did you say, Wild Water?"

Wild Water nodded.

"Go ahead, Shorty," Smoke went on. "Cook them up for him. I can sympathize. I've seen the time myself when I could eat a dozen, straight off the bat."

But Wild Water laid a restraining hand on the eager Shorty as he explained. "I don't mean cooked. I want them with the shells on."

"So that you can carry 'em away?"

"That's the idea."

"But that ain't hospitality," Shorty objected. "It's—it's tradin'."

Smoke nodded concurrence. "That's different, Wild Water. I thought you just wanted to eat them. You see, we went into this for a speculation."

The dangerous blue of Wild Water's eyes began to grow more dangerous. "I'll pay you for them," he said sharply. "How much?"

"Oh, not a dozen," Smoke replied. "We couldn't sell a dozen. We're not retailers; we're speculators. We can't break our own market. We've got a hard and fast corner, and when we sell out it's the whole corner or nothing."

"How many have you got, and how much do you want for them?"

"How many have we, Shorty?" Smoke inquired.

Shorty cleared his throat and performed mental arithmetic aloud. "Lemme see. Nine hundred an' seventy-three minus nine, that leaves nine hundred an' sixty-two. An' the whole shootin'-match, at ten a throw, will tote up just about nine thousand six hundred an' twenty iron dollars. Of course, Wild Water, we're playin' fair, an' it's money back for bad ones, though they ain't none. That's one thing I never seen in the Klondike—a bad egg. No man's fool enough to bring in a bad egg."

"That's fair," Smoke added. "Money back for the bad ones, Wild Water. And there's our proposition—nine thousand six hundred and twenty dollars for every egg in the Klondike."

"You might play them up to twenty a throw an' double your money," Shorty suggested.

Wild Water shook his head sadly and helped himself to the beans. "That would be too expensive, Shorty. I only want a few. I'll give you ten dollars for a couple of dozen. I'll give you twenty—but I can't buy 'em all."

"All or none," was Smoke's ultimatum.

"Look here, you two," Wild Water said in a burst of confidence. "I'll be perfectly honest with you, an' don't let it go any further. You know Miss Arral an' I was engaged. Well, she's broken everything off. You know it. Everybody knows it. It's for her I want them eggs."

"Huh!" Shorty jeered. "It's clear an' plain why you want 'em with the shells on. But I never thought it of you."

"Thought what?"

"It's low-down mean, that's what it is," Shorty rushed on, virtuously indignant.

"I wouldn't wonder somebody filled you full of lead for it, an' you'd deserve it, too."

Wild Water began to flame toward the verge of one of his notorious Berserker rages. His hands clenched until the cheap fork in one of them began to bend, while his blue eyes flashed warning sparks. "Now look here, Shorty, just what do you mean? If you think anything underhanded—"

"I mean what I mean," Shorty retorted doggedly, "an' you bet your sweet life I don't mean anything underhanded. Overhand's the only way to do it. You can't throw 'em any other way."

"Throw what?"

"Eggs, prunes, baseballs, anything. But Wild Water, you're makin' a mistake. They ain't no crowd ever sat at the Opery House that'll stand for it. Just because she's a actress is no reason you can publicly lambaste her with hen-fruit."

For the moment it seemed that Wild Water was going to burst or have apoplexy. He drank a mouthful of scalding coffee and slowly recovered himself. "You're in wrong, Shorty," he said with cold deliberation. "I'm not going to throw eggs at her. Why, man," he cried, with growing excitement, "I want to give them eggs to her, on a platter, shirred—that's the way she likes 'em."

"I knew I was wrong," Shorty cried generously. "I knew you couldn't do a low-down trick like that."

"That's all right, Shorty," Wild Water forgave him. "But let's get down to business. You see why I want them eggs. I want 'em bad."

"Do you want 'em ninety-six hundred an' twenty dollars' worth?" Shorty queried.

"It's a hold-up, that's what it is," Wild Water declared irritately.

"It's business," Smoke retorted. "You don't think we're peddling eggs for our health, do you?"

"Aw, listen to reason," Wild Water pleaded. "I only want a couple of dozen. I'll give you twenty apiece for 'em. What do I want with all the rest of them eggs? I've went years in this country without eggs, an' I guess I can keep on managin' without 'em somehow."

"Don't get het up about it," Shorty counseled. "If you don't want 'em, that settles it. We ain't a-forcin' 'em on you."

"But I do want 'em," Wild Water complained.

"Then you know what they'll cost you—ninety-six hundred an' twenty dollars, an' if my figurin's wrong, I'll treat."

"But maybe they won't turn the trick," Wild Water objected. "Maybe Miss Arral's lost her taste for eggs by this time."

"I should say Miss Arral's worth the price of the eggs," Smoke put in quietly.

"Worth it!" Wild Water stood up in the heat of his eloquence. "She's worth a million dollars. She's worth all I've got. She's worth all the dust in Klondike." He sat down, and went on in a calmer voice. "But that ain't no call for me to gamble ten thousand dollars on a breakfast for her. Now I've got a proposition. Lend me a couple of dozen of them eggs. I'll turn 'em over to Slavovitch. He'll feed 'em to her with my compliments. She ain't smiled to me for a hundred years. If them eggs gets a smile for me, I'll take the whole boiling off your hands."

"Will you sign a contract to that effect?" Smoke said quickly; for he knew that Lucille Arral had agreed to smile.

Wild Water gasped. "You're almighty swift with business up here on the hill," he said, with a hint of a snarl.

"We're only accepting your own proposition," Smoke answered.

"All right—bring on the paper—make it out, hard and fast," Wild Water cried in the anger of surrender.

Smoke wrote the document, wherein Wild Water agreed to take every egg delivered to him at ten dollars per egg, provided that the two dozen advanced to him brought about a reconciliation with Lucille Arral.

Wild Water paused, with uplifted pen, as he was about to sign. "Hold on," he said. "When I buy eggs I buy good eggs."

"They ain't a bad egg in the Klondike," Shorty snorted.

"Just the same, if I find one bad egg you've got to come back with the ten I paid for it."

"That's all right," Smoke placated. "It's only fair."

"An' every bad egg you come back with I'll eat," Shorty declared.

Smoke inserted the word "good" in the contract, and Wild Water sullenly signed, received the trial two dozen in a tin pail, pulled on his mittens, and opened the door.

"Good-by, you robbers," he growled back at them, and slammed the door.

V

SMOKE was a witness to the play next morning in Slavovitch's. He sat, as Wild Water's guest, at the table adjoining Lucille Arral's. Almost to the letter, as she had forecast it, did the scene come off.

"Haven't you found any eggs yet?" she murmured plaintively to the waiter.

"No, ma'am," came the answer. "They say somebody's cornered every egg in Dawson. Mr. Slavovitch is trying to buy a few just especially for you. But the fellow that's got the corner won't let loose."

It was at this juncture that Wild Water beckoned the proprietor to him, and, with one hand on his shoulder, drew his head down. "Look here, Slavovitch," Wild Water whispered hoarsely, "I turned over a couple of dozen eggs to you last night. Where are they?"

"In the safe, all but that six I have all thawed and ready for you any time you sing out."

"I don't want 'em for myself," Wild Water breathed in a still lower voice. "Shir 'em up and present 'em to Miss Arral there."

"I'll attend to it personally myself," Slavovitch assured him.

"An' don't forget—compliments of me," Wild Water concluded, relaxing his detaining clutch on the proprietor's shoulder.

Pretty Lucille Arral was gazing forlornly at the strip of breakfast bacon and the tinned mashed potatoes on her plate when Slavovitch placed before her two shirred eggs.

"Compliments of Mr. Wild Water," they at the next table heard him say.

Smoke acknowledged to himself that it was a fine bit of acting—the quick, joyous flash in the face of her, the impulsive turn of the head, the spontaneous forerunner of a smile that was only checked by a superb self-control which resolutely drew her face back so that she could say something to the restaurant proprietor.

Smoke felt the kick of Wild Water's moccasined foot under the table.

"Will she eat 'em?—that's the question—will she eat 'em?" the latter whispered agonizingly.

And with sidelong glances they saw Lucille Arral hesitate, almost push the dish from her, then surrender to its lure.

"I'll take them eggs," Wild Water said to Smoke. "The contract holds. Did you

see her? Did you see her! She almost smiled. I know her. It's all fixed. Two more eggs to-morrow an' she'll forgive an' make up. If she wasn't here I'd shake hands, Smoke, I'm that grateful. You ain't a robber; you're a philanthropist."

VI

SMOKE returned jubilantly up the hill to the cabin, only to find Shorty playing solitaire in black despair. Smoke had long since learned that whenever his partner got out the cards for solitaire it was a warning signal that the bottom had dropped out of the world.

"Go 'way, don't talk to me," was the first rebuff Smoke received.

But Shorty soon thawed into a freshet of speech.

"It's all off with the big Swede," he groaned. "The corner's busted. They'll be sellin' sherry an' egg in all the saloons to-morrow at a dollar a flip. They ain't no starvin' orphan child in Dawson that won't be wrappin' its tummy around eggs. What d'y'e think I run into?—a geezer with three thousan' eggs—d'y'e get me? Three thousand, an' just freighted in from Forty Mile."

"Fairy stories," Smoke doubted.

"Fairy hell! I seen them eggs. Gaute-reaux's his name—a whackin' big, blue-eyed French-Canadian husky. He asked for you first, then took me to the side and jabbed me straight to the heart. It was our cornerin' eggs that got him started. He knew about them three thousan' at Forty Mile an' just went an' got 'em. 'Show 'em to me,' I says. An' he did. There was his dog-teams, an' a couple of Indian drivers, restin' down the bank where they'd just pulled in from Forty Mile. An' on the sleds was soap-boxes—teeny wooden soap-boxes.

"We took one out behind a ice-jam in the middle of the river an' busted it open. Eggs!—full of 'em, all packed in sawdust. Smoke, you an' me lose. We've been gamblin'. D'y'e know what he had the gall to say to me?—that they was all oun at ten dollars a egg. D'y'e know what he was doin' when I left his cabin?—drawin' a sign of eggs for sale. Said he'd give us first choice, at ten a throw, till 2 P.M., an' after that, if we didn't come across, he'd bust the market higher 'n a kite. Said he

wasn't no business man, but that he knew a good thing when he seen it—meanin' you an' me, as I took it."

"It's all right," Smoke said cheerfully. "Keep your shirt on an' let me think a moment. Quick action and team play is all that's needed. I'll get Wild Water here at two o'clock to take delivery of eggs. You buy that Gautereaux's eggs. Try and make a bargain. Even if you pay ten dollars apiece for them, Wild Water will take them off our hands at the same price. If you can get them cheaper, why, we make a profit as well. Now go to it. Have them here by not later than two o'clock. Borrow Colonel Bowie's dogs and take our team. Have them here by two sharp."

"Say, Smoke," Shorty called, as his partner started down the hill. "Better take an umbrella. I wouldn't be none surprised to see the weather rainin' eggs before you get back."

Smoke found Wild Water at the M. & M., and a stormy half-hour ensued.

"I warn you we've picked up some more eggs," Smoke said, after Wild Water had agreed to bring his dust to the cabin

Shorty devoted himself to calculation. "There's the figgers," he announced triumphantly. "We win twelve thousan' nine hundred an' seventy dollars"

"You're luckier at finding eggs than me," Wild Water admitted. "Now, how many eggs have you got now?—an' how much dust do I tote up the hill?"

Smoke consulted his notebook. "As it stands now, according to Shorty's figures, we've three thousand nine hundred and sixty-two eggs. Multiply by ten—"

"Forty thousand dollars!" Wild Water bellowed. "You said there was only something like nine hundred eggs. It's a stick-up! I won't stand for it!"

Smoke drew the contract from his pocket and pointed to the *pay on delivery*. "No

mention is made of the number of eggs to be delivered. You agreed to pay ten dollars for every egg we delivered to you. Well, we've got the eggs, and a signed contract is a signed contract. Honestly, though, Wild Water, we didn't know about those other eggs until afterward. Then we had to buy them in order to make our corner good."

For five long minutes, in choking silence, Wild Water fought a battle with himself, then reluctantly gave in.

"I'm in bad," he said brokenly. "The landscape's fair sproutin' eggs. An' the quicker I get out the better. There might come a landslide of 'em. I'll be there at two o'clock. But forty thousand dollars!"

"It's only thirty-nine thousand six hundred an' twenty," Smoke corrected.

"It'll weigh two hundred pounds," Wild Water raved on. "I'll have to freight it up with a dog-team."

"We'll lend you our teams to carry the eggs away," Smoke volunteered.

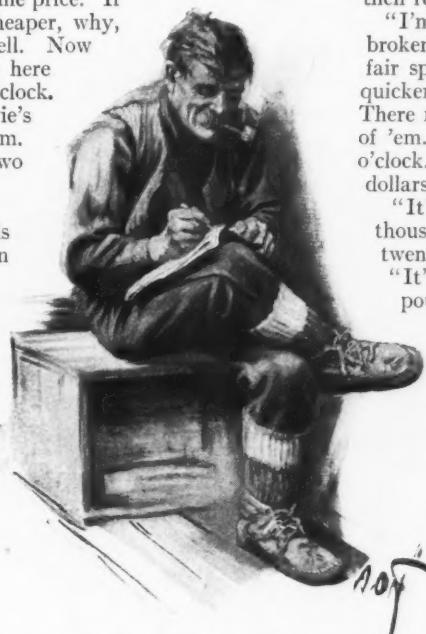
"But where'll I cache 'em? Where'll I cache 'em? Never mind. I'll be there. But as long as I live I'll never eat another egg. I'm full sick of 'em."

At half-past one, doubling the dog-teams for the steep

pitch of the hill, Shorty arrived with Gautereaux's eggs. "We dang near double our winnings," Shorty told Smoke, as they piled the soap-boxes inside the cabin. "I holds 'm down to eight dollars, an' after he cussed loco in French he falls for it. Now that's two dollars' clear profit to us for each egg, an' they're three thousan' of 'em. I paid 'm in full. Here's the receipt."

While Smoke got out the gold-scales and prepared for business, Shorty devoted himself to calculation.

"There's the figgers," he announced triumphantly. "We win twelve thousan'



nine hundred an' seventy dollars. An' we don't do Wild Water no harm. He wins Miss Arral. Besides, he gets all them eggs. It's sure a bargain-counter all around. Nobody loses."

"Even Gautereaux's twenty-four thousand to the good," Smoke laughed, "minus, of course, what the eggs and the freighting cost him. And if Wild Water plays the corner, he may make a profit out of the eggs himself."

Promptly at two o'clock, Shorty, peeping, saw Wild Water coming up the hill. When he entered he was brisk and businesslike. He took off his big bearskin coat, hung it on a nail, and sat down at the table.

"Bring on them eggs, you pirates," he commenced. "An' after this day, if you know what's good for you, never mention eggs to me again."

They began on the miscellaneous assortment of the original corner, all three men counting. When two hundred had been reached, Wild Water suddenly cracked an egg on the edge of the table and opened it deftly with his thumbs.

"Hey! Hold on!" Shorty objected.

"It's my egg, ain't it?" Wild Water snarled. "I'm payin' ten dollars for it, ain't I? But I ain't buyin' no pig in a poke. When I cough up ten bucks an egg I want to know what I'm gettin'."

"If you don't like it, I'll eat it," Shorty volunteered maliciously.

Wild Water looked and smelled, and shook his head. "No, you don't, Shorty. That's a good egg. Gimme a pail. I'm goin' to eat it myself for supper."

Thrice again Wild Water cracked good eggs experimentally and put them in the pail beside him.

"Two more than you figgered, Shorty," he said at the end of the count. "Nine hundred an' sixty-four, not sixty-two."

"My mistake," Shorty acknowledged handsomely. "We'll throw 'em in for good measure."

"Guess you can afford to," Wild Water accepted grimly. "Pass the batch. Nine thousan' six hundred an' twenty dollars. I'll pay for it now. Write a receipt, Smoke."

"Why not count the rest," Smoke suggested, "and pay all at once?"

Wild Water shook his head. "I'm no good at figgers. One batch at a time an' no mistakes."

Going to his fur coat, from each of the side pockets he drew forth two sacks of dust, so rotund and long that they resembled bologna sausages. When the first batch had been paid for, there remained in the gold-sacks not more than several hundred dollars.

A soap-box was carried to the table, and the count of the three thousand began. At the end of one hundred, Wild Water struck an egg sharply against the edge of the table. There was no crackle. The resultant sound was like that of the striking of a sphere of solid marble.

"Frozen solid," he remarked, striking more sharply.

He held the egg up, and they could see the shell powdered to minute fragments along the line of impact.

"Huh!" said Shorty. "It ought to be solid, seein' it has just been freighted up from Forty Mile. It'll take a ax to bust it."

"Me for the ax," said Wild Water.

Smoke brought the ax, and Wild Water, with the clever hand and eye of the woodsman, split the egg cleanly in half. The appearance of the egg's interior was anything but satisfactory. Smoke felt a premonitory chill. Shorty was more valiant. He held one of the halves to his nose.

"Smells all right," he said.

"But it looks all wrong," Wild Water contended. "An' how can it smell when the smell's frozen along with the rest of it? Wait a minute."

He put the two halves into a frying-pan and placed the latter on the front lid of the hot stove. Then the three men, with distended, questing nostrils, waited in silence. Slowly an unmistakable odor began to drift through the room. Wild Water forbore to speak, and Shorty remained dumb despite conviction.

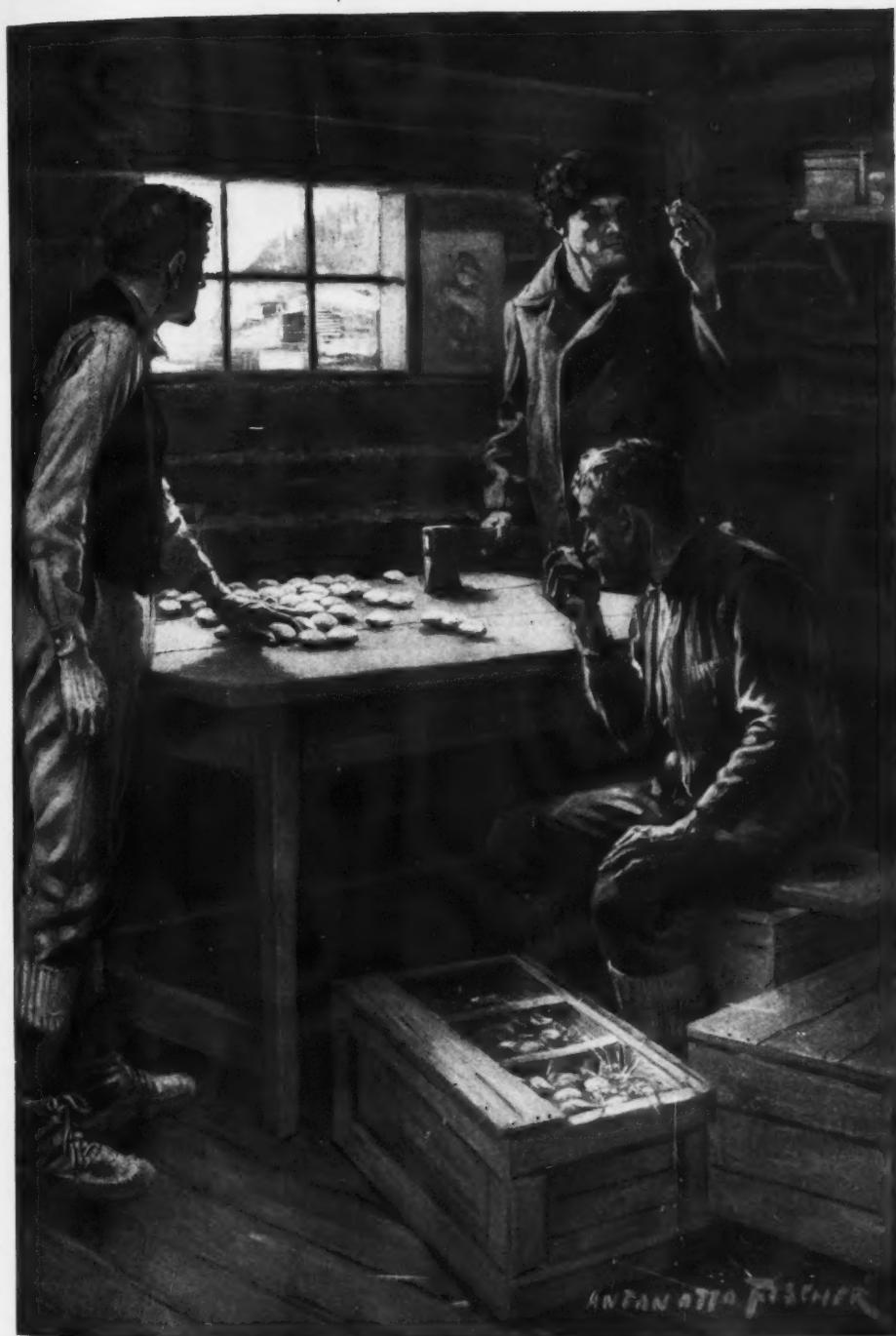
"Throw it out!" Smoke cried, gasping.

"What's the good?" asked Wild Water. "We've got to sample the rest."

"Not in this cabin." Smoke coughed and conquered a qualm. "Chop them open, and we can test by looking at them. Throw it out, Shorty— Throw it out! Phew! And leave the door open!"

Box after box was opened; egg after egg, chosen at random, was chopped in two; and every egg carried the same message of hopeless, irremediable decay.

"I won't ask you to eat 'em, Shorty,"



DRAWS BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Wild Water, with the clever hand and eye of the woodsman, split the egg cleanly in half. The appearance of the egg's interior was anything but satisfactory. Smoke felt a premonitory chill. Shorty was more valiant. He held one of the halves to his nose. "Smells all right," he said.

Wild Water jeered, "an', if you don't mind, I can't get outa here too quick. My contract called for *good* eggs. If you'll loan me a sled an' team I'll haul them good ones away before they get contaminated."

Smoke helped in loading the sled. Shorty sat at the table, the cards laid before him for solitaire.

"Say, how long you been holdin' that corner?" was Wild Water's parting gibe.

Smoke made no reply, and, with one glance at his absorbed partner, proceeded to fling the soap-boxes out into the snow.

"Say, Shorty, how much did you say you paid for that three thousand?" Smoke queried gently.

"Eight dollars. Go 'way: Don't talk to me. I can figger as well as you. We lose seventeen thousan' on the flutter, if anybody should ride up on a dog-sled an' ask you. I figgered that out while waitin' for the first egg to smell."

Smoke pondered a few minutes, then again broke silence. "Say, Shorty. Forty thousand dollars gold weighs two hundred pounds. Wild Water borrowed our sled and team to haul away his eggs. He came up the hill without a sled. Those two sacks of dust in his coat pockets weighed about twenty pounds each. The understanding was cash on delivery. He brought enough dust to pay for the good eggs. He never expected to pay for those three thousand. He knew they were bad. Now how did he know they were bad? What do you make of it, anyway?"

Shorty gathered the cards, started to shuffle a new deal, then paused. "Huh! That ain't nothin'. A child could answer it. We lose seventeen thousan'. Wild Water wins seventeen thousan'. Them eggs of Gautereaux's was Wild Water's all the time. Anything else you're curious to know?"

"Yes. Why in the name of common sense didn't you find out whether those eggs were good before you paid for them?"

"Just as easy as the first question. Wild Water swung the bunco game timed to seconds. I hadn't no time to examine them eggs. I had to hustle to get 'em here for delivery. An' now, Smoke, lemme me ask you one civil question. What did you say

was the party's name that put this egg-corner idea into your head?"

Shorty had lost the sixteenth consecutive game of solitaire, and Smoke was casting about to begin the preparation of supper, when Colonel Bowie knocked at the door, handed Smoke a letter, and went on to his own cabin.

"Did you see his face?" Shorty raved. "He was almost bustin' to keep it straight. It's the big ha! ha! for you an' me, Smoke. We won't never dast show our faces again in Dawson."

The letter was from Wild Water, and Smoke read it aloud:

"Dear Smoke and Shorty: I write to ask, with compliments of the season, your presence at a supper to-night at Slavovitch's joint. Miss Arral will be there and so will Gautereaux. Him and me was pardners down at Circle five years ago. He is all right and is going to be best man. About them eggs. They come into the country four years back. They was bad when they come in. They was bad when they left California. They always was bad. They stopped at Carluk one winter, and one winter at Nutlik, and last winter at Forty Mile, where they was sold for storage. And this winter I guess they stop at Dawson. Don't keep them in a hot room. Lucille says to say you and her and me has sure made some excitement for Dawson. And I say the drinks is on you, and that goes.

"Respectfully your friend,
"W. W."

"Well? What have you got to say?" Smoke queried. "We accept the invitation, of course?"

"I got one thing to say," Shorty answered. "An' that is Wild Water won't never suffer if he goes broke. He's a good actor—a gosh-blamed good actor. An' I got another thing to say: my figgers is all wrong. Wild Water wins seventeen thousan' all right, but he wins more'n that. You an' me has made him a present of every good egg in the Klondike—nine hundred an' sixty-four of 'em, two thrown in for good measure. An' he was that ornery, mean cussed that he packed off the three opened ones in the pail. An' I got a last thing to say. You an' me is legitimate prospectors an' practical gold-miners. But when it comes to fi-nante we're sure the fattest suckers that ever fell for the get-rich-quick bunco. After this it's you an' me for the high rocks an' tall timber, an' if you ever mention eggs to me we dissolve partnership there an' then. Get me?"

The next Smoke Bellew story, "*The Town-Site of Tra-Lee*," will appear in the April issue.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, FIFTH AVE.

"I have gone on record as admitting that Miss Sanderson is one of the very prettiest of American girls."

THEY told me that she was in the most fearful state of mental agitation at the mere idea of being chatted with, that she would probably be tongue-tied and absolutely impossible, and—and—that I must be very tender and soothing! Having heard the same dulcet story at least s'teen times before, it did not impress me as it should have done. They are all such timid little doves, but I've never had any trouble, and I certainly never anticipate any. As a matter of fact, I am the one who needs soothing, for I have to do all the hard work, and ask all the rude questions, and pretend that I'm enjoying myself immensely, when I'm very far indeed from it. I paid no attention to the rumor of Miss Julia Sanderson's bashfulness, for once somebody told me that Madame Sarah Bernhardt suffered in the

Julia Sanderson —Siren

By
Alan Dale

same way, and was "all of a fever" at an interview. Oh, la!

However, I prepared for my visit with none of the conscience-qualms that sometimes afflict me. In the pages of this magazine, I have gone on record as admitting that Miss Sanderson is one of the very prettiest of American girls, and that isn't a horrid thing to say, is it? She couldn't possibly object to me, on the ground of cruelty and relentlessness.

I may not have given her the highest form of praise, but at least to chronicle a girl as the possessor of adorable pulchritude is—er—a kindly act. One could say nothing at all, for, after all, a critic is supposed to concern himself with art for art's sake. But I do love beauty; it helps even the appreciation of art; I decline to look upon it as a mere accident. If it be one, then it is an accident that we should all like to suffer, and no compensation would be necessary.

Miss Sanderson was ensconced in a flat quite a long way up-town, in the region that doesn't like to be called Harlem, but often suffers from that stigma. I was admitted to a very cunning little room, after I had made known my presence, and was given just two minutes in which to examine it. For a novice, it struck me that Miss Sanderson knew the correctest mode of procedure. To leave an interviewer more than two minutes alone in a small room is fatal. He begins to reason, and to fret. To break

Julia Sanderson—Siren

in upon him at the psychological moment is artistic, and that is what Miss Sanderson did.

She was even prettier than I had imagined her, in a very simple frock, which

something loose, but that is only when they have achieved a "certain" age. Miss Julia Sanderson hasn't achieved that age, and she wore a frock that looked as though it were there to stay for a time.

I couldn't detect any of the mental agitation that had been threatened; on the contrary, Miss Sanderson appeared to be at her ease, and perfectly serene. Nor was she tongue-tied, for she greeted me most pleasantly. So I didn't feel called upon to be "tender and soothing"; at least, not more than I always am. Her youth and delicacy of demeanor pleased me, and I forgot my troubles.

"I call this my home," she said in her agreeably English tones, "for it is the best I can get in New York. This is certainly not a place for homes, is it? I should very much prefer living in some of the small towns, and being comfortable. Really, I don't appreciate New York one bit. I never go to the restaurants and supper-resorts, and if one does not do that—well, what is the good of New York?



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARION, FIFTH AVE.

"I adore the road. I like the excitement of it. I enjoy getting up early in the morning, and setting forth for new territory."

wasn't a "gown," and a deliciously homely air that seemed quite unpremeditated. Her hair was knotted loosely yet tidily, and she did not wear a "peignoir." Stage ladies certainly do love to get into



MUSIC (C) BY JOE W. STEIN & CO.

Julia Sanderson and Donald Brian in "The Siren," a musical comedy which is enjoying tremendous success, and other portraits of Miss Sanderson in "The Arcadians" and as an every-day American girl—"a typical New England Yankee."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SABONY AND WHITE

Julia Sanderson—Siren



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOFFETT AND SABONY

"I never studied singing in my life. I never had time to do so. I've been tremendously busy and hard worked. Guess how old I am."

After the theater, I see shoals of unfortunate people rushing to the restaurants as though there were nothing else in the world, and I feel dreadfully sorry for them. What a life! What a curious notion of pleasure! I say to myself: 'Poor souls! I'm thankful I haven't got to do that.' But that is all there is to New York. I call it a very tiresome place indeed, and I'm not a bit glad to be here."

"Think how miserable you would be if you were on the 'road,'" I suggested.

Miss Sanderson laughed with some merriment, and said what in all my experience I have never heard another actress say. "Miserable?" she echoed. "Why, I adore

the road. I am really tremendously fond of one-night stands! That is an absolute fact. I like the excitement of it. I enjoy getting up early in the morning, and setting forth for new territory. It is exhilarating, and it prevents one from getting in a groove. Oh, I know it is the fashion to run down the road, but I'd sooner have a season of one-night stands than a long sojourn in New York. That is perfectly true. Mr. Frohman is very indignant with me, because I am always begging him to let me go on the road with the company in which I have made a hit, rather than remain in New York and create a new part. I'd like to play one part for three or four years in every town, village, and hamlet in the United States. Oh, I revel in it."

I laughed. I hadn't imagined that Miss Sanderson would be glaringly original, and yet here she was with sentiments that were wholly unique.

To hang her for the alleged hardships of the road! To depreciate the equally alleged joys of this hectic metropolis! To be dissatisfied with success! Oh, Miss Sanderson was as original as she was pretty, and I began to sit up and take notice. Here was a girl with ideas, and that is what I always yearn to discover. But—it was rather cheeky!

"There is no fun in New York," she said with a sigh (she is certainly a lovely subject for out-of-town readers), "and not merely because it is a big city. I was very attached to London. I loved it, and had a really delightful time in England. I played there for some time, and hope to do so again. At first I had rather a hard time, for they didn't like my American accent."

"But you haven't any," I said, for to my accustomed ears there was no trace of it.

"I have," she insisted demurely, "and I was never able to lose it. I am a typical New England Yankee, and am proud of it. However, I didn't mind being criticized in London, and am quite willing to go there again. Then, over there, we are treated so much better. We amount to so much more socially. They credit us with being human beings, with a sense of the fitness of things. Here we are tolerated! That is all. We are entertainers, and people like to see us on the stage. But they don't invite us to their homes, and although we are not openly outcasts, we really amount to that. Well, I don't like it. I don't feel that I should be an outcast."

The idea of Miss Sanderson as an outcast appealed to my sense of humor. She looked so young, and so pretty, and so dainty. She would never be selected to play an outcast on the stage.

"We are very low in the social scale," she continued, "and I don't think it is our fault. In England it is otherwise. You must know that actors and actresses have sensibilities. We may be wedded to our art, but we do like a little social recognition. At least, I do, and that is why I say I had such a delightful time in England. I had my home there, and it was a home. Here"—looking contemptuously at her cunning little apartment—"it isn't a home, but a place to shelter in."

I saw a few flowers on the mantelpiece, some books on the table, and some very comfortable furniture. Then, through the window, the view was not too squalid, and

the roar and din of a big city certainly eluded this little niche. No, I couldn't quite agree with Miss Sanderson. I didn't see that she was to be pitied. Her lot in life didn't appeal to me as particularly bitter. But why argue? After all, it is unrest that spurs one on to better things. Miss Sanderson's



SPECIALLY POSED FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN

Miss Julia Sanderson at home—a "cunning little apartment quite a long way up-town, in the region that doesn't like to be called Harlem, but often suffers from that stigma."

Julia Sanderson—Siren

dissatisfaction was in reality a sign of her aspiring nature. She could probably be just as artistically dissatisfied in London.

"Where did you study singing?" I asked.

Again she floored me. "Nowhere," was her reply. "I never studied singing in my life. I never had time to do so. I've been tremendously busy and hard worked. Guess how old I am."

Now wasn't that horrid? It did make me feel hateful. I've been asked that question before, and always put my foot in it. So I didn't know how to answer Miss Julia Sanderson. I felt that whatever I said would be wrong, and I wasn't taking any chances! I looked a little more foolish than I usually look and "maintained a discreet silence."

Miss Sanderson came promptly to my rescue. She is a kind girl, and I was grateful. "I'm twenty four," she said, "though I dare say you'll think I'm about a hundred when I tell you what I've done. I was in the chorus for nine years—actually for nine years. I was a show girl, and that isn't all. Before that, I was in a stock company in Philadelphia, and I played every sort of part that it is possible to play. Oh, I was a schoolgirl at the time. I was fourteen. Add me up, and you will perceive that I am twenty-four. Certainly I have had a lot of experience for my age. I appeared in Philadelphia

in melodrama. Then I decided to come to New York and try my hand at musical comedy. I tried to get managers interested in me, but I couldn't. At last I got into the chorus of 'Winsome Winnie,' in which Miss Paula Edwards was the star, and that was the beginning. So, you see, I may be young, but I am not foolish."

She smiled in the cutest way, and I believed her. Not a day more than twenty-four did she look. Still,

I suppose that if I had been fool enough to guess her age, I *might* have said twenty-five, and that would have riled her. It isn't nice to have an extra year tacked on.

"I have heard it rumored that you will shortly star?" I ventured guilelessly. It was true. I had heard it rumored—more than rumored.

"I star?" she exclaimed dramatically. "I star? Oh, really, that is ridiculous. I have heard nothing of the sort. Positively I haven't. Who would star me?"

"Isn't it a fact?" I persisted.

Miss Sanderson never turned a hair. "I don't want to star. I should be miserable. I couldn't bear the thought of carrying such a burden. Why, in 'The Siren' I felt positively glad that it was poor Mr. Donald Brian who had to shoulder all the responsibilities.

Why should I star?
What have I done?
Oh, I should be wretched, and it would break me up."

Although all my cynicism made me feel that little Miss Julia was just jollying me, I couldn't get the better of her really alarming



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARONY, FIFTH AV.

"I don't want to star. In 'The Siren' I felt positively glad that it was poor Mr. Donald Brian who had to shoulder all the responsibilities. Why should I star?"

PHOTO BY BARONI



for saying it. But I just had to make the remark. "That was the one tragedy of my life," she said simply, and I respected the evident disinclination to pursue the subject.

Besides, on the stage, they marry and unmarry, and what does it matter if it pleases them? So I dropped the marital topic, and Miss Sanderson let it go. She had been surprising enough, anyway, and I felt that she had told me one or two startlers. Just the same, I hadn't noticed any mental agitation, and I was very glad of it.

I don't think she minded me one bit, and I can be awfully nice. Honest!



"I don't bother much about the future. I am just interested in the thing I am doing, and that is all. I love 'The Siren.'

I loved 'The Arcadians.' I shall love the next thing just as well. That is my nature."

sincerity. Imagine, at my time of life! There I sat, actually believing the somewhat preposterous story that she told me. Well, there's no fool like an old fool.

"I don't think I'm awfully ambitious, anyway," she resumed. "I don't bother much about the future. I am just interested in the thing I am doing, and that is all. I love 'The Siren.' I loved 'The Arcadians.' I shall love the next thing just as well. That is my nature. It may be all wrong, but I can't help that."

"In your list of experiences you forgot to include marriage," I said, and hated myself



PHOTOGRAPH BY BARONI, FIFTH AVE.

Julia Sanderson in "The Arcadians"

The Firebug

Craig Kennedy, scientific detective, has matched wits with a lot of shrewd lawbreakers in the course of these *Cosmopolitan* stories. He has solved mysteries of revolutions, safe-robberies, murders—all kinds of crooked games and schemes above and below ground. And in each case he has come out first best. In the present story he meets a situation in which it is evident that the criminal himself knows a thing or two about the very thing Kennedy knows best—the latest, most up-to-the-minute devices in the world of science. So it is fire fight fire. And the best fighter wins

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Steel Door," "The Sand-Hog," "The Bacillus of Death," "The Master Counterfeiter," etc.

Illustrated by Will Foster

ABIG, powerful, red touring-car, with a shining brass bell on the front of it, was standing at the curb before our apartment late one afternoon as I entered. It was such a machine as one frequently sees threading its reckless course in and out among the trucks and street-cars, breaking all rules and regulations, stopping at nothing, the bell clang-ing with excitement, policemen holding back traffic instead of trying to arrest the driver—in other words, a Fire Department automobile.

I regarded it curiously for a moment, for everything connected with modern fire-fighting is interesting. Then I forgot about it as I was whisked up in the elevator, only to have it recalled sharply by the sight of a strongly built, grizzled man in a blue uniform with red lining. He was leaning forward, earnestly pouring forth a story into Kennedy's ear.

"And back of the whole thing, sir," I heard him say as he brought his large fist down on the table, "is a firebug—mark my words."

Before I could close the door, Craig caught my eye, and I read in his look that he had a new case—one that interested him greatly. "Walter," he cried, "this is Fire Marshal McCormick. It's all right, McCormick. Mr. Jameson is an accessory both before and after the fact in my detective cases."

A firebug!—one of the most dangerous of criminals. The word excited my imagination at once, for the newspapers had lately been making much of the strange and appalling succession of apparently incendiary fires that had terrorized the business section of the city.

"Just what makes you think that there is a firebug—one firebug, I mean—back of this

curious epidemic of fires?" asked Kennedy, leaning back in his morris-chair with his finger-tips together and his eyes half closed as if expecting a revelation from some subconscious train of thought while the fire marshal presented his case.

"Well, usually there is no rhyme or reason about the firebug," replied McCormick, measuring his words, "but this time I think there is some method in his madness. You know the Stacey department-stores and their allied dry-goods and garment-trade interests?"

Craig nodded. Of course we knew of the gigantic dry-goods combination. It had been the talk of the press at the time of its formation, a few months ago, especially as it included among its organizers one very clever business woman, Miss Rebecca Wend. There had been considerable opposition to the combination in the trade, but Stacey had shattered it by the sheer force of his personality.

McCormick leaned forward and, shaking his forefinger to emphasize his point, replied slowly, "Practically every one of these fires has been directed against a Stacey subsidiary or a corporation controlled by them."

"But if it has gone as far as that," put in Kennedy, "surely the regular police ought to be of more assistance to you than I."

"I have called in the police," answered McCormick wearily, "but they haven't even made up their minds whether it is a single firebug or a gang. And in the meantime, my God, Kennedy, the firebug may start a fire that will get beyond control!"

"You say the police haven't a single clue to anyone who might be responsible for the fires?" I asked, hoping that perhaps the marshal might talk more freely of his sus-

pitions to us than he had already expressed himself in the newspaper interviews I had read.

"Absolutely not a clue—except such as are ridiculous," replied McCormick, twisting his cap viciously.

No one spoke. We were waiting for McCormick to go on.

"The first fire," he began, repeating his story for my benefit, although Craig listened quite as attentively as if he had not heard it already, "was at the big store of Jones, Green & Co., the clothiers. The place was heavily insured. Warren, the manager and real head of the firm, was out of town at the time."

The marshal paused as if to check off the strange facts in his mind as he went along.

"The next day another puzzling fire occurred. It was at the Quadrangle Cloak & Suit Co., on Fifth Avenue. There had been some trouble, I believe, with the employees, and the company had discharged a number of them. Several of the leaders have been arrested, but I can't say we have anything against any of them. Still, Max Bloom, the manager of this company, insists that the fire was set for revenge, and indeed it looks as much like a fire for revenge as the Jones-Green fire does"—here he lowered his voice confidentially—"for the purpose of collecting insurance."

"Then came the fire in the Slawson Building, a new-loft building that had been erected just off Fourth Avenue. Other than the fact that the Stacey interests put up the money for financing this building there seemed to be no reason for that fire

at all. The building was reputed to be earning a good return on the investment, and I was at a loss to account for the fire. I have made no arrests for it—just set it down as the work of a pure pyromaniac, a man who burns buildings for fun, a man with an inordinate desire to hear the fire-engines screech through the streets and perhaps get a chance to show a little heroism in 'rescuing' tenants. However, the adjuster for the insurance company, Lazard, and the adjuster for the insured, Hartstein, have reached an agreement, and I believe the insurance is to be paid."

"But," interposed Kennedy, "I see no evidence of organized arson so far."

"Wait," replied the fire marshal. "That was only the beginning, you understand. A little later came a fire that looked quite like an attempt to mask a robbery by burning the building afterward. That was in a silk-house near Spring Street. But after a controversy the adjusters have

reached an agreement on that case. I mention these fires because they show practically all the types of work of the various kinds of firebug—insurance, revenge, robbery, and plain insanity. But since the Spring Street fire, the character of the fires has been more uniform. They have all been in business places, or nearly all."

Here the fire marshal launched forth into a catalogue of fires of suspected incendiary origin, at least eight in all. I took them down hastily, intending to use the list some time in a box head with an article in the *Star*. When he had finished his list I hastily



I swung around in my chair quickly. "Get out!" I exclaimed. "No woman ever used such phrases."

The Firebug

counted up the number of killed. There were six, two of them firemen, and four employees. The money loss ranged into the millions.

McCormick passed his hand over his forehead to brush off the perspiration. "I guess this thing has got on my nerves," he muttered hoarsely. "Everywhere I go they talk about nothing else. If I drop into the restaurant for lunch, my waiter talks of it. If I meet a newspaper man, he talks of it. My barber talks of it—everybody. Sometimes I dream of it; other times I lie awake thinking about it. I tell you, gentlemen, I've sweated blood over this problem."

"But," insisted Kennedy, "I still can't see why you link all these fires as due to one firebug. I admit there is an epidemic of fires. But what makes you so positive that it is all the work of one man?"

"I was coming to that. For one thing, he isn't like the usual firebug at all. Ordinarily they start their fires with excelsior and petroleum, or they smear the wood with paraffin or they use gasoline, benzine, or something of that sort. This fellow apparently scorns such crude methods. I can't say how he starts his fires, but in every case I have mentioned we have found the remains of a wire. It has something to do with electricity—but what, I don't know. That's one reason why I think these fires are all connected. Here's another."

McCormick pulled a dirty note out of his pocket and laid it on the table. We read it eagerly:

Hello, Chief! Haven't found the firebug yet, have you? You will know who he is only when I am dead and the fires stop. I don't suppose you even realize that the firebug talks with you almost every day about catching the firebug. That's me. I am the real firebug, that is writing this letter. I am going to tell you why I am starting these fires. There's money in it—an easy living. They never caught me in Chicago or anywhere, so you might as well quit looking for me and take your medicine.

A. SPARK.

"Humph!" ejaculated Kennedy, "he has a sense of humor, anyhow—A. Spark!"

"Queer sense of humor," growled McCormick, gritting his teeth. "Here's another I got to-day."

Say, Chief: We are going to get busy again and fire a big department-store next. How does that suit Your Majesty? Wait till the fun begins when the firebug gets to work again.

A. SPARK.

"Well, sir, when I got that letter," cried McCormick, "I was almost ready to ring in a double-nine alarm at once—they have me that bluffed out. But I said to myself, 'There's only one thing to do—see this man Kennedy.' So here I am. You see what I am driving at? I believe that firebug is an artist at the thing, does it for the mere fun of it and the ready money in it. But more than that; there must be some one back of him. Who is the man higher up—we must catch him. See?"

"A big department-store," mused Kennedy. "That's definite—there are only a score or so of them, and the Stacey interests control several. Mac, I'll tell you what I'll do. Let me sit up with you to-night at headquarters until we get an alarm. By George, I'll see this case through to a finish!"

The fire marshal leaped to his feet and bounded over to where Kennedy was seated. With one hand on Craig's shoulder and the other grasping Craig's hand, he started to speak, but his voice choked.

"Thanks," he blurted out huskily at last. "My reputation in the department is at stake, my promotion, my position itself, my—my family—er—er—"

"Not a word, sir," said Kennedy, his features working sympathetically. "To-night at eight I will go on watch with you. By the way, leave me those A. Spark notes."

McCormick had so far regained his composure as to say a hearty farewell. He left the room as if ten years had been lifted off his shoulders. A moment later he stuck his head in the door again. "I'll have one of the Department machines call for you, gentlemen," he said.

After the marshal had gone, we sat for several minutes in silence. Kennedy was reading and rereading the notes, scowling to himself as if they presented a particularly perplexing problem. I said nothing, though my mind was teeming with speculations. At length he placed the notes very decisively on the table and snapped out the remark,

"Yes, it must be so."

"What?" I queried, still drumming away at my typewriter, copying the list of incendiary fires against the moment when the case should be complete and the story "released for publication," as it were.

"This note," he explained, picking up the first one and speaking slowly, "was written by a woman."

I swung around in my chair quickly. "Get out!" I exclaimed. "No woman ever used such phrases."

"I didn't say composed by a woman—I said written by a woman," he replied.

"Oh," I said, rather chagrined.

"It is possible to determine sex from handwriting in perhaps eighty cases out of a hundred," Kennedy went on, enjoying my discomfiture. "Once I examined several hundred specimens of writing to decide that point to my satisfaction. Just to test my conclusions I submitted the specimens to two professional graphologists. I found that our results were slightly different, but I averaged the thing up to four cases out of five correct. The so-called sex signs are found to be largely influenced by the amount of writing done, by age, and to a certain extent by practice and professional requirements, as in the conventional writing of teachers and the rapid hand of bookkeepers. Now in this case the person who wrote the first note was only an indifferent writer. Therefore the sex signs are pretty likely to be accurate. Yes, I'm ready to go on the stand and swear that this note was written by a woman and the second by a man."

"Then there's a woman in the case, and she wrote the first note for the firebug—is that it?" I asked.

"Exactly. There nearly always is a woman in the case, somehow or other. This woman is closely connected with the firebug. As for the firebug, whoever it may be, he performs his crimes with cold premeditation and, as De Quincey said, in a spirit of pure artistry. The lust of fire propels him, and he uses his art to secure wealth. The man may be a tool in the hands of others, however. It's unsafe to generalize on the meager facts we now have. Oh, well, there is nothing we can do just yet. Let's take a walk, get an early dinner, and be back here before the automobile arrives."

Not a word more did Kennedy say about the case during our stroll or even on the way down-town to fire headquarters.

We found McCormick anxiously waiting for us. High up in the sandstone tower at headquarters, we sat with him in the maze of delicate machinery with which the fire game is played in New York. In great glass cases were glistening brass and nickel machines with disks and levers and bells, tickers, sheets of paper, and annunciators without number. This was the fire-alarm telegraph,

the "roulette-wheel of the fire demon," as some one has aptly called it.

"All the alarms for fire from all the boroughs, both from the regular alarm-boxes and the auxiliary systems, come here first over the network of three thousand miles or more of wire nerves that stretch out through the city," McCormick was explaining to us.

A buzzer hissed.

"Here's an alarm now," he exclaimed, all attention.

"Three," "six," "seven," the numbers appeared on the annunciator. The clerks in the office moved as if they were part of the mechanism. Twice the alarm was repeated, being sent out all over the city. McCormick relapsed from his air of attention.

"That alarm was not in the shopping district," he explained, much relieved. "Now the fire-houses in the particular district where that fire is have received the alarm instantly. Four engines, two hook-and-ladders, a water-tower, the battalion chief, and a deputy are hurrying to that fire. Hello, here comes another."

Again the buzzer sounded. "One," "four," "five" showed in the annunciator.

Even before the clerks could respond, McCormick had dragged us to the door. In another instant we were wildly speeding up-town, the bell on the front of the automobile clanging like a fire-engine, the siren horn going continuously, the engine of the machine throbbing with energy until the water boiled in the radiator.

"Let her out, Frank," called McCormick to his chauffeur, as we rounded into a broad and now almost deserted thoroughfare.

Like a red streak in the night we flew up that avenue, turned into Fourteenth Street on two wheels, and at last were on Sixth Avenue. With a jerk and a skid we stopped. There were the engines, the hose-carts, the hook-and-ladders, the salvage corps, the police establishing fire lines—everything. But where was the fire?

The crowd indicated where it ought to be—it was Stacey's. Firemen and policemen were entering the huge building. McCormick shouldered in after them, and we followed.

"Who turned in the alarm?" he asked as we mounted the stairs with the others.

"I did," replied a night watchman on the third landing. "Saw a light in the office

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on the third floor back—something blazing. But it seems to be out now."

We had at last come to the office. It was dark and deserted, yet with the lanterns we could see the floor of the largest room littered with torn books and ledgers.

Kennedy caught his foot in something. It was a loose wire on the floor. He followed it. It led to an electric-light socket, where it was attached.

"Can't you turn on the lights?" shouted McCormick to the watchman.

"Not here. They're turned on from down-stairs, and they're off for the night. I'll go down if you want me to and—"

"No," roared Kennedy. "Stay where you are until I follow the wire to the other end."

At last we came to a little office partitioned off from the main room. Kennedy carefully opened the door. One whiff of the air from it was sufficient. He banged the door shut again.

"Stand back with those lanterns, boys," he ordered.

I sniffed, expecting to smell illuminating-gas. Instead, a peculiar, sweetish odor pervaded the air. For a moment it made me think of a hospital operating-room.

"Ether," exclaimed Kennedy. "Stand back farther with those lights and hold them up from the floor."

For a moment he seemed to hesitate as if at loss what to do next. Should he open the door and let this highly inflammable gas out or should he wait patiently until the natural ventilation of the little office had dispelled it?

While he was debating he happened to glance out the window and catch sight of a drug-store across the street.

"Walter," he said to me, "hurry across there and get all the saltpeter and sulphur the man has in the shop."

I lost no time in doing so. Kennedy dumped the two chemicals into a pan in the middle of the main office, about three-fifths saltpeter and two-fifths sulphur, I should say. Then he lighted it. The mass burned with a bright flame but without explosion. We could smell the suffocating fumes from it, and we retreated. For a moment or two we watched it curiously at a distance.

"That's very good extinguishing-powder," explained Craig as we sniffed at the odor. "It yields a large amount of carbon dioxide and sulphur dioxide. Now—before it gets any worse—I guess it's safe to open the door

and let the ether out. You see this is as good a way as any to render safe a room full of inflammable vapor. Come, we'll wait outside the main office for a few minutes until the gases mix."

It seemed hours before Kennedy deemed it safe to enter the office again with a light. When we did so, we made a rush for the little cubby-hole of an office at the other end. On the floor was a little can of ether, evaporated of course, and beside it a small apparatus for producing electric sparks.

"So, that's how he does it," mused Kennedy, fingering the can contemplatively. "He lets the ether evaporate in a room for a while and then causes an explosion from a safe distance with this little electric spark. There's where your wire comes in, McCormick. Say, my man, you can switch on the lights from down-stairs, now."

As we waited for the watchman to turn on the lights I exclaimed, "He failed this time because the electricity was shut off."

"Precisely, Walter," assented Kennedy.

"But the flames which the night watchman saw, what of them?" put in McCormick, considerably mystified. "He must have seen something."

Just then the lights winked up.

"Oh, that was before the fellow tried to touch off the ether vapor," explained Kennedy. "He had to make sure of his work of destruction first—and, judging by the charred papers about, he did it well. See, he tore leaves from the ledgers and lighted them on the floor. There was an object in all that. What was it? Hello! Look at this mass of charred paper in the corner."

He bent down and examined it carefully.

"Memoranda of some kind, I guess. I'll save this burnt paper and look it over later. Don't disturb it. I'll take it away myself."

Search as we might, we could find no other trace of the firebug, and at last we left. Kennedy carried the charred paper carefully in a large hat-box.

"There'll be no more fires to-night, McCormick," he said. "But I'll watch with you every night until we get this incendiary. Meanwhile I'll see what I can decipher, if anything, in this burnt paper."

Next day McCormick dropped in to see us again. This time he had another note, a disguised scrawl which read:

Chief: I'm not through. Watch me get another store yet. I won't fall down this time.

A. SPARK.



McCormick relapsed from his air of attention. "That alarm was not in the shopping district," he explained, pointing to the numbers on the annunciator

Craig scowled as he read the note and handed it to me. "The man's writing this time—like the second note," was all he said. "McCormick, since we know where the lightning is going to strike, don't you think it would be wiser to make our headquarters in one of the engine-houses in that district?"

The fire marshal agreed, and that night saw us watching at the fire-house nearest the department-store region.

Kennedy and I were assigned to places on the hose-cart and engine, respectively, Kennedy being in the hose-cart so that he could be with McCormick. We were taught to descend one of the four brass poles hand under elbow, from the dormitory on the

second floor. They showed us how to jump into the "turn-outs"—a pair of trousers opened out over the high top boots. We were given helmets which we placed in regulation fashion on our rubber coats, turned inside out with the right armhole up. Thus it came about that Craig and I joined the Fire Department temporarily. It was a novel experience for us both.

"Now, Walter," said Kennedy, "as long as we have gone so far, we'll 'roll' to every fire, just like the regulars. We won't take any chances of missing the firebug at any time of night or day."

It proved to be a remarkably quiet evening with only one little blaze in a candy-shop

The Firebug

on Seventh Avenue. Most of the time we sat around trying to draw the men out about their thrilling experiences at fires. But if there is one thing the fireman doesn't know it is the English language when talking about himself. It was quite late when we turned into the neat white cots up-stairs.

We had scarcely fallen into a half doze in our strange surroundings when the gong down-stairs sounded. It was our signal.

We could hear the rapid clatter of the horses' hoofs as they were automatically released from their stalls and the collars and harness mechanically locked about them. All was stir, and motion, and shouts. Craig and I had bounded awkwardly into our paraphernalia at the first sound. We slid ungracefully down the pole and were pushed and shoved into our places, for scientific management in a New York firehouse has reached one hundred per cent. efficiency, and we were not to be allowed to delay the game.

The oil-torch had been applied to the engine, and it rolled forth, belching flames. I was hanging on for dear life, now and then catching sight of the driver urging his plunging horses onward like a charioteer in a modern Ben Hur race. The tender with Craig and McCormick was lost in the clouds of smoke and sparks that trailed behind us. On we dashed until we turned into Sixth Avenue. The glare of the sky told us that this time the firebug had made good.

"I'll be hanged if it isn't the Stacey store again," shouted the man next me on the engine as the horses lunged up the avenue and stopped at the allotted hydrant. It was like a war game. Every move had been planned out by the fire-strategists, even down to the hydrants that the engines should take at a given fire.

Already several floors were afame, the windows glowing like open-hearth furnaces, the glass bulging and cracking and the flames licking upward and shooting out in long streamers. The hose was coupled up in an instant, the water turned on, and the limp rubber and canvas became as rigid as a post with the high pressure of the water being forced through it. Company after company dashed into the blazing "fireproof" building, urged by the hoarse profanity of the chief.

Twenty or thirty men must have disappeared into the stile from which the police retreated. There was no haste, no hesitation. Everything moved as smoothly

as if by clockwork. Yet we could not see one of the men who had disappeared into the burning building. They had been swallowed up, as it were. For that is the way with the New York firemen. They go straight to the heart of the fire. Now and then a stream of a hose spat out of a window, showing that the men were still alive and working. About the ground floors the red-helmeted salvage corps were busy covering up what they could of the goods with rubber sheets to protect them from water. Doctors with black bags and white trousers were working over the injured. Kennedy and I were busy about the engine, and there was plenty for us to do.

Above the shrill whistle for more coal I heard a voice shout, "Began with an explosion—it's the firebug, all right." I looked up. It was McCormick, dripping and grimy, in a high state of excitement, talking to Kennedy.

I had been so busy trying to make myself believe that I was really of some assistance about the engine that I had not taken time to watch the fire itself. It was now under control. The sharp and scientific attack had nipped what might have been one of New York's historic conflagrations.

"Are you game to go inside?" I heard McCormick ask.

For answer Kennedy simply nodded. As for me, where Craig went I went.

The three of us drove through the scorching door, past twisted masses of iron still glowing dull red in the smoke and steam, while the water hissed and spattered and slopped. The smoke was still suffocating, and every once in a while we were forced to find air close to the floor and near the wall. My hands and arms and legs felt like lead, yet on we drove.

Coughing and choking, we followed McCormick to what had been the heart of the fire, the office. Men with picks and axes and all manner of cunningly devised instruments were hacking and tearing at the walls and woodwork, putting out the last smoldering sparks while a thousand gallons of water were pouring in at various parts of the building where the fire still showed spirit.

There on the floor of the office lay a charred, shapeless, unrecognizable mass. What was that gruesome odor in the room? Burned human flesh? I recoiled from what had once been the form of a woman.

McCormick uttered a cry, and as I

turned my eyes away, I saw him holding a wire with the insulation burned off. He had picked it up from the wreckage of the floor. It led to a bent and blackened can—that had once been a can of ether.

My mind worked rapidly, but McCormick blurred out the words before I could form them, "Caught in her own trap at last!"

Kennedy said nothing, but as one of the firemen roughly but reverently covered the remains with a rubber sheet, he stooped down and withdrew from the breast of the woman a long letter-file. "Come, let us go," he said.

Back in our apartment again we bathed our racking heads, gargled our parched throats, and washed out our bloodshot eyes, in silence. The whole adventure, though still fresh and vivid in my mind, seemed unreal, like a dream. The choking air, the hissing steam, the ghastly object under the tarpaulin—what did it all mean? Who was she? I strove to reason it out, but could find no answer.

It was nearly dawn when the door opened and McCormick came in and dropped wearily into a chair. "Do you know who that woman was?" he gasped. "It was Miss Wend herself."

"Who identified her?" asked Kennedy calmly.

"Oh, several people. Stacey recognized her at once. Then Hartstein, the adjuster for the insured, and Lazard, the adjuster for the company, both of whom had had more or less to do with her in connection with settling up for other fires, recognized her. She was a very clever woman, was Miss Wend, and a very important cog in the Stacey enterprises. And to think she was the firebug, after all. I can hardly believe it."

"Why believe it?" asked Kennedy quietly.

"Why believe it?" echoed McCormick. "Stacey has found shortages in his books due to the operation of her departments. The bookkeeper who had charge of the accounts in her department, a man named Douglas, is missing. She must have tried to cover up her operations by fires and juggling the accounts. Failing in that she tried to destroy Stacey's store itself, twice. She was one of the few that could get into the office unobserved. Oh, it's a clear case now. To my mind, the heavy vapors of ether—they are heavier than air, you know

—must have escaped along the surface of the floor last night and become ignited at a considerable distance from where she expected. She was caught in a back-draft, or something of the sort. Well, thank God, we've seen the last of this firebug business. What's that?"

Kennedy had laid the letter-file on the table. "Nothing. Only I found this embedded in Miss Wend's breast right over her heart."

"Then she was murdered?" exclaimed McCormick.

"We haven't come to the end of this case yet," replied Craig evasively. "On the contrary, we have just got our first good clue. No, McCormick, your theory will not hold water. The real point is to find this missing bookkeeper at any cost. You must persuade him to confess what he knows. Offer him immunity—he was only a pawn in the hands of those higher up."

McCormick was not hard to convince. Tired as he was, he grabbed up his hat and started off to put the final machinery in motion to wind up the long chase for the firebug.

"I must get a couple of hours' sleep," he yawned as he left us, "but first I want to start something toward finding Douglas. I shall try to see you about noon."

I was too exhausted to go to the office. In fact, I doubt if I could have written a line. But I telephoned in a story of personal experiences at the Stacey fire and told them they could fix it up as they chose and even sign my name to it.

About noon McCormick came in again, looking as fresh as if nothing had happened. He was used to it.

"I know where Douglas is," he announced breathlessly.

"Fine," said Kennedy, "and can you produce him at any time when it is necessary?"

"Let me tell you what I have done. I went down to the district attorney from here—routed him out of bed. He has promised to turn loose his accountants to audit the reports of the adjusters, Hartstein and Lazard, as well as to make a cursory examination of what Stacey books there are left. He says he will have a preliminary report ready to-night, but the detailed report will take days, of course."

"It's the Douglas problem that is difficult, though. I haven't seen him, but one of the central-office men, by shadowing

The Firebug

his wife, has found that he is in hiding down on the East Side. He's safe there; he can't make a move to get away without being arrested. The trouble is that if I arrest him, the people higher up will know it and will escape before I can get his confession and the warrants. I'd much rather have the whole thing done at once. Isn't there some way we can get the whole Stacey crowd together, make the arrest of Douglas and nab the guilty ones in the case, all together without giving them a chance to escape or to shield the real firebug?"

Kennedy thought a moment. "Yes," he answered slowly. "There is. If you can get them all together at my laboratory to-night at, say, eight o'clock, I'll give you two clear hours to make the arrest of Douglas, get the confession, and swear out the warrants. All that you'll need to do is to let me talk a few minutes this afternoon with the judge who will sit in the night court to-night. I shall install a little machine on his desk in the court, and we'll catch the real criminal—he'll never get a chance to cross the state line or disappear in any way. You see, my laboratory will be neutral ground. I think you can get them to come, inasmuch as they know the book-keeper is safe and that dead women tell no tales."

When next I saw Kennedy it was late in the afternoon, in the laboratory. He was arranging something in the top drawer of a flat-top desk. It seemed to be two instruments composed of many levers and disks and magnets, each instrument with a roll of paper about five inches wide. On one was a sort of stylus with two silk cords attached at right angles to each other near the point. On the other was a capillary glass tube at the junction of two aluminum arms, also at right angles to each other.

It was quite like old times to see Kennedy at work in his laboratory preparing for a "séance." He said nothing as I watched him curiously, and I asked nothing. Two sets of wires were attached to each of the instruments, and these he carefully concealed and led out the window. Then he arranged the chairs on the opposite side of the desk from his own.

"Walter," he said, "when our guests begin to arrive I want you to be master of ceremonies. Simply keep them on the opposite of the desk from me. Don't let them move their chairs around to the right or

left. And, above all, leave the doors open. I don't want anyone to be suspicious or to feel that he is shut in in any way. Create the impression that they are free to go and come when they please."

Stacey arrived first in a limousine which he left standing at the door of the Chemistry Building. Bloom and Warren came together in the latter's car. Lazard came in a taxicab which he dismissed, and Hartstein came up by the subway, being the last to arrive. Everyone seemed to be in good humor.

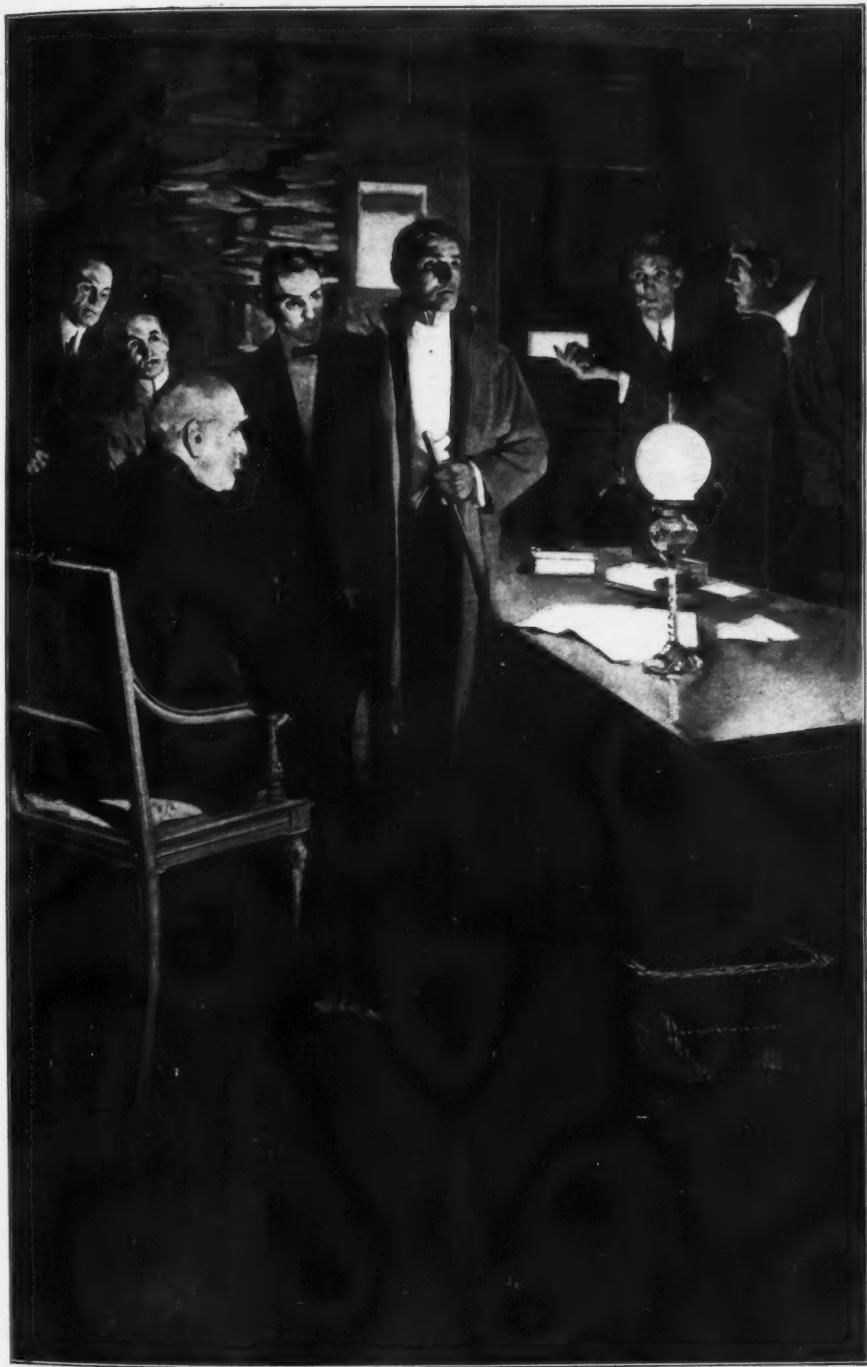
I seated them as Kennedy had directed. Kennedy pulled out the extension on the left of his desk and leaned his elbow on it as he began to apologize for taking up their time at such a critical moment. As near as I could make out, he had quietly pulled out the top drawer of his desk on the right, the drawer in which I had seen him place the complicated apparatus. But as nothing further happened I almost forgot about it in listening to him. He began by referring to the burned papers he had found in the office.

"It is sometimes possible," he continued, "to decipher writing on burned papers if one is careful. The processes of color photography have recently been applied to obtain a legible photograph of the writing on burned manuscripts which are unreadable by any other known means. As long as the sheet has not been entirely disintegrated positive results can be obtained every time. The charred manuscript is carefully arranged in as near its original shape as possible, on a sheet of glass and covered with a drying varnish, after which it is backed by another sheet of glass.

"By using carefully selected color screens and orthochromatic plates a perfectly legible photograph of the writing may be taken, although there may be no marks on the charred remains that are visible to the eye. This is the only known method in many cases. I have here some burned fragments of paper which I gathered up after the first attempt to fire your store, Mr. Stacey."

Stacey coughed in acknowledgment. As for Craig, he did not mince matters in telling what he had found.

"Some were notes given in favor of Rebecca Wend and signed by Joseph Stacey," he said quietly. "They represent a large sum of money in the aggregate. Others were memoranda of Miss Wend's, and still others were autograph letters to Miss Wend of a



DRAWN BY WILL TIPTREE

Kennedy tore the writing from the telautograph and waved it over his head. "It is a warrant. You, Samuel Lazard, are under arrest for the murder of Rebecca Wend and six other persons in fires which you have set"

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very incriminating nature in connection with the fires by another person."

Here he laid the "A. Spark" letters on the desk before him. "Now," he added, "some one, in a spirit of bravado, sent these notes to the fire marshal at various times. Curiously enough, I find that the handwriting of the first one bears a peculiar resemblance to that of Miss Wend, while the second and third, though disguised also, greatly suggest the handwriting of Miss Wend's correspondent."

No one moved. But I sat aghast. She had been a part of the conspiracy, after all, not a pawn. Had they played fair?

"Taking up next the remarkable succession of fires," resumed Kennedy, "this case presents some unique features. In short, it is a clear case of what is known as a 'firebug trust.' Now just what is a firebug trust? Well, it is, as near as I can make out, a combination of dishonest merchants and insurance adjusters engaged in the business of deliberately setting fires for profit. These arson trusts are not the ordinary kind of firebugs whom the firemen plentifully damn in the fixed belief that one-third of all fires are kindled by incendiaries. Such 'trusts' exist all over the country. They have operated in Chicago, where they are said to have made seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in one year. Another group is said to have its headquarters in Kansas City. Others have worked in St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Buffalo. The fire marshals of Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio have investigated their work. But until recently New York has been singularly free from the organized work of this sort. Of course we have plenty of firebugs and pyromaniacs in a small way, but the big conspiracy has never come to my personal attention before.

"Now, the Jones-Green fire, the Quadrangle fire, the Slawson Building fire, and the rest, have all been set for one purpose—to collect insurance. I may as well say right here that some people are in bad in this case, but that others are in worse. Miss Wend was originally a party to the scheme. Only the trouble with Miss Wend was that she was too shrewd to be fooled. She insisted that she have her full share of the pickings. In that case it seems to have been the whole field against Miss Wend, not a very gallant thing, nor yet according to the adage about honor among thieves.

"A certain person whose name I am frank to say I do not know—yet—conceived the idea of destroying the obligations of the Stacey companies to Miss Wend as well as the incriminating evidence which she held of the 'firebug trust,' of which she was a member up to this time. The plan only partly succeeded. The chief coup, which was to destroy the Stacey store into the bargain, miscarried.

"What was the result? Miss Wend, who had been hand in glove with the 'trust,' was now a bitter enemy, perhaps would turn state's evidence. What more natural than to complete the conspiracy by carrying out the coup and at the same time get rid of the dangerous enemy of the conspirators? I believe that Miss Wend was lured under some pretext or other to the Stacey store on the night of the big fire. The person who wrote the second and third 'A. Spark' letters did it. She was murdered with this deadly instrument"—Craig laid the letter-file on the table—"and it was planned to throw the entire burden of suspicion on her by asserting that there was a shortage in the books of her department."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Stacey, smoking complacently at his cigar. "We have been victimized in those fires by people who have grudges against us, labor unions and others. This talk of an arson trust is bosh—yellow journalism. More than that, we have been systematically robbed by a trusted head of a department, and the fire at Stacey's was the way the thief took to cover—er—her stealings. At the proper time we shall produce the bookkeeper Douglas and prove it."

Kennedy fumbled in the drawer of the desk, then drew forth a long strip of paper covered with figures. "All the Stacey companies," he said, "have been suffering from the depression that exists in the trade at present. They are insolvent. Glance over that, Stacey. It is a summary of the preliminary report of the accountants of the district attorney who have been going over your books to-day."

Stacey gasped. "How did you get it? The report was not to be ready until nine o'clock, and it is scarcely a quarter past now."

"Never mind how I got it. Go over it with the adjusters, anybody. I think you will find that there was no shortage in Miss Wend's department, that you were losing

money, that you were in debt to Miss Wend, and that she would have received the lion's share of the proceeds of the insurance if the firebug scheme had turned out as planned."

"We absolutely repudiate these figures as fiction," said Stacey, angrily turning toward Kennedy after a hurried consultation.

"Perhaps, then, you'll appreciate this," replied Craig, pulling another piece of paper from the desk. "I'll read it. 'Henry Douglas, being duly sworn, deposes and says that one—we'll call him 'Blank' for the present—with force and arms did feloniously, wilfully, and intentionally kill Rebecca Wend whilst said Blank was wilfully burning and setting on fire—'"

"One moment," interrupted Stacey. "Let me see that paper."

Kennedy laid it down so that only the signature showed. The name was signed in a full round hand, "Henry Douglas."

"It's a forgery," cried Stacey in rage. "Not an hour before I came into this place I saw Henry Douglas. He had signed no such paper then. He could not have signed it since, and you could not have received it. I brand that document as a forgery."

Kennedy stood up and reached down into the open drawer on the right of his desk. From it he lifted the two machines I had seen him place there early in the evening.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is the last scene of the play you are enacting. You see here on the desk an instrument that was invented many years ago, but has only recently become really practical. It is the telautograph—the long-distance writer. In this new form it can be introduced into the drawer of a desk for the use of anyone who may wish to make inquiries, say, of clerks without the knowledge of a caller. It makes it possible to write a message under these conditions and receive an answer concerning the personality or business of the individual seated at one's elbow without leaving the desk or seeming to make inquiries.

"With an ordinary pencil I have written on the paper of the transmitter. The silk cord attached to the pencil regulates the current which controls a pencil at the other end of the line. The receiving pencil moves simultaneously with my pencil. It is the principle of the pantagraph cut in half, one half here, the other half at the end of the line, two telephone wires in this case connecting the halves.

The next story by Arthur B. Reeve, "*The Yeggman*," will appear in the April issue.

"While we have been sitting here I have had my right hand in the half-open drawer of my desk writing with this pencil notes of what has transpired in this room. These notes, with other evidence, have been simultaneously placed before Magistrate Brenner in the night court. At the same time, on this other, the receiving, instrument the figures of the accountants written in court have been reproduced here. You have seen them. Meanwhile, Douglas was arrested, taken before the magistrate, and the information for a charge of murder in the first degree perpetrated in committing arson has been obtained. You have seen it. It came in while you were reading the figures."

The conspirators seemed dazed.

"And now," continued Kennedy, "I see that the pencil of the receiving instrument is writing again. Let us see what it is."

We bent over. The writing started; "County of New York. In the name of the People of the State of New York—"

Kennedy did not wait for us to finish reading. He tore the writing from the telautograph and waved it over his head.

"It is a warrant. You are all under arrest for arson. But you, Samuel Lazard, are also under arrest for the murder of Rebecca Wend and six other persons in fires which you have set. You are the real firebug, the tool of Joseph Stacey, perhaps, but that will all come out in the trial. McCormick, McCormick," called Craig, "it's all right. I have the warrant. Are the police there?"

There was no answer.

Lazard and Stacey made a sudden dash for the door, and in an instant they were in Stacey's waiting car. The chauffeur took off the brake and pulled the lever. Suddenly Craig's pistol flashed, and the chauffeur's arms hung limp and useless on the steering-wheel.

As McCormick with the police loomed up, a moment late, out of the darkness and after a short struggle clapped the irons on Stacey and Lazard in Stacey's own magnificently upholstered car, I remarked reproachfully to Kennedy: "But, Craig, you have shot the innocent chauffeur. Aren't you going to attend to him?"

"Oh," replied Kennedy nonchalantly, "don't worry about that. They were only rock-salt bullets. They didn't penetrate far. They'll sting for some time, but they're antiseptic, and they'll dissolve and absorb quickly."

Magazine Shop-Talk

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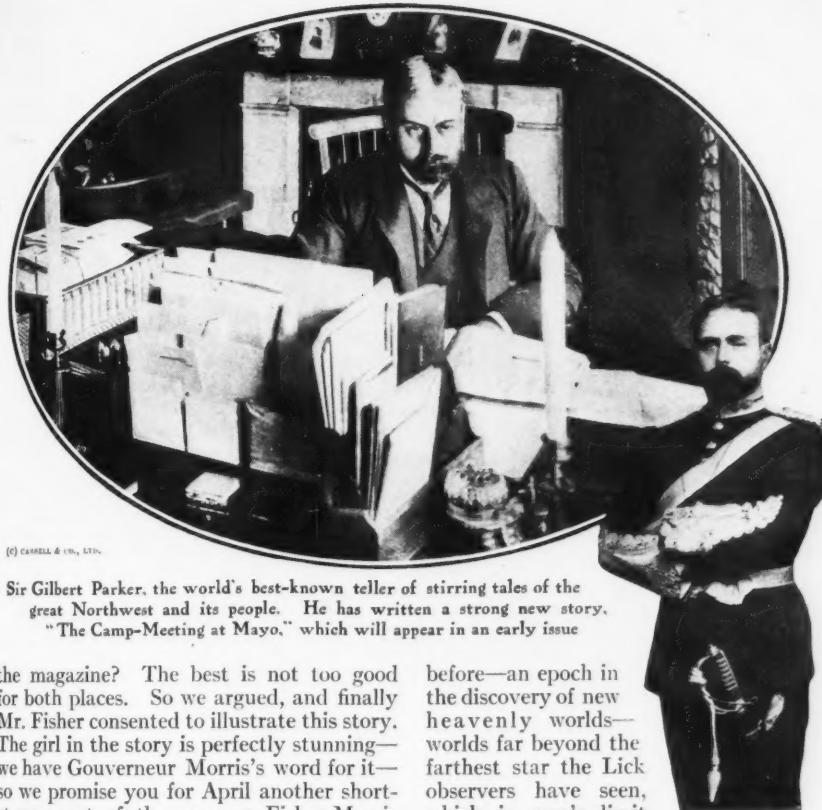
Harrison Fisher

"WHY, he makes only pretty girls and frontispieces for books!" Such was the exclamation that met us when we let it be known—proudly, you may be sure—that Harrison Fisher will illustrate the next Gouverneur Morris story—in April COSMOPOLITAN. Well, when have you seen a magazine story illustrated by Harrison Fisher? He has done it, to be sure, but not often, and not at all for several years. He has been too busy justifying his title of the "father of a thousand girls"—put "pretty" before "girls." He has no peer or rival in that field; that is why he is going to make us a cover a month for a long time to come. And if on the cover, why not inside



Jack London "roughing it." The author of "Smoke Bellew" and Mrs. London recently spent several weeks "loafing" in the California mountains; then he went back home and wrote for the wind-up of the Cosmopolitan series the best adventure story we have seen in a long time. It's coming in May and June

popularity that for a number of months past every copy has been sold—the entire issue exhausted—before the issue for the following month reached you. So—please note this



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Sir Gilbert Parker, the world's best-known teller of stirring tales of the great Northwest and its people. He has written a strong new story, "The Camp-Meeting at Mayo," which will appear in an early issue

the magazine? The best is not too good for both places. So we argued, and finally Mr. Fisher consented to illustrate this story. The girl in the story is perfectly stunning—we have Gouverneur Morris's word for it—so we promise you for April another short-story event of the year—a Fisher-Morris combination—master and master—a corking story with pictures that will speak for themselves. Just another of the good things we are planning—and doing—at any price so long as we—and you—"get the goods."

The New Conquest of the Stars

HOW far can you see on a clear day or night? Suppose you could see two hundred and fifty thousand times farther, better. That is the measure of the latest telescopic achievement, the great hundred-inch lens which will reveal secrets of the heavens for which man has been groping eversince "shepherds watched their flocks by night" and studied the stars from the hills. Galileo, with his little telescope—"Old Discoverer"—saw enough to make his name immortal. But always, throughout the centuries, light and "more light" has been the cry. And now the great Hooker telescope, which is soon to be erected at the Carnegie Observatory on Mt. Wilson, will collect light from stars distant three times farther than man has ever seen

before—an epoch in the discovery of new heavenly worlds—worlds far beyond the farthest star the Lick observers have seen, which is man's limit of heavenward voyaging. If you are not in the habit of thinking in the billion-of-mile-billion-of-year terms of the astronomers, the article—in April *COSMOPOLITAN*—describing the new conquest of the far places of the heavens will certainly set your imagination tingling.

Your April *Cosmopolitan*

ONCE more we "point with pride" to our next number—April. We think a little pride is pardonable here, for we have broken all magazine records—even our own—in preparing that issue. Never has there been between two covers such an array of names that stand for the best stories and the best pictures. Look at the list: "The Turning Point," by Robert W. Chambers and Charles Dana Gibson; "The Price She Paid," by David Graham Phillips and Howard Chandler Christy; "Legay Pelham's Headache," by Gouverneur Morris and Harrison Fisher; "Smoke Bellew," by Jack London and Anton O. Fischer; "Wallingford," by George



Harrison Fisher in his library, adjoining his studio in New York, where he created the hundreds of pretty girls that have made him famous. Mr. Fisher has consented to do a new "stunt" for us, and a story illustrated by him will appear in the April issue.—On the way to the woods for an open-air picture

Randolph Chester and C. E. Chambers; "The Man House," by Elizabeth Frazer and W. Herbert Dunton; "Lapidowitz's List," by Bruno Lessing and M. Leone Bracker; and "The Yeggman," by Arthur B. Reeve and Will Foster. That is the fiction list. You know them all well except Elizabeth Frazer, and if you remember her "Brand-Blotter," which we published a few months ago, you will accept her with the rest—and best—of them. Then there are the articles: Admiral Schley's own story of his great career in the navy, an incident in the life of Napoleon, told by Princess Louise of Tuscany, Garrett P. Serviss on the big new telescope for Mt. Wilson, and an Alan Dale interview with Ethel Barrymore—with plenty of pictures. Full measure, pressed down, and shaken together. And a Harrison Fisher cover. Yours on the news-stands March 10th.

Progress and Politics

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is the story of world-progress that the leaders of men—the pioneer thinkers—the men who plot the chart of progress ahead of their times—must stand for a season the criticism, recrimination—even the vilification—of the laggards-on. It was so with the Galileos, the Newtons, the Luthers—when you think of it, all the great advance-guard makers of history. It is so to-day. Twenty years ago the original "progressives" in national politics were "anarchists," "radicals," "menaces to the Republic." To-day their views are the live issues of the nation. Lest we forget—it is well to look back occasionally and give credit where credit is due.

WHAT the American hour calls for is a Yankee Kipling to write a "Lest We Forget." The June conventions having been arranged for, the usual clouds are gathering for the usual campaign storm. The Democrats are hopeful, having the sunshine side of things political, while, the Republicans, standing in the shadows, are bitten of a half despair. The whole makes a situation where good Democrats in their wisdom should light the council-fire. They can win; but they might lose. Peculiarly they should trust their leadership to no Patroclus clad in the armor of some party Achilles. There is abroad a Republican Hector who will surely meet and kill him if they do.

"RIDING TO A FALL"

As candidates go preparing themselves for the fray, there is a vast ransack of the heaped-up principles of a political past. Things unfashionable have become the fiery vogue, and gentlemen—the Woodrow Wilsons, the Harmons, and the Tafts, not to say the Roosevelts—are crowding to a Yorktown who carefully avoided a Valley Forge. Consciences are being re-aligned, and politics, as ever, is making strange bedfellows. Men are embracing men whom, as lately as 1896, they described as "dangerous theorists," and as lately as 1907 yearned "to knock into a cocked hat." Men are proclaiming themselves, with all the brash partisanship of a twelve-month conversion, the champions of a recall, an initiative, and a referendum which for years they denounced as Satan's lures. For Democrats to put at the top of their ticket these new ones, whose fresh conversion smells of the glue and varnish of yesterday's veneering, is to provide disaster and invite defeat.

To learn to go forward one must learn to look backward, and a Democracy facing November should take a long look behind. Parties, like men, do well to fix a credit, pay a debt; and politics, in its successful ex-

pression, is not—in spite of a dead Voorhees—the mere science of circumstances. The best politics, the politics which wins battles, is the politics not of expediency but of principle; not of ingratitude but of right reward. Also, the friend who yesterday was your enemy should not be trusted as is one who, ever your ally, has fought your battles from the first.

Once upon a time a British soldier deserted and joined the Continental army. He was subsequently caught in a plot to murder Washington, and very sufficiently hanged at the (New York city) crossing of Chrystie Street and Grand. The moral is obvious and requires no pointing out. A Democracy, full of hope, rich in opportunity, should, while remembering its principles, remember loyalty, and not bestow the baton of command upon some eleventh-hour proselyte.

What are those principles which will find embodiment in the Democracy's Baltimore platform? Who tried to kill them as they lay in their cradle; and who, as against those would-be murderers, protected their babyhood? These are questions which the Democracy, as much for its own honor and safety as to do even-handed justice, will not fail at this crisis to put to itself.

SOME POLITICAL LEVITES—

When one asks what are those principles which will have June exaltation at Baltimore, a reply will be found in every well-informed mouth. The recall, the initiative, the referendum, public ownership, the election of senators by the people, direct primaries, a federal incorporation law, a corrupt-practices act, tariff revision downward as a stab at Criminal Privilege—that is, in part, the roll-call of Democratic reforms. When the Harmons and the Woodrow Wilsons and the Tafts were fighting these measures, what bold ones held over them the buckler of their protection? No farther rearward than 1896, to say you were for the recall, the initiative, the referendum, and those others was to hear yourself

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called "anarchist!" or worse. It was but a going down to the political Jericho to fall among "respectable" thieves. Also, so far from succoring you, the Harmons, the Wilsons, the Tafts, and what other Levites were for the moment politically abroad, passed prudently by on the other side of the way.

The Levites are most shoutingly for those radicalisms to-day, when, as the stone which the builders rejected, they are about to be made the cornerstone of the temple. But sixteen years ago they avoided them as they might have avoided any other pestilence of politics. The recall, the initiative, and those others were not "respectable"; and our selfish, narrow ones, less concerned as to the set of their consciences than the set of their coats, steered heedfully clear of them.

—AND SOME SAMARITANS

In that, their Valley Forge, who stood by and defended these principles? There were hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands—obscure yet dauntless. Champ Clark might make the claim; Mr. Bryan might make the claim. But of all who fought round their standards there was none more courageous, more incessant, more inveterate, more distinguished, no less by his services than by the rancorous hatred of the enemy, than William Randolph Hearst. In season and out, through bad report and good, he went fighting for these reforms. Every javelin of vilification, every knife of slander at the command of Criminal Privilege, was leveled against him.

It is changed now; the winds have shifted; the Levites have become Samaritans. Mr. Hearst is no longer an "anarchist," a "dangerous radical," a "menace to the Republic"; the Wilsons and the Roosevelts no longer echo in his disfavor the denunciations of Criminal Privilege. Like the recall, the initiative, the referendum, and those other moralities of politics which he so stubbornly insisted upon, Mr. Hearst is becoming fashionable.

What is Mr. Hearst's congressional record? The House journals will show. Mr. Hearst offered and fought for a bill to promote the construction of a national system of good roads; a bill establishing the eight-hour day on governmental work and the payment of the prevailing rate of wages by all federal contractors and sub-contractors (which, by the way, six years later, is now

being enacted by the present Congress); a bill to enlarge the domestic market for farm products, and increase the industrial uses of denatured alcohol; a bill authorizing the United States government to acquire, maintain, and operate electric telegraphs, paying therefor by the sale of bonds redeemable out of net earnings; a bill to authorize the acquisition by the United States of the entire capital stock of the Panama Railroad Company (which has since been done) and to provide for the maintenance, operation, and development by the government of the railroad and steamship properties and lines so acquired (which is now urgently needed); a bill making railroad rebating a criminal offense (subsequently enacted on the initiative of others); and a bill amending the Sherman Anti-Trust Law so as to strengthen it as a criminal statute.

This, however, is only part of the House story of Mr. Hearst. Upon the broader proposition of Criminal Privilege, and to break the teeth of the trusts, Mr. Hearst offered a measure amendatory of the Interstate Commerce Act which gave the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate railway rates, and created the Interstate Commerce Court. This Hearst bill was the first bill of its kind.

The Hearst bill, being a minority measure and one of striking importance, the Republicans in House control took heed that it did not come up. They smothered it as the Hearst bill, only, however, to take possession of it as a Republican measure and re-introduce it in the form of two bills. Thus, after three years, did the original Hearst bill become a law.

CREDIT WHERE IT IS DUE

Let nominations fall where they will, credit should go where it is due. In this hour of victory for progressive measures, an hour when the Tafts and the Hitchcocks are calling for the public ownership of telegraphs and the institution of a parcel post, an hour when the Woodrow Wilsons and their brother magpies of politics are decking themselves in the recall-initiative-referendum feathers of those honest peacocks of advancement that they aforesome railed at so raucously, an hour when Criminal Privilege is threatened and the people are coming into their own, the blows struck by the original progressives should not be forgotten.

Signed and Sealed

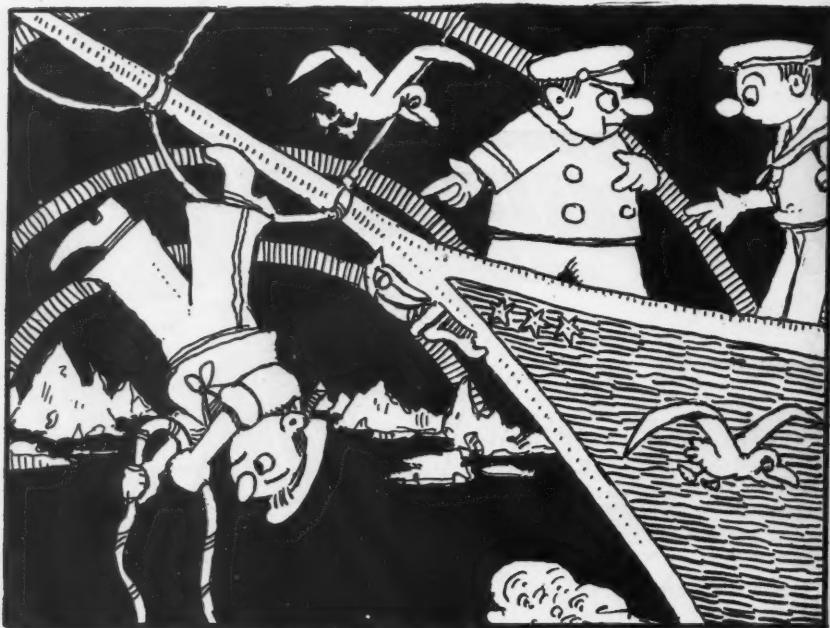
By Childe Harold



"I'd like to sign that paper, sir,
For I know just how you feel."



"But I can't," says I, "and I'll tell you why—
I'm doing my trick at the wheel."



"What's Albert doing there," says he.
"A-hanging by one heel?"



"Oh, he's already signed," says I.
"And now he's a-fixing his seal!"

